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APRIL ELEGY

April 15 — April 12

by ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

MY MOTHER remembers an April morning eighty years ago — the gray horse galloping up the little hill at Kensington, the driver standing upright in the carriage, the voice shouting: "Oh, Mr. Hillard, President Lincoln is dead! President Lincoln is dead!" She remembers her father leaning the rake against the fence and catching the whitewashed pickets in his hands and weeping. She was not yet nine that year, but she remembers her father's grief and the April smell of the raked leaves burning and the sound of the galloping horse going on, the voice shouting.

Those who remember that April now are old. They have learned many things about sorrow — a son killed in a strange land in a war that came to nothing; the Germans trampled his grave within a generation. Nevertheless when they think of the roots of sorrow, they think of the April morning in their childhood — of the old man in the lurching carriage shouting "Oh, Mr. Hillard, President Lincoln is dead!"; of the father weeping with his head against his arms and the smell of the winter-gathered, burning leaves blown over.

Now there is another April. Now there is new grief and new remembrance. Now it is not to the old that the lilacs speak in the April dooryards: not to the old alone. Each of us has his image of this other April — the messenger's face in the office door with the frightened eyes behind the spectacles, every feature remembered forever; the terrible, not to be forgotten words; the cold glass of the window; the trees unchanged; the sun unchanged.

We remember the marching troops in the streets beneath the new-leaved trees, the caisson with its folded flag, the music dying out, the silence. We will think of these things for a long time. Those who are children now will remember this.

These are the unforgettable hours; the mysteries; the moments greater than any who live in them.

These are the moments when the mystery of the people is made evident — when the grief of all gathers the grief of each into something greater; when the people see in truth they are a people.

We did not know we would weep so for him. We did not know we would stand in the spring sun or at evening by the railroad tracks or along the streets where they would bring him. We did not know we would sit in our chairs, at our desks, our hands still. There were many who loved him, but even those who loved him did not know.

The proposition of the people is not a political proposition. It is not the constitution of a form of government. It is a mystery. It is a deep trust and a declaration of truth and a mystery. Once or twice in the centuries of a people it is proved true.

Those in whom it is proved have the surest greatness. Those in whom the people find themselves to be a people are remembered. Those in whom the people's grief becomes the grieving of a people are remembered always. They have no need of monuments. They are themselves the monuments — but of the people, not themselves. They are the monuments that mark the certainty and reassurance of the people.

The lilacs remember them.

RUSSIA AND OURSELVES

by RAYMOND SWING

1

IN THIS country, we are conscious of having made a fatefully wrong decision in 1920 by rejecting responsibility for the peace, and we are intent on not repeating our mistake. That, of itself, represents a partial cure of our minds, and it is a great contribution to the peace. Indeed, it is an essential contribution, for without being in this state of mind, we should have no prospect of peace whatever. But going on from there, some of us — and many people in other lands — have discussed the machinery of the coming peace as if we were making it for the world of 1920. Our thinking is shaped by the League of Nations, its experience, constitution, and procedures. Being the only human experience of a broad scope in making peace-keeping machinery, this is bound to be our starting point.

But this kind of thinking also presupposes the kind of world that emerged from the last war. We must be clear about it: that world has gone. What we are coming into is a world with an entirely different allocation of power. And we must make our machinery for the power which will use it, or the power will refuse to use the machinery, and our efforts will be wasted.

After the last war, there were eight powers in the world. Not all were equal. Germany was weak; Russia had begun the revolution which was to keep it weak for years; France was hardly convalescent; Italy was even feebler; China was just facing the devastating illness which attends social regeneration; Britain was exhausted but had its vast navy and its empire. Only the United States and Japan came out of the war with increased strength.

The point about the eight powers is not that they were weak or strong, but that there were eight of them. And the ideal of the design of the peace machinery after the war was to turn seven powers, plus the smaller powers, — which were relatively stronger

than they are today, — against any single power that set out for conquest.

A world of eight major powers, and many lesser powers, in the thinking of that time, could be only a world of unweakened sovereignties. The major powers were not going to subordinate their independence to a world organization. And the hope of the lesser powers lay in their being defended against any single power by the community of powers.

The hope of peace — viewed altogether as a technique in the application of force — lay in having everybody join against the aggressor. But the word “everybody” has to be particularized. It consisted primarily of the major powers. Any single major power could undermine the whole operation. France and Britain were not willing to risk war with Italy over Ethiopia. Previously, Britain and the United States — the key powers affected — were not willing to risk war with Japan over Manchuria. If they had been, the United States, even though not a member of the League, could have counted on action by the League.

Even in a world of eight powers, where the arithmetic was against an aggressor seven to one (not to mention the minor powers), the peace machinery of itself was not enough. If any single power turned aggressor, the rest of the powers were at once beset by unwillingness to correct a small evil at a big risk. That was the failure; that is why we found ourselves so soon in World War II. And now that we are again designing peace machinery, some of us are again thinking of a world like that of 1920, hoping that this time nations will take the big risk and nip the small evil in the bud.

But we live today in an entirely different world of power. We have lost the arithmetic of seven against one. We have come into a world where the power is concentrated as never before in human history. After this war the United States and the Soviet Union will be the only two truly major military powers on the globe. After them will rank Great Britain, with a navy half the size of our own; China, if it creates internal unity, and can finance both industrialization and a military establishment, will in time achieve a measure of power; and finally France will be something more than a minor power, but considerably less than a major one by the yardstick of the nineteen-twenties.

Germany, Japan, and Italy will be gone from the list altogether. Germany and Japan may be gone for

After studying at Oberlin College, RAYMOND SWING was sent abroad to cover the events leading up to the First World War. He was the Berlin correspondent for the *Chicago Daily News*, 1913–1917, and was again in the German capital in 1919 as a representative of the *New York Herald*. Later assignments took him to London and there he did his first broadcasting for BBC, and from 1936 to the present his commentary on the news has been one of the most penetrating and authoritative on the American networks. His remarks on Russia and the United States form the basis of the annual Newton D. Baker Memorial Lecture which he delivered in Cleveland this spring under the auspices of the Council on World Affairs.

good. None of the minor powers of the nineteen-twenties will be stronger than it was, in military terms. Relatively, the small powers are now dwarfed. The peace system no longer rests on the possibility of pitting seven major powers and many minor ones against any single delinquent. The system no longer expresses a world of many sovereignties voluntarily pooling their individual wills for the common good.

We are entering an epoch in which collective action against a major power is machinery to make World War III, not to preserve peace. It is not, and cannot be, police action. For a collective war against any one of the great powers would be World War III, and would be the very refutation of the concept of peace. So we must approach our study of the machinery of peace in full knowledge of the fact that we are not planning for peace in the nineteen-twenties, and that it will not suffice to make peace in the nineteen-fifties unless we do more than correct the mistakes made twenty-five years ago.

2

THE dictatorship of the powers is nothing we need to discuss evasively. There is no doubt about it, the small states are relatively much weaker vis-à-vis a great power than twenty-five years ago. They also are weaker because there are three — not eight — powers in the field.

It is an understatement to say that the small nations do not like it. They do not like the world they are entering; and if words could change it, they would produce words in a flood such as has never before inundated the human race. They would order, coax, plead, exhort, and pray the big not to be big and the strong not to be strong. They want the equality which it does not lie in their own power to create and safeguard. They want their sovereignty protected despite their powerlessness to protect it, in a world where there will be such power as has never before been known.

In any world security organization that can be designed for the present day and age, there can be no coercion of any of the great powers. And the sovereign will of the small powers can be expressed only if supported and enforced by the great. I am putting this bluntly, but I can think of no machinery that can obviate, reduce, or alter the great concentration of power we are facing, other than a world war. It is irrelevant whether or not you or I like it. I may think it would have been better to have made the peace function after the last war, and to have relied on the arithmetic of seven to one. But nothing anyone can say or do will bring back that lost opportunity.

Today we live in an entirely different world, and we have to secure peace in that world or all go down together in the destruction of civilization. In that world the strong are not to be talked out of their strength, and the hope of the weak depends altogether on the use to which the strong dedicate their power. To the end that they use it wisely, the common good being also their own good, there can be pleading, exhortation,

and prayer. But it cannot be done by organizing power with which to threaten or to assail one of three great concentrations of power.

Two possibilities suggest themselves as to the future of a world security organization under the conditions described. The great powers might set up a dictatorship for the express purpose of maintaining peace, consulting with no one else and making the world organization no better than a debating society. Or they might dedicate their power to the establishment of a world of law and order.

A dictatorship of the big powers which simply forbids war, and which undertakes to enforce its decree, could keep the peace beyond doubt, though only as long as the great powers could agree with one another. As a system, this would be preferable to no system whatever, or a halfhearted system like the League of Nations. The necessity of preventing another world war is the most urgent before mankind today.

A dictatorship of the great powers as a concept offends us, even though it should be dedicated to the one task of maintaining and enforcing the peace. But I should not rule it out of consideration, for I believe that if the United Nations fail to find themselves happy in a world security organization such as they are likely to get, the wartime Big Three may well undertake to maintain peace without the others until such time as a world organization can be devised which meets more general satisfaction.

The Big Three certainly will maintain their dictatorship so far as Germany and Japan are concerned, to keep them from going to war, or even from acquiring military strength. That is not to be turned over as a responsibility to the new organization. If the San Francisco Conference proves to be indecisive, one should hope and pray that the Big Three do carry alone the responsibility of stamping out aggression from any quarter.

Fortunately, we do not need to spend much time with this idea, for the alternative to it, a beginning of the establishment of a world of law and order, appears both possible and near. But here again we must be clear about the limitation in this term "law and order" as applied to world relationships. In our domestic life, no individual is stronger than the law, and there is ample power to coerce anyone who tries to be. On the international level, the power to coerce all states equally will not exist. Law enforcement against those with very great power will not be possible. What would result would be world war. If one of the Big Three launches on a career of conquest, world war should result, and undoubtedly it would. That would not be coercion to enforce law. It would be war for freedom from domination. But to plan now for such a world war and describe it as planning for peace would be both a contradiction and an unforgivable stupidity.

One cannot carry into world relationships the domestic concept that the power to coerce all states equally is the essential principle. The means to do it are not at hand. So far as the Big Three are concerned, there can be equality before the law in a world organ-

ization only on a voluntary basis. That does not shut out the possibility of creating a world relationship of law and order. On the contrary, there is much hope for it. It would certainly be foolish to sweep the Dumbarton Oaks proposals aside because the world organization to be set up would lack the power to coerce all nations equally.

The responsibility for the security organization rests mainly with the governments and peoples of three countries, the United States, the Soviet Union, and Great Britain, and indeed chiefly with two of them, the United States and the Soviet Union. And it is more to the point to be discussing what these governments and peoples are likely to do than to be arguing about this or that device in the peace machinery itself. For if the United States and the Soviet Union truly desire to work together for peace based on a system of law, the peace machinery will function; and if they do not truly desire to work together, the peace machinery will not function.

3

THE prospect may dismay many of us. We have been hoping we could make a 1920 model of the peace with 1945 improvements. We find instead that the machinery does not matter so much as our future relations with the Soviet Union. Our dismay, however, is due to our thinking in the wrong direction. It is not due to any basic impossibility of maintaining friendly coöperation with the Soviet Union.

If peace depends primarily on what we and the Russians will be thinking and desiring a few years hence, we can start shaping those thoughts and desires now. Nations are not whimsical. Their conduct is the product of their basic conditions. Their thoughts reflect their fundamental needs. Their fears express the memories of their experiences.

What we in this country fear about the Soviet Union rises in part from our own experience with the subversive organism the Russian revolutionaries implanted in this country. On the other hand, what the Russians fear rises from memories of our armed intervention in their land, and our participation in the *cordon sanitaire* laid around the Soviet Union after the revolution.

Indeed, present attitudes are based more on memories than on current knowledge, both in Russia and in the United States. We in this country have many disagreeable memories about Soviet behavior. We recall the ruthlessness of the Russian terror, the campaign against religion, the purges, the pact with Hitler, the partition of Poland, the attack on Finland.

But the Russians have their disagreeable memories, too. Belatedly admitted to the League of Nations, they saw from the inside the hypocrisy of the disarmament campaign. Before that, they watched the Japanese go into Manchuria with the blessing of Great Britain, while the United States, in the throes of a depression, ventured no prompt or emphatic reaction. They beheld the impotent wringing of old men's hands as Mussolini swallowed up Ethiopia.

They saw the frightened paralysis of the democracies over the fascist war rehearsal in Spain. When the same old men prepared to offer up another League member, Czechoslovakia, to the diplomatic aggression of Hitler, the Russians were not consulted, even though they had treaty relations with France. They knew that the Britain of Chamberlain was willing to buy peace in Western Europe at the price of turning Hitler against Russia in the East. If memories are an education, the Russians have been well taught that their security depends, not on collective systems, but on their own efforts alone.

It is not necessary for my purpose to enlarge the catalogue of memories on both sides. The point I wish to make is that if we and the Russians are to project into the future only what we remember from the more distant past, there will be no coöperation, and hence no peace. We must eagerly ask if there are not fresher memories, memories of a more significant nature, to shape our future relations with the Soviet Union.

We are fighting at the side of the Soviet Union. To have lost the war would have consigned us to a dire future — something we should do well to remember. For if Germany had conquered all Europe and linked hands with Japan in the Indian Ocean, we should not have been able to defeat them both alone, and we should not have lived the life of a free people even though we might have escaped the devastation of war. It would have been progressively a fascist world, and we either must have joined it or have been prepared to fight it.

We are not winning the war by our efforts alone. It is a coalition victory, in which the Russian contribution has been as essential as our own. True, we have contributed to the Russian victory. We did this, not for Russia's sake, but for our own. Russia has contributed to our victory. It has done this, not for our sake, but for its own. Nations behave always in self-interest. But if it was self-interest to win the war, in precisely the same way it is self-interest to maintain the peace — self-interest for ourselves and self-interest for the Russians. And the two nations must now prepare themselves for a relationship which I believe ranks far ahead of the Dumbarton Oaks machinery in being essential to the peace.

You may ask, How can we in this country be sure that the Soviet Union sincerely wishes to maintain the peace? You may put the question still more cogently. You may remark that the Russian Army, being such a force on the field of battle, will be a force at home after the war, and that some armies in the past, taking over political leadership, have become militaristic and gone in for imperialism. So, if Russia now expands from its already unprecedented power to be the greatest imperialism in human imagination, how can we work with it? Must we not then unite all non-imperialistic nations against it? You see for yourselves where these questions inevitably lead. They are feeder roads of the highway to World War III.

No one with any modesty will undertake to predict what will happen inside Russia after this war. What will happen depends not on Russia alone, complex

though that is, but on a vast array of forces outside Russia. If we in the United States base our thinking, our behavior, and our policy toward the Soviet Union on the assumption that the Soviet Union is going imperialist, we shall be preparing for World War III. And to prepare for that war is to make fairly certain that we shall wage it. To indulge in that kind of thinking, in the shadow of the death and desolation which reign over this globe at this moment, would be worse than moral and intellectual bankruptcy.

If we cannot forecast precisely the evolution inside the Soviet Union, we can analyze present trends. And the case is overwhelming for the statement that Russians want peace because only in peace can they raise their standard of living and only in peace can the Russian people enjoy their long-delayed reward for the sacrifices and privations of the last twenty-five years. The case is overwhelming for the statement that this is the burning aspiration of the rank and file of the Russian armies. And why should the Russians go imperialist? They lack no resources. They lack no space. They are not hemmed in. They want security first of all, for without it they cannot have peace. They are not going to entrust their security to any other nation or nations, because they want it beyond doubt, so as to live in peace.

But also because they want peace, the Soviet leaders give top priority in their foreign policy to coöperation with the United States and Great Britain. They are going to work with us not because they like us — some of us they do, and some they do not — but because of their self-interest. To work with us, they must dedicate themselves to a world system of law and order, a system based on principles, as they have done in joining with us in the Dumbarton Oaks program and the Yalta declarations. But in doing so they still are wrestling with the habits of thought formed in the last twenty-five years. Plenty of Russians have plenty of suspicions, just as plenty of Americans have them. For a time, the Soviet foreign policy always seemed to be going in opposite directions. But last November, Stalin made his great speech to the Russian people, dedicating Soviet foreign policy to coöperation and to the establishment of a world society for the maintenance of peace and justice.

4

WE IN this country can choose whether to work with the Soviet Union as partner or whether to surrender to memories and fears. What we decide will also help decide matters for the Soviet Union. These are interdependencies. We too can go into plans for the peace because Soviet thinking and Soviet aspirations entitle us to do so. But we cannot work effectively for our self-interest if fears and suspicions govern our minds. We cannot make a partnership work smoothly save with a sense of its value. If we appreciate it, we can evoke the temperateness which will keep it running smoothly. So far we have this temperateness at the higher governmental levels, and do

not have enough of it in Congress or in public discussion generally.

A phrase is going the rounds that there can be no lasting coöperation between two systems so fundamentally different as the Russians' system and ours. It is stated solemnly as a cosmic law. But so far it is only a guess. No intellectually honest man can say it is more. What experience we have points the other way. We got along with Imperial Russia — the Russia of the Tsars, of serfdom, black reaction, and suppressed liberties — throughout our history, and the association was useful to us.

I grant that our relation with Tsarist Russia proves nothing about the future. But as to the future I should like to hazard a comment. We do not know what our own economic system will be like ten or twenty years hence, and we know we face tremendous problems which may change it. And we do not know what the political and economic system of the Soviet Union will be. The rigors of dictatorship in the Soviet Union have been accepted there because of the peril which has beset that country for twenty-five years. The peril is being removed. Modern Russia will be secure. Security brings relaxation. It is more, rather than less, likely that internal rigors in the Soviet Union will relax.

In the broad sweep of evolutionary change, the Russians may be approaching an epoch of the enjoyment of wider liberties, just as we may be approaching an epoch in which the state will inescapably assume greater responsibilities for the economic life of the nation. This, I grant you, is speculation. But I say it also is speculation to say that two dissimilar political and economic systems cannot coöperate fruitfully. It is just as reasonable to expect success from coöperation with the Russians as it is to despair of achieving it. It happens that peace lies down the one avenue of thought. War lies down the other.

If we genuinely expect to maintain peace, we shall do well to re-examine our thinking about the Soviet Union, to make sure that we are sufficiently aware of the Soviet Union of today, and of the trends of today, and of the promises of tomorrow as discernible today. I am convinced one cannot overstress this good relationship on all levels with the Soviet Union. In the world security organization, the structure and superstructure will rest on a foundation as tenuous and fluid as these human attitudes. Let me repeat: therein is the great difference between Dumbarton Oaks and the League. The League had a good, solid arithmetic basis, seven and more against one. Human attitudes in any one or two countries did not make or break the system. In theory, it could enforce its peace if any single power turned brigand, for no one power could dare flaunt the united powers of great and small. But now we are to have a concentration of powers, with the United States and the Soviet Union beyond coercion. And there is no force whatever for the maintenance of the peace which does not have its origin in the voluntary will of the governments and peoples of these two countries. What people think, say, argue, and fear becomes decisive. We all take on a tremendous re-

sponsibility. The sum of our individual thoughts and words is on a par in importance with the sanctions of the United Nations. And for this reason one is entitled to urge that we re-examine our attitudes toward the Soviet Union, and to urge that the Soviet Union re-examine its attitudes toward us. For it is in the realm of the mind that the peace must be kept first of all, if it is to be kept in any other realm.

I have stressed the power factors of the peace because they must be understood before an era of law and order can be ushered in. But the United Nations organization, as outlined in the Dumbarton Oaks proposals, is only one part a relationship of power, and there are many parts of the system out of which law can grow. We are bound to be thinking primarily of coercion, because that is the key to the system of domestic law enforcement. But coercion is only a segment of it. Law grows out of association, conflict, and the principles established in settling conflict.

The United Nations organization sets up procedures and machinery for settling disputes without coercion, which should be the main preoccupation in a world of peace. The machinery will be better than that of the League of Nations if the international court plays a better-defined part in it. The world court of League days was sometimes used as a political instrument, not as a purely objective judicial body. When the annexation of Austria by Hitler came before the court, its jurists voted according to the foreign policies of their various countries, not according to the interpretation of the treaties involved. And while this startled Americans, accustomed to the objectivity of our Supreme Court, it did not startle Europeans, for most European states are not federations, in which a supreme court has an organic function of interpreting the law between individual states.

If the world court can be lifted to a higher level by the United Nations, and confine itself to interpretations of the law as does our Supreme Court, a start can be made in building up the laws of world relationships. And here the question of coercion does not need to arise any more than it does with the Supreme Court, which has no coercive power in deciding between states. In our federation, our states have learned to accept voluntarily the rulings of the Supreme Court. So if the powers, great and small, submit themselves voluntarily to a rule of law, there should be a wide range of conflicts which can be settled without raising the issue of coercion.

But this too is a question of spirit rather than machinery. There must be a tone to the way the United Nations organization works that of itself inspires confidence, and that tone is not to be acquired at the start, or to be achieved by exhortation. It may come when some strong nation voluntarily alters its policy or conduct because the United Nations, through their organs, have interpreted the law in a way requiring change. That will be the voluntary limitation of sovereignty by which international association can extend the foundation of law on which international order will be based. It may be that we shall not know how firm our United Nations organization is until some

strong nation goes through this voluntary acceptance of a legal decision that goes against its policy. It might even be that it will devolve upon the United States one day to set the example in doing this. And then the test of the public of the United States will be the test of the system of law. For it will have to approve a change in its national policy because of the higher claim of law in the international field.

Such a test is bound to come in many countries. What we, as individuals, decide at any time we are involved, and what individuals in other countries decide when their national actions are under scrutiny, will be the measure of the success of the security organization. So here again the machinery will not be enough. What we want of the machinery will determine its effectiveness. The details of the relationship of the court to the new United Nations organization have not yet been worked out, and may not be in San Francisco. But this surely is the essence of a system of law, and the wider the appreciation of this fact, the more surely the machinery will work.

5

BEFORE closing, I want to open another subject, not organically concerned with Dumbarton Oaks, but so much a part of the peace that any discussion of the peace that omits it is delinquent. It is the subject of international coöperation on the level of economics. Here it is that many conflicts between nations have their origin. To build machinery for settling international disputes by law and then, if necessary, by coercion, and not to consider thoroughly the economic problems out of which many disputes arise, is to make of the organization a college of physicians dealing with the last stages of illness and not at all with the business of staying well.

I have described the concentration of coercive power in the world to come. The concentration of productive capacity is even greater. And so the responsibility for the peace, in so far as it is affected by economic policies, is committed to the nations with the greatest productive capacity. Here we face an even greater change from the world of 1920 than in the matter of coercive power. And we must be well aware of this change. We dare not think in terms of the world after the last war.

After the last war, productive capacity was much more widely distributed. The last war did not lay waste the productive capacity of a large part of Europe. It did not wear out a great part of the machinery that remained. And what is still more important, it did not focus the attention of common people on a higher standard of living and on greater economic security. Physically and psychologically the world has come through what amounts to a revolution.

After the last war, the United States found itself for the first time in its history a creditor nation. I say the United States found itself in this position, but I doubt whether more than a small fraction of the people knew the fact or would even have known what the fact meant if they heard it. For we never formed a

national policy, with the assent and understanding of the public, as to our behavior as a creditor country. Our bankers made loans, but they made them not always wisely or with the national good in view. And our Congress promptly passed tariff legislation that could only have been justified by our being in dire straits as a debtor nation.

So we stayed out of the League and we went on thinking and acting according to our habits as a debtor nation. The two basic errors went hand in hand, and both of them were contributory factors to the coming of World War II. So it is not enough for us to correct one error by joining the security organization of the United Nations. We also must correct the error of not living wisely as a creditor nation. But here we must take in an essential idea. Today we not only are a creditor nation on a vast dimension: we are the *only* creditor nation. After the last war, productive capacity was pretty well distributed. Today the greater part of it that is up to date is in our country.

I put the two terms, creditor nation and productive capacity, into juxtaposition purposely. Being a creditor country does not mean just making loans and investments abroad. In the world of tomorrow it means, in the first place, sharing our productive capacity. We have done it in the war. We have been the arsenal of democracy. And we found we possessed resources to create a productive capacity so great that we have done a major part in supplying the war and at the same time have kept our civilian consumption almost to the peacetime level.

When the war ends we shall have a productive capacity far exceeding the needs of our own civilians as measured by pre-war standards. Without foreign trade, it is not going to be possible to employ our population at anything like the rate the war has employed it. We cannot devote all our productive capacity to ourselves. We are not self-contained. We cannot hope to set up an island of prosperity of our own in a sea of want. Unless we help the world to get back on the road to prosperity, we ourselves cannot look forward to sharing this prosperity as we need to do for our own well-being. And if we fail to do so, we cannot hope to avoid the conflicts which are the fertile ground of war.

Being the only great creditor country and the possessor of the greatest modernized productive plant, and having demonstrated that we can perform miracles in producing the instruments of destruction, we shall have to undertake the miracle of restoring and expanding the world's production. I doubt that most Americans have given this aspect of the peace enough thought.

We shall have to lend and buy on a scale never before conceived. The lending must enable foreign countries to buy from us what they most urgently need: capital goods. They must restore and modernize their equipment if they are to employ their populations. We must buy from them at least to the extent of permitting them to pay the interest and the amortization of their debt to us. To do this on the scale needed will put a strain on our system of private enterprise far greater than it has ever borne. But it will not be done

by that system, or any other, unless the American people see the magnitude of the undertaking and bend to it with a will.

There is too much longing in this country to get back to 1939. But 1939 has gone, just as 1920 has gone. We are not going to get back to anything with which we are familiar. We are going forward into something we never have experienced. Our maturity, wisdom, and foresight will be put to a tremendous test. We still suffer in this country from too much sense of inferiority. We have come into our destiny, and it is a destiny of leadership. We should be ridiculous if we succumbed to petty emotional rivalries with other countries, and were thrown off our stride by criticism and ingratitude. Our first duty is to our own future. But our own future is bound up with the future of many other countries, and our duty to ourselves can be spelled out, in part, in terms of our duty to others.

America has gone through a great education in the last years. We learned that we could not stay out of a world war. We learned thereafter that we cannot hope to avoid another such war if we stay out of the peace. And to this lesson we must add the third: that we must shoulder, pretty much by ourselves, the chief responsibility of putting the world in a condition to create wealth. By saying that we shoulder the chief responsibility, I do not mean that we can do it alone. We must have coöperation and wisdom from every quarter. But we cannot leave it to the help and wisdom of others. The great impetus by which the human race starts convalescence from this worst of all wars must come from us. And it must come with more vigor and in much greater measure than the current discussions about it in this country suggest.

No man living knows for a certainty that we are to get peace. We do not know that we are to have effective collaboration with the Soviet Union. We do not know that we are going to offer effective collaboration ourselves. We do not know that the new peace machinery will be applied. We do not know that the will operating that machinery will be steadfast. And we do not know — not by any means — that the people of this country are prepared to shoulder their economic responsibilities. But we do know that this is the *road* to peace, and that winning the peace is a lifelong undertaking, in which day by day we broaden our knowledge, sharpen our intelligence, and temper our spirits.

We are familiar with the statement that war is won by the last battle. The peace is not like that. It never is won, finally and for all time. But it can be lost by a single battle. In this world of concentrated power, forfeit of the peace will be our destruction. And if we do not know that we shall be able to work with the Soviet Union, we can set ourselves to it as a primary task. If we do not know that the will will be present to make the United Nations organization function, we can set ourselves to strengthening it as a primary task. And if we do not know we shall rise to our economic responsibilities, we can set ourselves to rally public support for a sound policy. What each of us understands and does is woven into the cloth of the future.

TO THE FINISH

A Letter from Iwo Jima

by EDGAR L. JONES

1

DEAR MR. WEEKS: —

Our empty transport vessel with its deck-load of beaten-up landing craft is rolling heavily on the long voyage home from Iwo Jima. To provide quarters for casualties, the sick bay has been expanded until half the bunks, built in tiers of four, are now occupied by the wounded remnants of the Fourth Marines who rode the ship into battle.

The doctors aboard this particular ship are specialists in eye surgery and mental cases, so that in bed after bed one passes men who have lost their eyesight or their sanity. The same small boats which headed valiantly for the beach on D Day returned again and again on succeeding days with litter-loads of pain-crazed bodies; not really men, just bodies, which were salted down as the heavy seas broke over the bows of the lurching landing craft, jarred into sickening consciousness as the waves hurled the boats against the high walls of the transport, and finally lifted, two stretchers to a crane-load, onto the flat, steady decks of the ship which was to take them home.

Some of the more fortunate ones died during the night, and in the morning the bodies, so tightly wrapped in gray blankets that they seemed Pygmy size, were lined up on deck, waiting for the same small boats to take them ashore for burial. Among the less fortunate are one man who is faceless from the end of his nose to his hairline, and another whose right side is paralyzed, whose left arm is gone, and whose one remaining eye stares out of a pulpy mass of flesh. The doctors, who with such skill and untiring attention have kept these bodies alive, come into the wardroom, remove their rubber gloves and face masks, and sit over their coffee in brooding silence.

The brig contains the only Japanese prisoners, nine of them, to be captured prior to our departure on D plus ten. There were two others, but they died aboard ship, and two of the remaining are unconscious most of the time. The same small boats which took the first waves of Marines ashore, and brought the endless waves of wounded back again, also transported to the

safety of the ship's brig those of the enemy who still had a breath of life.

In many ways the crews of those small boats were the heroes of the battle of Iwo Jima, because, tough as the Japanese were, the heavy seas were tougher. The prevailing winds reversed themselves during the first ten days, so that instead of being on the leeward side of the island, the beachhead was exposed to the sullen fury of the Pacific Ocean. Because Iwo Jima is a volcano rising straight out of the sea, there is no shallow water. The box-shaped landing craft were tossed about like egg crates caught on the crest of a spring flood. Unprotected by breakwaters or coral reefs, the boats were swamped by six-foot breakers as soon as their bows rammed into the volcanic sand. The boats floundered, sank, and were spewn along the shore to form twisted barricades of debris.

Despite their losses, the boat crews continued to shuttle men and materials. The men rarely slept, and depended for food upon having someone aboard a transport pass down K rations and an occasional sandwich. The crew of one small boat from this ship, manned like so many others by Coast Guard personnel, went four days and nights without relief. The men could barely walk when they finally came aboard to sleep.

The waves hit the beach at an angle, swinging the boats sidewise and overturning them before the ramps could be let down. The Marine beach parties and Seabees had to resort to bulldozers and stern lines to keep the craft at right angles to the shore long enough to roll the matériel onto the sand. While a bulldozer with a tow chain kept the ramp anchored in the sand, a small tug with a stout line on the stern strained against the current to prevent the landing craft from being swept broadside against the shoreline. As the men rushed to unload vehicles, ammunition, and food, the breakers swarmed over the sterns of the landing craft, swamping some and leaving the rest half filled with water. The crews were never dry.

As if the seas were not enough to contend with, the Japanese had the entire beach under mortar and shell fire, so that the men never knew when a shell would explode in their midst. Our transport was lying close offshore, enabling the correspondents to go onto the beach each morning and return at night to such luxu-

On his way back from Iwo Jima, on a transport carrying the wounded of the Fourth Marine Division, EDGAR L. JONES, an American once with the British Eighth Army in Africa, wrote this letter to the Editor explaining why no correspondent could do complete justice to our men who fought on Iwo.

ries as a hot shower, warm meals, and a dry bed. Even when we reached the beach on the morning of the seventh day, a flurry of mortar shells hit the landing craft to our left and right. We were free to scramble through the deep sand to the nearest hole, but the crew of the boat was left to manhandle the cargo with no more protection than a steel helmet.

Each of the half-dozen beaches had a beachmaster who stood on high ground with a microphone and directed unloading operations. A powerful battery of loud-speakers carried his commands to landing craft waiting to come in, to bulldozer crews, and to Marine working parties. Though shells burst around him, the beachmaster stood his ground and with a caustic voice of assurance kept the traffic moving with invectives interlarded with: "You there in boat number 457, whatja got 'board? All right, ride in on the next breaker. Hey, you cat drivers, get the hell down here with your tails in the water. Clear that truck out of there. You Marines start moving or we'll bury you under. Drop the hawser! *Drop the hawser!* Swing her starboard." And so on.

Working with the beachmasters were the floating traffic cops, the men in control boats who remained a few hundred yards offshore and regulated the successive waves of landing craft. Beyond them were the destroyers, blasting away with their five-inch guns whenever the Marines struck an enemy strong point; and still farther out, riding at anchor, were the transports, tankers, LCT's, cargo vessels, and floating dry-docks. On the horizon one could see the small, fast ships in the anti-submarine patrol, and somewhere out of sight were the aircraft carriers which sent forth fighters and fighter bombers whenever enemy tanks or pillboxes were discovered. The larger units of the fleet, the battleships and cruisers, stood by, after having finished their three-day bombardment prior to the invasion, and fired their heavy guns only when a specific target required a salvo of eight- or sixteen-inch shells for permanent liquidation.

Two years ago, and possibly even one year ago, American forces would have lost the battle of Iwo Jima. The island was more heavily fortified than any previous one captured. The knee-deep volcanic sand stopped all vehicles in their tracks, and the heavy seas littered the two-mile beach with the shredded remains of boats, tanks, half-tracks, amphibious trucks, and jeeps. Yet the bulldozers were brought ashore to open lanes through the deep sand. Steel tracks were laid to enable tanks and trucks to reach more solid terrain; cranes were set up along the beach; heavy artillery was hauled ashore, along with steam rollers, road-graders, and prime movers. The entire operation followed a tested pattern which neither the Japs nor the weather could stop.

2

THE war correspondents found Iwo Jima a poor spot for startling news. Iwo was another Tarawa, only worse. For caves and hidden pillboxes, it was another

Saipan, only worse. For poor weather and soggy terrain, it was another Guam, only worse. There was little new to write about; only an old story with stronger superlatives.

Those reporters who got ashore early were unable to get their copy back to the ships. The prearranged schedule for press boats broke down when heavy swells swamped the boats. Those who remained aboard transports knew less of what was going on than did the correspondents who stayed safely on Guam and read the latest communiqués issued by Admiral Nimitz. Most of us felt that even if our copy reached civilization, it would fall flat. Iwo was a dirty, painful, horrible struggle with none of the glamour which makes good reading.

American tacticians had learned much between Tarawa and Iwo Jima about island-to-island fighting, but so had the Japanese. The landing followed a pattern which in three years has become a tradition: a long period of bombing from the air, a shorter flurry of concentrated naval gunfire, a final assault at close range which utilized every type of weapon that floats or flies, and then the Marines landed. The Japanese knew what to expect, and had planned accordingly. The bombings they could not stop, so they went underground where the bombs could not reach them. The rocky cliffs of Iwo were so soft that a man with a pick and shovel could dig himself a comfortable cave in a day.

For sixty-eight consecutive days the Army bombed Iwo. The Japanese lost all their planes and most of their surface installations, but they and their guns survived. On the sixty-ninth day, at dawn, the American Navy began its bombardment; the Japanese remained in hiding during the three days that the Navy poured a record tonnage of explosives on the island. They could not stop the Fleet any more than they could the Army bombers, so they did not try.

Their defense was based on not giving away their positions or revealing their strength until an actual landing was attempted. They had only a handful of coastal batteries; and the only time I saw one of them in action, it hit a ship. The Japanese policy was not to fire unless they were sure they could not miss. They allowed endless waves of carrier planes to make their bombing runs unmolested, but they practically threw the island at observation planes which served as the eyes of the Fleet.

Their defense plan was a simple one; they dug their guns into the high ground in such a way that they had the beaches in a cross fire. Because they did not intend to fire back at the Fleet, it was unnecessary to have their guns facing the sea. The advantages of such a plan are obvious. They could mount their guns in reinforced caves which had only small openings facing inland. The Fleet could have circled the island for weeks and still not have been able to bring direct fire to bear on the entrances of the caves. The guns dug into Mount Suribachi pointed to the north, while those in the cliffs overlooking the northern end of the beach faced to the south. The Fleet was firing from the east and west.

Had the Navy known the exact location of the caves, they might have had some success in firing over Suribachi into the cliffs on the northern part of the island, and vice versa; the Japanese, however, shrewdly avoided revealing their positions. Had the Japanese elected to return the Fleet's fire, they would have had to have their gun mounts exposed so that they could traverse the barrels at least forty-five degrees to the left or right. Instead they pulled their guns back under cover until only the muzzles were exposed. This meant that the fire from any one gun could cover only a small segment of the beach, but by coördinating the fire from all guns, they had the beach completely covered, and the beach was all they were interested in.

I go into this at length to counteract any notion that the Fleet did not give adequate support to the landing parties. For three days prior to D Day I was on a light cruiser. No fleet ever moved in closer and unloaded so many high explosives on so small a stretch of land. For two of those three days a heavy mist obscured the island, so that even the observation planes hovering overhead could not tell with certainty where the shells were landing or how much damage they were doing. The Japanese camouflaged the entrances of their caves. Once the camouflage was torn away, succeeding salvos found their mark. In other places, however, the caves had armor-plated doors as protection, and luck was as essential as accuracy in knocking them out. The entire faces of hills tumbled down, but it was still anyone's guess whether the right caves had been sealed off in the process.

In walking around Iwo later, I saw cement block-houses which the Navy had pulverized into pieces so small that I could have picked up and carried away what was left as a souvenir. The face of Suribachi had been pushed back fifteen feet. Remains of some Japanese showed the effect of eight- and sixteen-inch shells exploding at close range, and there were others dead without a scratch on them. Their heads were grotesquely misshapen by concussion, however, just as though someone had taken a ball of putty and squeezed it. When the Navy had a definite target to aim at, it left no doubt of its firepower.

Whether Iwo will have any lasting military significance is something which men out here argue about. In the midst of mobile warfare, Iwo nearly proved that a stationary defense was invulnerable, but there were too many flukes working against the invaders to make any generalization possible. Probably the most significant thing about the battle for Iwo was its inevitableness. No American operation was less secret. Everyone in the Pacific, including the Japanese, knew that the island had to be taken, knew approximately when it would be taken, and how it would be taken. This does not imply faulty security. It simply means that Iwo was next on the list of steppingstones to Tokyo, and there was only one way to capture it.

The island could not be knocked out from the air or sea. It had to be stormed when the typhoon season had passed, and when the prevailing winds were such that the eastern beaches were on the leeward side of the island. The master stroke of American strategy

was having a task force at large between Iwo and Japan. This left the Japanese on Iwo without air or naval support.

The Japanese, under the command of an artillery officer, fought a smarter battle with better weapons than in any previous engagement. With an abrupt change of tactics, they fought with the skill of the German Army. Yet 20,000 Japanese did not stop 40,000 Marines from landing in small boats from the open sea. Any evaluation of opposing tactics must, I suppose, be based on which side won, unless future historians prove that the Japanese made the United States pay more for Iwo than the island was worth.

There never should be another Iwo; that is, there never should be an occasion again in the Pacific when American forces are confined to fighting without benefit of heavy tanks, fast-moving artillery, and the other components of large-scale mobile operations. Iwo was the last time that the odds were in favor of the Japanese. Usually they line their beaches with pillboxes and fight a showdown battle on the shores of their islands. On Iwo, they left the actual beach comparatively undefended. They had a few pillboxes scattered between the shore and the first airfield, a quarter of a mile inland, but not nearly the number they had at Tarawa. Instead of fighting it out with the Marines at close hand, the Japanese sat back on their high ground and poured shells on the Marines, who were prepared to fight with rifles, machine guns, and grenades.

3

THE first time I went onto the beach was D Day plus four. I went in with a large group of Fourth Division Marines. The beach was another Anzio. The Japanese were lobbing shells into supply dumps, ammunition depots, communication centers, and every other place where they saw men or machinery concentrated. No man on the beach felt secure. The Americans held about one square mile of low ground at that point, most of which I toured. Everywhere men were struggling: to keep landing craft from submerging, to dig roads in the deep sand, to push mired trucks onto solid ground, to haul equipment to sheltered locations, and to fight nature for the chance to get on with the battle. And all the time the Japanese shells whined down and tore into sand and flesh with indiscriminate fury.

Trying as the volcanic sand of Iwo proved to be, it was also a blessing. The Japanese shells buried themselves, and the sand absorbed most of the shrapnel. Usually a man was killed instantly by having a shell land beside him in the foxhole, or he escaped without injury. This did not hold true when a shell landed in a boat, or when one dropped in the midst of a beach party. What impressed me most, however, was the absence of dead Japanese. Some had been buried, of course, and others had died underground, but it was unnatural to find so few bodies after so much fighting. There were American bodies — more than 3000 of them buried or not yet buried — but where were the

Japanese? Everyone I questioned simply pointed to the hills on the left and right and swore fervently.

On the top of his underground command post, rather like a woodchuck sunning himself close to the entrance of a hole, Major General Clifton B. Cates was sitting quietly when I came by. As Command Officer of the Fourth Marines, General Cates was a busy and worried man, but just at that point he seemed to be the only man in the American sector with nothing to do and with a desire to make conversation. Through binoculars he could see everything that was going on; his orders had been given, his troops knew what they had to do. He was "sweating it out."

I talked with General Cates for nearly thirty minutes. The loss of his men was a personal loss. It hurt him deeply. But he was cheered because the sun was out. All the day before it had rained, and rained hard. His men had been downcast, wet, tired, and many of them sick. The sun had boosted morale, which is the secret weapon of the Marines. The General talked a lot about the new Japanese tactics. He spoke of how much he and the other officers had learned on Iwo, and how they would have to change their own tactics. Variations in bombing and shelling techniques would make the next operation easier.

The General passed me his binoculars so that I could see two of his tanks burning on a hill. He issued a command to a subordinate and continued to talk about battles to come. Never did he doubt that Iwo would be won, or that he would lose many personal friends in the process; but always in his voice there was a strong note of confidence that there would never be another Iwo. As at Tarawa nearly a year and a half before, American forces had learned much.

One thing was apparent at Iwo: the Japanese had heavy weapons in large quantities. They possessed innumerable five-inch dual-purpose guns, equally good against planes or troops. The Japanese reserved their fire until the Marines were within their sights. They had a bountiful collection of mortars, many of them larger than anything in use by the Allies. A mortar, actually, is only a reinforced stovepipe with a base plate and standard attached. Its value lies in the fact that it can be moved at will and can be fired as rapidly as a man can drop shells down the barrel. The Japanese were using some mortars which were as large as seven- or eight-inch guns. They were too large to be either mobile or rapid-firing, but from positions on high ground, they were deadly.

Also unleashed for the first time at Iwo were large Japanese rockets and five-foot robombs. A forward observer one day was astonished to see doors swing open in a cave; in less time than he took to tell it, two Japanese wheeled out an eight-inch rocket-launcher, fired two projectiles, and disappeared into the cave, closing the doors behind them. The rocket fire was inaccurate, but with so many Marines crowded into a small area, accuracy was not essential. Yet here the robombs, dubbed "flying ashcans," were of little value, since most of them landed in the ocean. One robomb traveled the length of the island and cleared the top of Suribachi, the highest point on Iwo.

No one who was at Iwo can analyze the battle objectively. The carnage was so horrifying that the blood and agony of the struggle saturated one's mind, dismally coloring all thought. Iwo was unlike any war I had ever seen. It was a fight to the finish, with no man asking for quarter until he was dead. Of the nearly 20,000 American casualties, approximately two thirds were wounded, but all except a few score of the 20,000 Japanese died where they fell. There is such a thing as dying decently, but not on Iwo. I do not believe anything practical can be achieved by describing men blown apart. Veterans of two and three years of war in the Pacific were sickened. An estimated 26,000 men died in eight square miles of fighting. There were 5000 dead and wounded American and Japanese soldiers for every square mile.

I returned to Iwo on D Day plus six, seven, and eight. By that time the Marines had captured territory where Japanese had lain dead in the hot sun for more than a week. I crawled into pillboxes burned out by flame-throwers, and into deep caves where the Japanese had been burning their own dead to conceal the extent of their losses. I was torturing myself to look at the results of war, because I think it is essential for civilians occasionally to hold their noses and see what is going on.

Somehow the sight and smell of the Japanese dead were bearable; mostly I think, because a dead Japanese does not look quite human. The yellow skin darkens and the bodies seem unusually small and characterless, like figures in a wax museum. One cannot look at them and be unmoved, but they lack the personal quality which grips the soul of an observer.

The sight on Iwo which I could not force myself to see again was the section of the beach allotted for an American cemetery. The chaplains were endeavoring to identify each body and hold a brief, individual service for each man to be buried in the black sands of the barren island. Naturally the chaplains and the burial parties were far behind in their work. The dead were brought in faster than they could be buried.

On the afternoon I walked by, there was half an acre of dead Marines stretched out so close together that they blanketed the beach for two hundred yards. The stench was overpowering. There, in mangled lots, not laid in neat rows, was part of the price paid for Iwo. All I could think of as I hurried by was the old priest who died in Dostoevski's *The Brothers Karamazov* and shocked his followers by decomposing before the burial service. The smell of one's countrymen rotting in the sun is a lasting impression.

Perhaps one becomes accustomed to it. To me it was an experience which made it impossible for me to return to Iwo. Undoubtedly I shirked my duty, but I never could have been an impartial observer after that. I still have not attempted an article on Iwo. While that smell remains in my consciousness, I cannot evaluate the battle for Iwo objectively. The Marines fought with courage and determination seemingly beyond human capabilities. They died the hard way.

As ever,

EDGAR JONES

HEARING IS BELIEVING

by DIXON WECTER

THE influence of the radio reporter and the news analyst is an unexplored subject. Radio by its nature must operate as a public monopoly under government license. But the relationships between government, sponsors, networks, individual radio stations, and finally the news analyst and reporter require in our opinion a more careful scrutiny than they have yet received.

Last year the *Atlantic* in a series of four articles examined the editorial standards and the freedom of opinion in American newspapers. We now present the first of three articles by Mr. Dixon Wecter examining in detail the quality and the responsibility of our commentators on the air. — THE EDITOR

IN AUGUST, 1939, a Roper poll found that half the Americans queried picked radio news as the freest from prejudice. On the score of popularity, radio analysts outstripped editorial writers and columnists combined. The number of analysts and commentators over the networks alone (not counting overseas reporters or local talent) has grown from half a dozen at the Munich crisis to about sixty. Millions of Americans clustered around their radios when Hitler invaded Poland and when France fell. Half the total population of the United States hung upon radio news and comment the afternoon of Pearl Harbor, according to a Hooper survey. D Day and election night in 1944 set later floodmarks for listening, the latter surpassing even Pearl Harbor.

In tabulating the growth of the listening public, Columbia University's Office of Radio Research adds two significant facts. First, increasing numbers of people say that radio is "more important" than other channels of information in helping them to make up their minds on public issues. Second, listeners on the lower cultural levels — a large segment of the newer public for current events — "are apparently more suggestible."

The ear is less critical than the eye. It cannot go back and review the imperfectly understood, as in the reading of a book or paper; it comes to trust the fleeting impressions or ideas presented under the warmth, intimacy, and hypnotic conviction of the human voice. Plato's remark, that the size of groups in which men can be governed depends upon the range of the human voice, echoes today with unsuspected irony.

An American historian born in Houston, educated at Baylor University, at Yale, and at Oxford, DIXON WECTER has proved himself an impartial and exacting judge of the American present and past. He is the author of three books, *The Saga of American Society*, *The Hero in America*, and — his latest — *When Johnny Comes Marching Home*, a study of our veterans on their return from earlier wars. He is now outward bound to Australia, to lecture on American history.

Radio finds itself saddled with heavy social obligations to keep open the channels of public opinion. So long as it traffics in news and views, it cannot escape this duty. Public opinion in a democracy deserves the most respectful treatment. Those who aspire to lead it, whether politicians, editors, or commentators, need the soberest sense of responsibility.

Do the voices of radio merit the high vote of confidence they receive? I shall try to answer that question in three articles, first by looking at the safeguards and controls that surround the industry — through Federal regulation and self-regulation — and then by scrutinizing the possible sources of interference, manipulation, and bias in the handling of news and comment. A survey of the best-known commentators and analysts will be necessary before we can judge how well or ill our system works.

1

IN MOST countries — ranging from Britain with her benign, rather stodgy BBC to the totalitarian states offering the listener his choice of approved propaganda or the risk of losing his head — government rules the air waves. But the United States is pledged to private enterprise in radio, and the majority of Americans, despite moods of irritation with soap operas, middle and singing commercials, and egocentric commentators, will agree that this way is best. Yet a minimum of Federal control is necessary, to allocate wave lengths and to see that one station does not interfere with another. Here, according to the most rugged apostles of free enterprise, the authority of the Federal Communications Commission should stop. But, long ago, an Act of Congress defined the licensee as a steward, whose use of that frequency must promote "public interest, convenience, and/or necessity." Later the Supreme Court held that a license to broadcast on a certain wave length does not constitute property; in

effect, the radio spectrum remains forever the property of the people.

Every station's need to renew its license from the FCC, at intervals of one to three years, is a reminder of this basic law, and to some licensees a pretty irksome act of fealty. Colonel Robert R. McCormick, speaking over Station WGN and the Mutual Network, over whose directorate he wields a powerful influence, recently compared the tenure of wave lengths to the holding of land in the Middle Ages. "Just as feudal ownership of land turned into private ownership, so I believe will the ownership of wave lengths," he declared. "Wave lengths will become property and will be protected in the courts like other property." This undoubtedly is the way that the Colonel and others would like to order matters.

The FCC, set up in 1934, is the main regulatory body in whose shadow American broadcasting operates. An outsider who talks to station owners and executives of the four networks is somewhat puzzled by the ogreish reputation accorded the FCC. One official expressed himself in wistful words about "freedom from fear — of the FCC." The perennial dread of every station is the loss of its license. Yet for many years the Commission has not revoked a single license, although in dimly prehistoric days (as radio history goes) three stations were barred, two for peddling nostrums over the air to prostate and cancer sufferers, and one for reckless abuse heaped on law courts and municipal officials. The majority of licenses are renewed year after year, without challenge, even though stations fail to live up to their original promises in such matters as allotting a generous amount of program time to educational and other public service features.

Legally the FCC has what its former chairman, James L. Fly, called "the right of general review." That phrase means an overall survey of a station's program log, to determine whether it is in the public interest. The only specific taboos given the FCC by its charter, to enforce on behalf of this interest, have to do with lotteries and obscene or profane language. The censorship of free speech by radio is expressly forbidden, by terms of the Communications Act of 1934. No program, no commentator or news analyst, has ever been driven off the air by Federal pressure, direct or indirect. But if a station or network converts itself into a special pleader, losing all pretense to balanced output, then the FCC may challenge its claim to be operating in the public interest.

Actually, the enforcement of this principle is rare, and is provoked only by flagrant violation. In May, 1940, the FCC rebuked the Yankee Network for taking sides two years earlier in local politics, observing in a classic declaration that "the broadcaster cannot be an advocate" — but allowed the warning to suffice. An important precedent was set in the summer of 1944, when the Commission's routine decision to renew the license of Station WHKC, Columbus, Ohio, was challenged by the CIO-UAW because of alleged discrimination against labor, in refusing radio time to unions and in censoring scripts. It was charged that while Fulton Lewis, Jr., freely attacked on the air the Federal hous-

ing program for war workers, this station balked union labor's attempt to present the other side of the argument.

At a public hearing, WHKC promised to abdicate as censor and to strike a balance between points of view. This agreement was a blow to the long-standing policy of the National Association of Broadcasters, that "discussion of labor problems on the air is almost always of a controversial nature," and hence that radio time for that purpose should never be sold — though abundant free time has gone to the National Association of Manufacturers, and though this proscription has never deterred commentators, whether friends or foes of labor, from speaking their minds on sponsored time. Despite the NAB's policy, individual stations now sell time for discussion of labor problems, in some cases directly to labor organizations.

2

THE National Association of Broadcasters, to which the majority of stations belong, together with NBC and CBS (Mutual and the Blue, or American Broadcasting Company, currently do not), is the watchdog within the industry. Its basic conviction — that self-regulation is a better way out than Federal interference — meets with general agreement, even from the FCC itself. If stations fear the FCC's review of their general program policies, on the score of balanced presentation, surely their best insurance is reform. They might recall that greed and mismanagement in other businesses brought on the age of trust-busting, forty years ago, and later were a direct cause of the New Deal.

The storm warnings are up. Radio has already entered the trust-busting phase of this cycle. Two years ago, on May 10, 1943, the Supreme Court upheld the FCC in its effort to break the monopoly of the RCA and CBS, and among other practical results cut the ties between the Blue Network and its parent, the National Broadcasting Company — an operation, dreaded with outcries of anguish, which has meant a more vigorous and profitable life for the Blue.

Yet the networks resented this Supreme Court decision buttressing the anti-monopoly policies of the FCC. On the advice of shrewd legal counsel, they focused their public grievance, not upon the loss of monopoly, but upon an issue of free speech which they claimed to discover lurking like a serpent beneath the rhetoric of Mr. Justice Frankfurter. For this decision stated that the FCC was not merely "a kind of traffic officer, policing the wave-lengths to prevent stations from interfering with each other," but also had a responsibility for "determining the composition of that traffic."

The networks and the National Association of Broadcasters, hoping that Congress would take alarm and pass laws curbing the FCC, announced an interpretation of the phrase, "the composition of traffic," which put into the hands of the FCC a bludgeon neither wanted by it nor obviously intended by the Court.

The phrase, they said, meant programs, and gave the Commission the horrendous right to say what should and should not go on the air. And so they raised a cry of endangered liberties which ran through hearings of the Wheeler-White bill in the winter of 1943-1944, and still echoes in Congress.

The FCC, like a diffident schoolmaster who finds the biggest boy in class appealing tearfully to the principal to save him from a flogging, has grown increasingly self-conscious about asserting its authority in the matter of fair and balanced programs. If it had not been needled into action by organized labor, for example, it would never have summoned WHKC to a hearing last year.

After five years under the chairmanship of Mr. Fly, a Texas lawyer and outspoken New Deal anti-monopolist, the FCC has recently gained a new head in Paul Porter, former Washington legal counsel for CBS, an OPA deputy administrator, and still more recently publicity director for the Democratic Party in 1944. Appointment of Mr. Porter, more genial and politically adept than his predecessor, has helped to smooth relations with the industry. As one NBC executive expressed it, "If Porter intends to cut your throat, he'll ask you to have a drink first, but Fly always started by whetting the knife."

The National Association of Broadcasters say they need no outside regulation of programs. Balanced programs are rendered more or less automatic, they argue, because too obvious bias — in such programs as news comment — loses listeners, and then of course sponsors. Competition for an audience, they say, acts as a system of checks and balances; and they make much of the listener's sovereign right to veto the whole program by a turn of the wrist. It should be remarked, however, that this veto is by no means equivalent to a guarantee that both sides of a controverted issue will gain equal hearing on the air.

The best safeguard which the Broadcasters' code offers against a situation where the longest purse would command the air waves is its declaration that time for controversial issues (except for political campaign speeches) shall not be sold. This is a wise policy. But it leaves a wide space under the gate, through which sponsored commentators pass in an unending stream, carrying torches in both hands. Another article in the code asserts: "News shall not be selected for the purpose of furthering or hindering either side of any controversial public issue nor shall it be colored by the opinions and desires of the station or the network management, the editor . . . or the person actually delivering it . . . or . . . the advertiser." But the selection of news, the emphasis upon details, and the blurred line between newscasting and news comment are all complex and interlocking problems.

As for commentators, the code declares that interpretation is permitted "so long as such analysis and elucidation are free of bias." In the light of current practice, this avowal is largely bosh. The whole question of handling news and its analysis, under the Broadcasters' code, ultimately pivots upon their contention that the analyst stands permanently on trial

before the bar of public opinion. If he leans too far off center, his audience will desert him. This theory does not take sufficient reckoning of those commentators who resort to excitement, sensationalism, or reckless attack to bolster a slipping Hooper or Crosley index, or those sponsors who sometimes cling to a commentator even in the face of much popular opposition, because he is the evangel for their point of view.

Those editorial voices, the commentators, have taken at least one step toward self-regulation. In 1942, under the leadership of H. V. Kaltenborn, a dozen of the nationally known ones founded the Association of Radio News Analysts. Its members, now about twenty, try to promote good taste, accuracy, and a sense of professional responsibility, while insisting on the right to speak their minds free from censorship or editorial supervision. Their creed is that only the intelligent, honest, trustworthy commentator has any business on the air, and that once employed he should be given his head.

On the score of taste, ARNA has backed the pioneering fight of Raymond Swing against the "middle commercial" — which breaks into the flow of world events with laxatives and vitamins — but there is still much to be done in the matter of eliminating interruptions in news programs. The Association does not propose to go to bat for all commentators on all occasions. A few months ago, without publicity, it declined to intervene on behalf of a commentator who invoked its help, in his quarrel with a national network, apparently because he had so often violated its ideals of accuracy and good taste. It is unfortunate that the Association represents only a minority of the profession, and that those who stand most in need of its code do not belong.

3

THE tendency to slant the news may come from at least four sources. The first is the sponsor, whose motives are almost invariably suspect. Luckily, the great majority of commentators are not for sale. Only a very few aspire merely to be mouthpieces, in rare instances pitching their voices to attract the notice of some potential sponsor known to be searching for a commentator, not primarily to sell motor cars, for example, but to purvey the pet ideas of that manufacturer. Often, however, sponsor and like-minded commentator discover each other, like romantic affinities. The commentator cannot well be accused of having trimmed his sails, but only of having caught in them the prevailing wind of patronage. A highly personalized business, such as a company under the thumb of a single owner, is likely to pick a strongly partisan commentator of congenial opinions.

On the other hand, a corporation with authority divided among many persons, or a firm whose directors feel that the main end of advertising is the selling of goods and good will to a huge, diversified public, is prone to hire a more balanced commentator. This is an important safeguard of impartiality. Lowell Thomas, for instance, is in no sense a mouthpiece for Mr. Joe

Pew, although, at the extreme of speculation, it is unlikely that Sun Oil would ever have hired William Gailmor to begin with.

Sometimes the theory of merchandising itself, as conceived by the sponsor and his advertising agent, helps to pick the commentator. Goods sold in a big, brisk, competitive market — like patent medicines, dentifrices, and lotions — need friendly, folksy voices, reducing the complexities of the day into news flashes or human interest stories, while advertisers who need no wartime sales promotion, but spend to keep up good will and keep down excess profits, incline toward dignity and prestige. A new departure among commentators, begun by Fulton Lewis, Jr., and followed by Raymond Swing, is to sell their broadcasts to different local sponsors over the country — a clothing firm here, a drug concern there, a chain of grocery stores elsewhere — to the pyramiding of profits and the decentralization of sponsorship.

In justice to most commentators, let it be said again that contamination from the sponsor is clearly the exception, not the rule. Some of the most reputable analysts, after years of service, testify to complete freedom from pressure. Yet potentially the power of sponsored news is so great — with one national network and most independent stations willing to accept any commentator whom the sponsor or advertising agent may bring into the studio — that Senator Burton K. Wheeler, chairman of the Interstate Commerce Committee, has long favored abolishing all sponsored programs of news or comment. In reply, the networks say that their present costly coverage of the news at home and abroad is possible only with the aid of commercial revenues.

A second source of pressure, in the interpretation of news, comes from the local station. Actual legal responsibility for whatever goes out over the air rests with the station broadcasting it — whether the program comes from a network or from the local studio. Many stations, whether network affiliates or not, have newscasters and analysts of their own. The independent station naturally is freer to work out its own news policies and, save for gross abuse of the public interest, is seldom challenged by any agency in Washington.

We hear reliably of one station owner who frequently sends snippets from Hearst editorials up to his newsroom ordering that they be read on every newscast that day; who commanded that Henry Wallace's name never be mentioned over the air; who sent his music department an order "not to play anything by that damned Communist choir," referring to the Cossack Male Chorus, and banned songs by Paul Robeson, who offended both on the score of politics and of race. When one of his commentators interviewed on the air an officer sent by the Navy, a Commander Goldberg, the owner administered a tongue-lashing. "Next time," he growled, "tell the Navy to send us somebody named Casey." It is worth remark that in the past three years he has fired seven successive news editors — the last one for answering a query about his politics by saying, "When I'm in this newsroom, Mr. R—,

I have no sympathies either for or against the President."

In March, 1945, one of the country's largest independent stations, KFI in Los Angeles, announced that it was fed up with "personal opinions and interpretations," and after a house cleaning would make all its sponsored commentators employees of the station, directly under its control. Understandable as the attitude was, it showed poor handling from the standpoint of public relations. If this announcement had been phrased in terms of the listener's deliverance from crusaders, crackpots, and others trying to make up his mind for him, or if a gradual change in the line-up had been made without fanfare, the policy would have met little challenge.

Instead, this curt decision and the immediate firing of six more or less liberal commentators, and the well-known anti-labor bias of the station's owner, Earle C. Anthony, provoked vigorous opposition under the flag of free speech. It was also unfortunate that KFI, in eliminating commercial programs that personalized the news in favor of "neutral" ones, did nothing to counterbalance the effect of its violently reactionary sustaining commentators — notably Rupert Hughes, scenario writer turned foreign-affairs expert, who continued weekly to assail Russia from the studios of KFI over a national network.

A third factor in the handling of news and comment is naturally the networks. In general their record is fair to good. CBS, NBC, and the Blue have a carefully developed roster of analysts, with diverse personalities and points of view, from whom sponsors may choose. Mutual, on the other hand, makes greater concessions to the sponsor or his advertising agent, in allowing him to buy time for any commentator or "expert" he may fancy.

If, however, a commentator is once black-listed by Mutual, he is likely to find himself permanently barred from the stations of that network: Sam Balter, dismissed from his news program after pungent criticism of Colonel McCormick, was later rejected by a Pacific affiliate even when a sponsor offered him in the role of sportscaster. Mutual, as the name implies, is a loose coöperative organization, heavily under the control of regional bosses. More than the other chains, Mutual permits strong partisanship among its commentators. Speakers identified with Mutual, reading from right to center, include Upton Close, Colonel McCormick, Bill Cunningham, Fulton Lewis, Jr., Gabriel Heatter, and Cecil Brown.

4

YOUNGEST of the chains is the Blue Network — recently christened the American Broadcasting Company. Originally composed of second-string NBC stations, it has lately enjoyed vigorous growth and improvement. Its overseas news team, patterned upon those of NBC and Columbia, includes brilliant reporters like Leland Stowe, George Hicks, and Ted Malone. The Blue has commentators of such diversified character as Raymond Swing, Drew Pearson, Walter

Winchell, Baukhage, and John B. Kennedy. Somewhat like Mutual, the Blue makes room for showmanship and sensationalism, but is more scrupulous in balancing one point of view against another.

NBC and Columbia strive for greater objectivity. NBC, pioneer of the networks, builds its news commentary around those ever popular veterans, Lowell Thomas and H. V. Kaltenborn. Its newsmen scattered over the globe — John MacVane, Roy Porter, Guthrie Janssen, Robert McCormick, and others, linked with Morgan Beatty in Washington and coordinated by John W. Vandercook in New York — glean the news with freshness and a minimum of partisan slant. Those analysts who have served time overseas, like Vandercook and Robert St. John of NBC, or Murrow and Shirer of CBS, have a better sense of proportion than those who have vegetated too long in the studios of Washington, New York, and Hollywood.

Overseas news gathered within sound of gunfire is usually more temperate, both in its optimism and its pessimisms, than the news which floods over the teletype to local stations and their newscasters. For, between point of origin and ultimate listener, press association news passes across the cable desks of metropolitan editors. An advance of two miles becomes "a smashing punch," and a tentative thrust "a surge forward," with competing services tending throughout the day to raise the emotional ante. These lurid assessments are passed on to radios all over the nation.

The blue ribbon for overseas reporting of this war goes to Columbia, with its veteran team of correspondents led by Edward R. Murrow, Eric Sevareid, Bill Downs, Winston Burdett, and Charles Collingwood, with New York support from Quincy Howe and a battery of returned correspondents like William L. Shirer and Quentin Reynolds, and a résumé by Joseph C. Harsch. A sense of partnership, the integration of a system, and a common philosophy of news values — these things have their advantage in keeping CBS newsmen, however good, from blossoming into prima donnas.

The star of this outfit is Ed Murrow, the first radio man to be chosen president of the American Correspondents Association in England. A North Carolinian who grew up in the tall timbers of the Pacific Northwest, young Murrow stepped from student federation work into getting jobs for European professors in exile, for the Institute of International Education. He gained further international perspective as a protégé of Professor James T. Shotwell, League of Nations expert at Columbia University. Ten years ago he went into radio, and since 1937 has been chief of the CBS European bureau. While resisting a British accent and a British outlook, Murrow has won considerable prestige in Downing Street, and in fact in his mid-thirties looks like a budding career diplomat.

Murrow takes personal risks — as in his epoch-making broadcasts of the London blitz, or the bombing missions he has shared over Berlin, or paratroop flights to Holland. The servicemen's endorsement of his reportorial accuracy is what he most prizes. Murrow's ability to distill the spirit of an event into a few graphic

details is unexcelled. As a born reporter, he has shown good sense in avoiding the pundit pose. "Any man is an expert if he is sufficiently far from home," he said a few months ago, in accepting by radio an award from the School of Journalism at Syracuse University.

5

MURROW, Shirer, and Quentin Reynolds — who contrive to present the democratic idealism of the war in a vehicle of tough realism — offer a ready answer to those critics who insisted two years ago that the "no opinion" policy promulgated by the CBS news editor, Paul White, would drain news comment of its vitality and personal color. Perhaps, also, in revulsion from the vagaries of radio egoists, Mr. White overstated his own case. In September, 1943, it will be recalled, he started a hot debate by inveighing against "a sort of super-editorial page in which a limited number of news analysts were permitted to exhort and harangue and to preach and to tell the public just what to think and what to do."

This outburst followed White's dismissal of Cecil Brown for broadcasting "nothing but an editorial." Cecil Brown, a very able newspaperman, haunted by the memory of Singapore's downfall through blundering apathy, in August, 1943, sought to rouse his listeners by saying that recent samplings of public opinion had convinced him that "a good deal of the enthusiasm for this war is evaporating into thin air." His partisans also insisted that Brown's recommendation of the motion picture *Mission to Moscow* had displeased his sponsor, Johns-Manville. At all events, he left Columbia and went to Mutual, where (as if to confute easy generalizers) he has attacked with impunity, on occasion, the Mutual Network's angel, Colonel McCormick.

Paul White's policy of "no opinion" was at first bitterly criticized. Fulton Lewis, Jr., protested attempts to create "journalistic eunuchs," while Morris Ernst for the American Newspaper Guild predicted that "the end will be insidiously deceptive and corrupt."

Now that the dust has settled, CBS policy has not proved so stringent as both Paul White and his critics led us to expect. Its analysts — a term favored by Columbia to the exclusion of "commentators" — have won a higher reputation for objectivity in handling news than those of other networks. Special pleading, crusading, and controversial discussion have been pretty successfully sifted out of the news and left to the 2316 sustaining programs of talk and discussion that went out over the network last year, such as "The People's Platform," "This Living World," and "Congress Speaks."

An obvious example of Columbia's objectivity in treating the news occurred recently. Monitors of the PAC, listening to thirty-three daily programs of news and comment over the four networks, for seven weeks prior to the 1944 election, to catch references favorable or unfavorable to itself and to labor, found that Co-

lumbia was the only network that kept an even keel between pro and con, in terms of "moral judgment," and that, like NBC, it achieved a high ratio of fact to opinion and quoted opinion. Even so, CBS proved to have remarkably few references of any kind to labor, according to the same compilation. Of course, monitors of the PAC are not wholly objective themselves, but the general drift of their findings agrees with the reputation of CBS within the industry.

And yet the practice of the best analysts of CBS has never reached such impersonality as to be bloodless. Certain assumptions about the validity of the war, the need for coöperation with allies and neighbors at home, and the major premises of American democracy — these points of view can be detected in almost every broadcast of Murrow or Shirer. As an even franker avowal of a point of view, take Quentin

Reynolds on D Day: "There are no Democrats or Republicans at the front — only Americans. There are no Italian-Americans or Polish-Americans; there are no Jews, Catholics, or Protestants at the front; there are no New Yorkers or Californians or Texans or New Englanders; there are no white men or black men at the front — only Americans purged of the artificial barriers we still make so much of here at home."

The essence of this fine plea for tolerance was repeated by Mr. Reynolds at the request of the Democratic National Committee, at the Chicago Convention in July, 1944, except that the phrases touching on black democracy were expunged — omitted surely not by the man who had spoken them to the nation, but by certain political solicitudes for the Solid South. Not all the censorship of public speech in America is exercised by radio.



NEXT OF KIN

THIS is the story of a young Army wife of Washington, D.C., whose husband was killed in action June 22, 1944. Although family names have been altered at her request, it is in all other details her story — written in humility and affection by her friend Henrietta O. Rogers. — THE EDITOR

THIS is the way the news came to me. It was on a hot July day in Washington — one of those oppressive July days when even the morning air seems to steam mercilessly with heaviness and heat.

Nan and I had just returned from the market. The boys were playing in the yard. Playing their usual fierce, hot, dusty, daily game of Commando or Rangers or Underground, whatever it was. The names and situations varied from day to day but the game was essentially the same. Continuous, fierce, hot, dusty — and daily.

I heard the screen door slam as Robin clattered in and shouted, "Mail's here, Mother!"

"Letter from Daddy?" Nan called. We hurried in from the kitchen.

"No." Robin ruffled through the letters with his grubby small-boy hands. "Who's this APO from, Mom — Uncle Bill?"

I took the letter from him and recognized Bill's handwriting. Bill was an Engineer. My husband was G-2, General Staff Corps. How pleased they had been early in April to find themselves bound simultaneously for England. Brothers who had not been together for years, simultaneously assigned to the staff of the corps commander they both had known and admired at earlier peacetime posts.

"Read it to us, Mother." Nan and Robin perched comfortably beside me on the sofa. "What does he say about Daddy?"

"Dear Carol," I began, "I hasten to write this before you receive an official communication. . . ." The words froze on my lips. You can see why. This is what I read: —

24 June 1944

. . . He was on a mission when his party drew enemy fire. The party scattered — he was the only one who did not come back. We have made several thorough searches on the spot and in the same vicinity. He hasn't been found. We all believe he was taken prisoner and not killed, for if he were dead the Germans would not have carried off his body. We hold considerable hope for him. You must do likewise. God bless you — keep a stout heart. We'll all be praying together.

Best love,

BILL

Do you know what it is like to go through the usual motions of your daily life without knowing you are doing so? It is as if you are a mechanical thing, an automaton, wound up like a toy with a key. You look at the clock and see that the hour hand has moved from two to nine. You look at the calendar and know that this is tomorrow, not yesterday. You know that on Wednesday you went swimming with the children. And that on Friday you must take Nan to the dentist. You know that dozens of people have telephoned. They are so anxious about him, so distressed about you. Yes, you will let them know if they can help in any way.

You look at the headlines in the daily paper. You talk again to his mother. To the sympathetic woman at the Red Cross. To the colonel at the Pentagon who has known him since Plebe days. You replace the missing buttons on Timmy's shabby shorts. You get breakfast — and lunch — and supper; and still the clock ticks, and still the words do not come.

The War Department does these things so well. How

often you have heard it said about the twenty or thirty or forty little words that mean hope or the end of all hope — the words other women know. Other women, not you. The War Department does it so well. You wait for the words, the twenty or thirty or forty wonderful or terrible words that can mean Bill was right — or wrong.

Fourteen days, fifteen nights, of waiting for the words. The words that meant, when they came, Bill was not right. He was wrong. Terribly, terribly wrong.

WASHINGTON D C
1944 JUL 18 AM 11 36

THE SECRETARY OF WAR DESIRES THAT I TENDER HIS DEEP SYMPATHY TO YOU IN THE LOSS OF YOUR HUSBAND WHO WAS PREVIOUSLY REPORTED MISSING IN ACTION. REPORT NOW RECEIVED STATES THAT HE WAS KILLED IN ACTION TWENTY TWO JUNE IN THE EUROPEAN AREA. LETTER FOLLOWS.

ULIO THE ADJUTANT GENERAL

People have said, "It must be comforting to realize he never knew what hit him." That much is true. He never knew. But I know. And I am not likely to forget. I know that in one fraction of an instant he was with his men. And that in the next he was not. And that two weeks later they found him — and buried him — in France.

HEADQUARTERS VII CORPS

7 July 1944

. . . When Colonel Cary and the party approached the river near the village of La Rivière, they drew machine-gun fire from German positions across the river, and several of our military police were wounded. The party sought cover, and in the lea of the hedgerows, retreated to the road to reorganize. It was then discovered that Colonel Cary was not with them. . . . At my CP his brother was informed that he was missing and accompanied the Provost Marshal, whom I directed to serve as guide, to prepare a search party nearest the scene. . . . Unfortunately on this trip the jeep in which they were riding hit a mine. The Provost Marshal was seriously wounded and your husband's brother stunned. . . . This and several subsequent searches drew fire and were unable to locate Colonel Cary, so we reported him missing in action. . . . It was only a few days ago that American troops cleaned out the German resistance in the coastal section. On July 4 I sent my aide down to La Rivière to again search the river bank. He found your husband's body in the high grass along the river. An examination showed he had been shot through the head. . . . My aide assures me that his body lay exactly as he fell and that his death was instantaneous. Wednesday evening, July 5, at 9:00 PM, your husband was buried in the VII Corps Cemetery No. 2, southwest of Ste. Mère Eglise. . . . We all gave our final salute to our gallant comrade and friend.

J. LAWTON COLLINS
Major General, U. S. Army
Commanding

I think of the morning we said good-bye. In war there is a curious lack of bustle and excitement surrounding a man's departure for overseas. How can you let him go — how can you? I will tell you. It is because you know that what happens in war to other

men — to the husbands and lovers and sons of other women — can never happen to him. You know this. And with all your woman's heart and mind you believe it to be so.

You merely breakfast that day a little earlier than usual. And as he drinks his orange juice you go into the hall to make sure the easily forgotten little things are in his flight bag. His toothbrush. His writing kit. The Christmas picture of you and the children. And the new fountain pen which you have laughingly observed is guaranteed not for years, not for life, but guaranteed forever.

The minutes tick by. There is nothing to say. There is nothing you can say. Even the children — there is nothing the children can say. You watch him peer into his coffee cup, then push his chair away from the table. This is the moment — now. This is the moment you have shut away from your mind for weeks and days and hours.

"Well —" he says.

"Yes," you agree, "it's time."

He kisses the children. He kisses you and holds you close. And before you can breathe again he is gone.

Then, only then, the words flood into your mind. The things you meant to say and planned to say — the important things you thought about at six this morning, and yesterday, and last week, while he was still here, while there was still time. Now there is no more time. He is gone.

10 July 1944

. . . I was evacuated to England and placed on limited duty after I was injured — and I was told that I could not return to France. I kept feeling that if I could just get back, I would find him some place. Perhaps waiting for me as usual at Headquarters. . . . I managed to get back yesterday — but the world is changed. He was given a formal military burial four days ago. I went out to his grave, in a beautiful spot in the VII Corps Cemetery near Ste. Mère Eglise. The grave was covered with flowers. I took two red roses — one for you and one for Mother — which I'll bring home some day. . . . I am being sent back to England. But I don't mind now, since he is no longer here and we two cannot continue to work side by side. . . . God bless you and the children.

Love,

BILL

The War Department is very conscientious about the return of personal effects.

Personal effects, when recoverable, will be sent to the next of kin as soon as practicable, by the Effects Quartermaster, Kansas City, Missouri, and any inquiries concerning this subject should be addressed to that office.

They have sent me his writing kit. And the Christmas picture. And the fountain pen.

I have made a dustproof cover for the lathe in his cellar workshop. The table he made of beautiful Hawaiian koa wood is beside me now — and the graceful, burnished koa bowl that was his greatest pride. He always loved to hold it in his artist's hands, turning it slowly to the polished side he sought. "This is the

place," he would say, "that took so long to make right."

In a reedy marsh in Virginia, the duck blind we made together rides the tides of the Potomac. And in a little leather box upstairs there is a red rose. . . .

LEGION OF MERIT

For exceptionally meritorious conduct in the performance of outstanding services as Assistant Chief of Staff, G-2, Seventh Corps, from 7 April 1944 to 22 June 1944, Colonel Cary evaluated the voluminous intelligence information accumulated and, at the same time, completed plans for the organization of his section. His keen mind, sound judgment and his untiring efforts enabled him to carry out this difficult assignment in an amazingly short time, and he was able to devote his great organizing ability to the final completion of plans for the invasion. . . . Subsequent to the landing, his eagerness and enthusiasm in securing the very best and latest information of the enemy often took him to exposed positions. Colonel Cary was killed in action on 22 June while accompanying a patrol to bring in enemy prisoners. His devotion to duty, and his resourcefulness contributed materially to the success of the campaign on the Cherbourg Peninsula.

Timmy is ten. He stood very straight that bright November day at the Pentagon. He stretched as tall as he could, so that General Thompson need not stoop too much. No one spoke as the medal was pinned to Timmy's jacket. No one spoke until the General stepped back a pace and smiled gravely at me.

"He was a fine man," he said quietly, "and a fine soldier."

He turned to Timmy. "Take care of your mother for him, Chippy."

"Yes, sir." Timmy's chin was trembling.

"They tell me you will go to West Point some day."

"I hope so, sir."

"Good luck to you."

"Thank you, sir."

TWELFTH ARMY GROUP

OFFICE OF THE COMMANDING GENERAL

APO 655

U. S. ARMY

13 Dec. 44.

. . . Anything I can say seems so inadequate. . . . I counted him as one of my very best friends as well as one of our most capable officers, and I too felt his loss very keenly. I am sure that your fine children will prove a great consolation to you. . . . Please accept my sincere sympathy and my best personal regards.

OMAR BRADLEY

Last night Nan was restless again. I got out of bed and went into her room. Through the window the light of a cold spring moon shone on her troubled young face. She stirred uneasily. And in her same half-voice of sleep, the voice that has startled me so often, she called out the words that are familiar to me now: —

"I want my father. Please, God, I want my father."

I slipped quietly into bed beside her — as I have done before in these last long months. I felt her head relax on my shoulder, and stared into the bright white bands of moonlight that gave such little promise of the dawn.

EMILY DICKINSON

by WINFIELD TOWNLEY SCOTT

WHAT is rejected becomes a greater thing.
All things referred draw drama from its size.
So Amherst can become the fabulous sun,
One yard a kingdom and one house a castle,
One room a throne, and dry within that room
One closet be the casket of a name.

Call Emily. And fetch a mischievous dance
Of petals and butterflies and bees turned stars
Turned fireflies between the hedge and window
Where the girl in the white dress glimmers and goes.
Off stage, the larger terror than we want
Save in the larger eyes of those returned.

But there's a dance — a ballet of Emily:
A thousand of her in pirouetting white
Like great revolving daisies all the way
From her father's door over into the graveyard —
A gay haunting in the middle of town.
Then as in a movie this dissolves.

Speak to the stone and to the grass and to the door:
Where is Emily? The Sabbath noon
Is still and empty, or is only still,
Or is not even quite exactly still.
By such singleness is singularity
Made multiple, and Emily everywhere.

She knows now the necessity to deny
The Father, Son, but never the Holy Ghost.
She weds the Holy Ghost and it is death —
A going down under the garden-beds
And then a resurrection as if alone;
The mountain of darkness taken into her.

Only through denial great acceptance
As only in depths of silence the tall song:
She walks here as immortal as the light —
Made indistinguishable from the air,
Having the self-possession of the sun.
So Emily is Emily is Emily forever.



AN ATLANTIC STORY

A SKETCHING TRIP

by EUDORA WELTY

VIOLENCE! Violence!" Delia Farrar, driving along slowly in deep country with afternoon lunch, water-color pad, and fruit jar of water packed in beside her, suddenly felt a smile on her lips. A memory, uncalled-up, was perfect — she could not doubt it, and yet she had scarcely listened to it at the time. Just at the gates of this old spot, Fergusson's Wells, Mississippi, from both sides of the lane at once, little black ragamuffins had once run out holding fists of wild violets at the carriage windows, and what they were crying was "Violence! Violence!" Those calls were urgent as bird cries, and passing by she was almost listening for them now, as if those little boys, like some midsummer creatures, always came assailing here, though twenty years might have gone by since the last vacationer had ridden away.

She had come here once as a child, with her mother, and that was twenty years ago. If she had ever since thought of Fergusson's Wells it was as a closed place; and it was not only with the idleness of complete faith in her own past and childhood, but with a further idleness — an undisturbed belief that the greatest happiness had quite naturally occurred here, some magnificent festivity, a spectacle of beauty.

Only a wall of trees could be seen from the road. She stopped her car. Why not this place? She would look it over; she might work out a quick sketch or two. She got out with all her paraphernalia, which was in a flat straw basket. Beyond the gate, to her right, was a field with elm trees — the pasture — and so deeply recognized to her in its pattern of intense afternoon, the

horizon-curve against blue air, the grass in tree shade and cloud shade, the bright dark of the night sky, almost, with a Milky Way of clover through it, that she wondered with a moment's absurd anticipation what had kept her from returning long before this. Her home was only twenty miles away. That one summer's buggy ride had made it remote. Under her feet were wild strawberries and mint dense as a small forest. She opened the iron gate — touched it and it swung back — and walked into the almost hidden cinder drive.

The sky was violet and silky, like one of those big plums. It was a day you could touch. It was texture she had always wanted — she was excited, a little, going under the fragrant trees — and hoped so much to learn; and surely, texture she had felt as a child at Fergusson's Wells — then she had first put out her hand and touched what was around her — an outer world. *At the time* she knew it — that was the remarkable thing. She knew this was discovery; she had reached with her full reach, put out adoring hands and touched the world. In her painting, she had never shown this joy — were you ever able? — a joy that had no premonition or thinking back, that had neither pity nor calculation or other thought of herself — only a touching of the outward pulse, the awareness of a tender surface underneath which flowed and trembled and pressed life itself. It was as if this pulse became the green of leaves, the roundness of fruit, the rise and fall of a hill, when she began to paint, and could have become — anything.

She walked on through the old park, crowded now with young wild cherries, overgrown with honeysuckle and woodbine, and vines of passionflower stretched like nets and wires across the cinders, setting those curious fringed and crushable flowers, with their little towers, under foot. There stood a well — Number 3 — its little round upper structure lacy as a doily and eaten like lace now; and another, head-high in ribbon grass. There had been twelve, all numbered on

The most distinguished short-story writer the South has produced in recent years, EUDORA WELTY of Jackson, Mississippi, has brought originality and intimate observation to a form of writing which is too often stereotyped. We welcomed her to the *Atlantic* in the spring of 1941, and her first three stories — "A Worn Path," "Why I Live at the P.O.," and "Powerhouse" — showed at once the range and the sensitivity of her work. Since then she has published three books, has twice received the O. Henry award, and has established herself as an American author of national rank.

little green iron flags atop — you drank only from the one that suited your complaint. Her mother had been pregnant in the hot summer. What of the Wells waters now, the “benefits no one should do without”? She came to the turn, and there was the house.

It was a dilapidation, that old affair. It was faded like an old photograph, and elaborate as a ship. After the columns, then cupolas, lattices, lightning rods, and weathervanes formed over it like barnacles — they in turn edged and twined all around with ribbon grass and moonvine; clear around, the chinaberry trees dropped their little flowers, and in front of it the double-tree spread, a weeping willow struck by lightning and held together by a wheel of slatted seat. All details were clear but the whole faded, with the fading of all things with summer lives and of something being, in that very moment, forgotten. Now the enormous veranda seemed tilted, about to sink, like a water-logged boat in a dead-quiet bayou. Delia approached, and put out her hand, and the warm white column shed flakes like snow.

She hesitated there on the steps and a soft breeze came up behind her and then circled round her skirt. The other summer ran out to meet her like an old bird dog that remembers you before you remember him. And she could see the Wells as it was then, when she and her mother had come for the month of June, for the benefits no one should be without — her mother to go circumspectly to her room and let Delia run wild. The long slick gallery tilted slightly from the door toward the steps then, as a welcome, reflecting vaguely like a dim pool, among ferns, the great slow-turning blades of the fan in the ceiling. The rockers rocked gayly and competitively as chopping sailboats, where fat summer dresses spread. The flaky steps bordered with warm pots came shallowly down, and fern fronds reached for legs walking up.

2

THE owner had been Mrs. Fergusson — or no, Mr. Fergusson (people corrected you) would be the owner. But his wife, spreading her hands, palm up, welcomed everybody.

“Who’s that?” Delia pulled her mother’s skirt sharply at the sight.

“Why, that’s Mrs. Fergusson,” said her mother, as if she had asked a rude and reproachable thing.

Mrs. Fergusson’s reddish-gold hair was shaped on her head like the paper in a Christmas bell. Her brows were thin and perfect, and over them were tiny holes in the skin as though she had been pricked with the thorns of roses. And Mrs. Fergusson’s hand would go to her breast of dotted swiss berthä until she seemed to have been pricked, pricked, pricked, forever through her life. What tender eyelids she had! They were like the wings of sweet-sucking insects that flickered; the pulse would move in them when she thought. In the swing, moving only gently, with crossed ankles, she sat giving off in sighs the odor of almonds — of Bird Eggs, those almonds covered with milky colors that

could be bought at the Century Theatre in Jackson. When she walked, there was a kind of jangling and sliding of scents, like the moving of bead strands over the breast and bracelets down the arm, and floating like the plumes of bird-tails from her hair, and she smelled like all the sweet of the world.

This was what made Delia follow her at first, follow her straight into the house, ahead of her mother, and afterwards all around, drawn slightly inclined forward all the time to smell the air behind her. And it was not from love. It was very strange — Mrs. Fergusson was rather the first person she had not loved. She followed her out of a lack of love, and the more remorselessly — more as she would follow a man selling cotton-candy at the Fair with a paper cone of an evil-looking strawberry-colored froth in each extended hand, just because he was selling it. We don’t always follow what we love, Delia thought, as she stood now hesitating on the steps; we follow something followable.

Often Mrs. Fergusson, with a little start, turned and smiled. Up close, her cheeks were like figured satin, creased by weeping on a pillow. “What is it, precious darling?” she would say.

And the sky was the color of a ribbon. All was warm to the touch, all was the temperature of the flesh of a lady’s upper arm. The six or eight children would be calling and crying down the wells, “Hello!” with the water barking back at them down below. Number 9 was the deepest. The warm and smelly water itself was drawn up very seldom, it seemed to her. For who could like it? Nobody, Reuben said, and he shook his head over it, for he had to pull it up in stocking-shaped buckets and tote it. At six in the morning he would bang on your door and hand it to you in a tall clay mug, and you poured it in your chamber pot if you did not like it. The pigeons, as if they moved by clockwork, keys in their tails, crossed the grass on their purple feet. All sizes of babies, mixed like a handful of wildflowers, swayed pressed together in a nurse-shaded sandbox. The long chain swings, which young girls sat in on Sunday, moved slowly as pendulums in tall clocks under the big trees. The owls hooted in the woods, and the doves on top of the springhouse roof sobbed all day. An iron bell was rung in the yard for dinner.

Delia mounted the broken steps and walked across the porch. Of the interior, why did she remember such a busy whispering? It was her own; she had found a great deal to whisper to her mother about at the table where it was impolite. Relish dishes and cruets and cake stands were all glass as heavy as iron in the dining room, and the white butter, in tiny butter dishes for each person, had no salt. And salt got hard in small boat-shaped urns with tiny, beaded salt-spoons at each plate that pricked the mouth like diamond rings. There were plates with green ponds and castles in them, and as you ate your watermelon away and left the rim, you could spit all your seeds in the pond. There were napkin rings with faces and masks and flowers raised on them that would burn into the brain.

And after such food! Fingers dripping from the fin-

gerbowls, you were dragged, like a sack, up to your bedroom. Washstands, massive forward-leaning wardrobes, waited round the bed to be hung with a kind of thin, rainbow waterfall of near-sleep. There wall-paper was hot to the touch, tiles on the tinned-over fireplace and hearth were beaded with sweat like the forehead of the room. She climbed up into the bed, under thick drapes of mosquito netting which she thought were beautiful as the skirts of a bride. She could not go to sleep; sometimes she held out one arm and dropped marbles from a great height into a tin cup. Yet sleep through the soft afternoon hung overhead and stirred only a little, like a banana leaf, ribbed and veined with green light. Voices floating on the surfeited air were Negro voices. "You know what Cat does? Cat catches him a mice and he climb on de fence. Cat drop his mice in de garbage can. Cat's smart. I's told *several* people about Cat." That was Reuben's voice.

Delia tried the front door, and it opened. She stood in the hall, in that dark dell. Something was gone — something besides some great, zigzag, marble-topped piece of furniture. The odor of food was gone. And suddenly she thought, "The pavilion too!" and ran back to the door and looked out into the thicketty park — it was gone.

That dance pavilion had crowned the whole place. It actually had a second floor, with a little paintless frame stair running up. It had been open all the way round, edged with narrow benches, like a steamboat there in the park with a piano in it — it had been gray-white and lacy. There was not an inch of the pavilion that did not have some name carved in it. You could read it all day long, even the stair rail was full, and the four sides of the little splintery posts all the way up — just like a nutmeg grater under your hand, and the benches were corrugated under your legs with names and arrowed hearts. Now it had gone.

3

DELIA turned and walked gently down the hall and past the staircase, fluted like a pipe organ. She thought she heard something then — a movement — but wasn't it thunder? She remembered, about three o'clock every cloudless afternoon a storm would come abruptly somewhere near-by, the sky would go black in the west, and at the Wells somebody would run from room to room, not glancing at a person, and put down the long rattling windows, and when the round was done, run back and put them up again. For very likely only little cyclones of dust would whirl over the lawns and follow, sometimes, the very walks that went so narrowly from well to well; thunder would sound in the woods and a rain would fall that could just be seen against the trees. Reuben would wear a strawberry box over his head.

Then, that threat being over, the guests came out, like four-o'clock flowers, and just after the four-o'clocks opened. Through the freshened air, Delia followed Mrs. Fergusson, who turned and said, "Precious

darling, what is it?" And even to her, made a tender, charming gesture with her hand.

Delia put up her own hand and exchanged a little squeeze most promptly and eagerly, with, like a dark germ of wariness, a brief disappointment falling each time into her heart — disappointment that was a kind of excitement. For Mrs. Fergusson, though enchantingly dressed in pale georgette and her cheeks pinked beyond the imagination, never once transformed herself, even in her voice, by saying one thing to this person, another thing to another. Everybody, even Mirrabell, a common brown rabbit around whose neck Mrs. Fergusson had tied a blue candy ribbon, was "Precious." She was a creature of a baffling and terrifying sameness. To Delia she was never, for one moment, an allurement — it was a kind of outrage with a promise to it. As from a germ, a seed inside, she knew that spreading, helpless gesture of Mrs. Fergusson's palms made her feel not her own fresh chivalry, but old chivalry, used, stale, ancient — other people's, and especially Mr. Torrance's, the man who would be standing behind Delia. She would let her hand be relinquished, and go off in skips.

Under the warm dangle of the weeping willows, the ladies strolled, their parasols, from moment to moment, more luminous than the blue sky, and their shining little dogs at their heels. On the wide banisters along the length of the veranda, goldfish bowls sparkled like suns, and the fish darted and pushed their faces at the promenaders. On the green grass at twilight, the croquet balls moved slow as leviathans through a deep sea.

One of the three dining-room doors at the hall's end stood open, and Delia looked into the dim room. In some draft, light through the floor-length slatted shades lifted and merged its bars in the air, which was like under-water. The room was empty at one end, and all the tables had been pushed together at the other, as though a great hand had come in and cleft the room. There was a creak, then, and the door blew shut behind her. She turned quickly. Nothing was there, but with that sound how clearly it had come back to her!

Mr. Torrance had entered at dinner. He went by, very close to them, going to his table.

When Mr. Torrance spoke ("H'rrum, nice day"), Mrs. Fergusson gave him as radiant a smile as if he had invited her to some charming spot. Like the opening of a summer parasol, the smile spread and displayed the pinkness and the floweriness of her face. Nothing could ever go beyond this smile; it was the limit of Mrs. Fergusson's face, its whole intent. Its signal replied to the signal of that creak of the door when Mr. Torrance entered the dining room. That creak of the center door, which was actually like a baby's fretful cry, seemed the special announcement of Mr. Torrance's wonderful, heavy entrance. He came shaking the floor, and was immediately and ruddily reflected in the hundred flushed faces of the cut-glass vinegar cruets and compotes of strawberry preserves which watched him with the compound eye of an insect.

Mr. Torrance was silky-looking with a mouth of silk. He seemed full of the well waters, brimming. He drank out of Number 1. He was weighty as a seal. When he sat alone at his table the room seemed pinned, anchored down; it was his chair that fastened it for keeps to the round world. Food steamed toward him on its little winds. He groaned in joy all to himself, as he drew the napkin over his roly lap, like a mother covering her good child and wishing it sweet dreams. He was as perfect as wax fruit in his pink-shaded hands and face, and a pin tried in his cheek, she had imagined, would be likely to make only a powdery hole — from which the wind of his laughter, though, would suddenly strike you, and his near, choppy teeth would shoot crumbs of his laughter like dragon fire at little girls.

Eating, he entered his world and dream. He ate off in a remoteness, and not until he was finished and had drawn a sigh would he return from that long perspective back to your presence, seeming to shudder his plump coat a little like a robin finishing up. Then he simply flew to your side, fronting and touching you with his breast if you were a lady near-by, if you were Mrs. Fergusson, and not if you were a sad lady in black just beside her.

Delia walked around the echoing room in the patchy light. There was the piano. It was strange to draw a finger through the warm dust on a soundless piano key; it was like finding dust on a person's eyelashes, a person sleeping in the sun. The top of the old maple upright was propped open by a tennis ball, molded green. There was a wasp nest inside, against the strings, and the dining room itself was filled with the awkward swinging motions of wasps, and a dead one drifted in a breath of air down the keyboard to — C, Ranny Randall's key. That was what he played *Nola* in.

She remembered Saturday night at Fergusson's Wells, the three-piece orchestra in the double-decker pavilion, and Ranny Randall, sitting straight as a ruler in a blazer, playing *Nola*. The back of his head stuck out so far it was like a question mark, very shiny in Stacomb. The smell of cut grass in the night seemed to rise up sharply, and then the ladies' floral odors, and they in turn pursued by hoops and wreaths of men's tobacco smoke. Among the little girls was no scent at all, only the rapid sound of fans being opened and shut on their hot little chains that cut the neck. They wound arms and strolled three together over the park. As they went they discovered under each of the round well roofs, by each of the wells, a man and lady kissing as if appointed there. Kissing was all over the park — everywhere, at twelve wells, like the state of grace, falling over all at the same moment, like a flock of birds lighting in a tree and all starting to sing.

Outdoors was filled with the leafy glide of moonlight. Her party dress was white, and she would grass-stain it. In the pavilion the dancers danced on two floors in the light of paper lanterns — one would catch fire. Ranny Randall's hands were flying from his striped cuffs like fluttering flags, and his teeth were bared. He could play *Margie*, anything that was asked of him,

and he always played in C. The children climbed and hung like monkeys on the pavilion.

Mrs. Fergusson was a dancer. Paper lanterns — she loved them, loved Ranny Randall, loved music, she said. Her face was mother-of-pearl colored, and nearly unreal — for surely every kind of wash and scent and color had covered it again and again, Saturday night. Mrs. Fergusson, even dancing, had far-sighted eyes, very soft and wide, the color of forget-me-nots. "Precious darling," she said, bending and kissing Delia where she stood wrapped on a post, watching the dance. Delia kissed her respectfully.

Back at the house, the porch was full of rockers, all occupied, as all the boxes in the stable stayed full of hens — seemingly busy with bright eyes though they were very still. Mr. Torrance might dance in the pavilion and shake it, but when he went by the porch, clearing his throat, the world changed. The way a night breeze in moonlight suddenly shatters the intricate pattern of quiet within the leafy porch and someone will rise and another will say, "Well — good night!" and no more stories will be told that night before any child stretched listening on the steps — that was how Mr. Torrance revolted their world.

4

AND Mr. Fergusson?

Mr. Fergusson always came last — now even to the memory. He was a poky man. And soon, always, he was out of sight again. There was just the X of his suspenders disappearing through a door; you only saw his back. He would put his head in again, and say, "Excuse me." He would take himself off in an old black planter's hat and sit in a shed, making something. He had one good eye and one that had had sand rubbed in it, a lesson to children in summer. Off at a little distance, with perhaps one little boy following him, he could be seen carrying things from one point to another across the park, across the back yard — ladders, lengths of chain, buckets and demijohns, a purpling flour-sack of figs. Perhaps he did the work. For the Negroes were Mrs. Fergusson's, and wore white coats. He was the one that early in the still morning went snapping off the Cape jessamines (that was what woke her up, and made her mother flutter her eyelids) and put them in dishes on the tables and tubs in the doors, where they glowed in the dark rooms and halls as if they marked a trail.

And hadn't there been a happening of some kind, one night? Delia ate a plum. She had not meant to eat her lunch in here, but she had brought out some plums and pinched the cheesecake, and at last she spread everything on a paper on a dusty table. She thought she heard a noise in a room close by, like the flat of a hand on the wall. Tramps did not bang away — it might be the jump of a rat. She might have left then and missed everything, but she finished her lunch, and as she was walking out past the parlor the sun came through a tear in a blind and lighted a little square picture on the wall, and halted her.

Oh, heaven! What was it? A painting by a lady. It hung tilting at her, over the parlor mantel. She walked toward the red and blue thing, varnished mirror-bright, at first seeing only its seashells of landscape-clouds on the top shelf of sky. Surely this had not hung here in the old days. But it had. The wallpaper faded from it. And it represented — she shivered all at once — the near-by haunted house that looked down from the hill, in its pristine, untouched state — a virgin of a house with every brick clean as a breastpin. The green had not lasted, leaving the cedars on either side a faded kingfisher blue.

Delia studied the bad little oil with the interest which the complete lack of imagination always serenely asks for, like a beggar-child. The painting offered, whether or no, a version of a beautiful 1810 or so house, its Georgian design tempered by the Spanish — with wings connected by loggias, which were drawn tight as wires here. And the fanlights — why, they were true fans! She could hardly believe the dainty little ribbed affairs, how the hand had trembled to set them just so over the doors, above and below. The proportions were fantastic, somehow cupped in and stricken, and instead of spaciousness — Delia squinted — the house gave off an influence like a bird cage. Little people studded the galleries, the garden, and the orchard, holding hands two and three together — a house party, an entertainment for some General.

She felt strangely vindictive toward this painting. But it was indeed the haunted house she knew and remembered now. It was right for its picture to hang in the Wells, over a mantel, like a parent portrait. The Wells, filled as it had been with light, airy light, was always the shadow of that older place on the hill. Her eyes narrowed and she searched the corner of the bad picture. It was signed "Mews," in a calling card script.

She turned her back on the painting and stood lost, thinking of the haunted house as it was the day she saw it — sun-drenched, light-drenched, a bird flying about the grayed wooden cornice which was carved with the Greek key. Looking at her memory like a picture of her own, she saw a halfway ruin of a very plain, beautiful, surely rather small Georgian house, the red of a rose. There remained of it then the central structure and one wing. The roof over the loggias, fallen to the ground, lay leaning against the house, softened, like a coverlet, wrinkling over the hidden steps, and sea-blue. Nothing gave a sign of the galleries except a naked brightness in the brick. One wing was gone except for a shell of front wall and the chimney at the end, and the other wing was intact, square, its chimney tall in the air.

Who had taken them there — all the children picnicking?

Old-maid half-sister of Mr. Fergusson — Miss Mews, replied her memory succinctly.

The painter! Painter and storyteller. She had been a storyteller that day, and all the time it was she, Miss Mews, who had stood there, the lady in black, dark as a bare bough beside the fruity Mrs. Fergusson every

evening. Delia was remembering the picnic now, whoever the storyteller had been that easy day when they all ran holding hands, popping the whip, seeming barely to listen. She had hold of the hand of a boy in an Indian suit, and the stickiness of little black cherries cemented them all together, the playing children who were going to disobey that storyteller and perhaps trip her up at the right moment.

5

Oh, that day! It was like this — yet inexpressibly a different day; so that you would always know — even then — that no two days can ever be like each other as two fruits from the same tree are twins, since night comes between. They went in leaf hats — nasturtium, sycamore, and fig, pinned with rose thorns, the boys' hats down over their eyebrows. Under their concerted rush, the claybanks rose, and shimmered wistaria-colored, warm, hard, and burning with sand to the skin; and one of them took off his sandals and left them on a purple cliff, to be found in case they never returned. Up there was a field where the sun was hot as a spasm and made anyone sneeze just to go in it; the space in front of the eyes was always filled with a gyration of gnats and cottonwood fuzz.

In the bright distance was a solitary cabin, its roof a Joseph's coat of wood and tin bits, its chimney rose-red. A pale and undulating fence, silvery in the hollows, closed it in, and when they came to it they played on the pales with a stick and it sounded like the most distant music; nobody came out. Walking ahead of them the cows went with their tails streaming silver in the light like the wake of a boat. Giant thistles shone, taller than children. Like even brighter islands in this brightness were the wide, circular mounds of Cherokee roses, and they touched at them, boat-like, one by one. Beyond the field they went single-file through a shaggy ravine and up a cedar-grown hill, pulling their way by roots, on all fours, and from the place where they all fell over and laughed, the Confederate Cemetery could be seen gleaming miles away like a honeycomb in the distant light.

Then Miss Mews silenced them. They were fingering the rusty rosettes of a barbed-wire fence, holding the wires for each other and for Miss Mews, who was of course scratched. Then they were in a body on the other side looking up. Delia stood feeling alone, looking and divining something, she could not tell what, in that warm ruin on the blue air, that firm print of a house on the earth against a blue sky which broke through and descended upon it. She stood in deep bliss with her hand moving upon the trunk of a cedar tree, with its purple-green above her dense like the breast of a bird.

But it had a story. Miss Mews would tell it. "This haunted house is Mrs. Fergusson's ancestors' home!" And all the time Miss Mews was telling them, telling them, the children were running off and darting away. Was this running the excitement of beauty, after all — and more than the breaking of authority? And what would her story, telling what people *did*, have come to

without the weight of that rose-red brick in the hand, its reach of color into the eyes — the sudden sight, licking like fire at the feet, of the snake moving in the empty well — the mockingbirds drunk on cherries careening over the rooftop — the taste of the plaster, that white, thin-as-silk plaster that was vaguely sweet on the tongue? (Had they even eaten of the place?) What if the chimney's wasp had not stung anybody? He stung Billy in the Indian suit who screamed like an idiot and ran around Miss Mews with her black skirt clutched in his hands and wound her like a Maypole in the middle of all she said — so that she told more. And little Carbuncle Fergusson — the Fergussons had had a son! His real carbuncle had come and gone the summer before; only the name was left. He had no sense, except that he could always play Casino with his little dirty cards with the red parrots on them, out in the big road, each play burying itself in a puff of dust. He stood in front of Miss Mews and listened too, like a bird, perhaps for whispers and sounds underfoot.

Walking around the haunted house, you saw the structure all laid bare — it was no mystery as in other houses. She could see, with the walls half away, exactly how all the rooms were, exactly how the house had been made — what rooms opened off other rooms, which connected and which had never connected, where the fireplaces were, what the windows all looked out on. The anatomy of the story Miss Mews thought so much of was well explained.

Here the lady lived, there her husband. The rooms connected, the fires burned back to back. This was the window through which he climbed, the lover to meet the wife. It was there the husband had come in by the door, just in time. ("Here's the window he jumped out of and hung by his hands!") Billy jumped and hung by his hands on that warm and flaking ledge.) Hush, said Miss Mews, it ended with a duel! Of course, through the room there, so bare now, across the sun-soaked hall, through there, down there, the husband did chase his wife. The room where she ran and he killed her, where he put his hands around her neck (here LeRoy took hold of Minnie Belle), was the top room, on the left. The wife had run up instead of down, further into the house instead of out. She could not escape.

That was where she said . . . what? Oh, Delia could not think now what the lady had said; and how had anyone ever known, except Miss Mews, what she said? The stairs were swaying like a spider web under the children's feet. But down that stair and out and here to the well (where the snake ran out! "Run, Miss Mews! It's poison!") he had stamped carrying her and thrown her down the well. Miss Mews paused. (Down which of his twelve wells would Mr. Fergusson throw his wife if he could? Twelve choices for a thing not done yet.) Down, down, dead, with her hair floating up in a long yellow twist and covering the top of the water, said Miss Mews — "She had always been proud of her hair." And the lightning came and printed her picture on the windowpane, saying Look for me! The story ended with a duel over her, both men wounded to death, and all dead.

Miss Mews had marched them to the window and they had seen the lightning-picture, but restlessly, since they believed it enough already.

Even the small, gap-toothed Fergusson could run over the house and go where all that had happened in the time it could take to tell it, and look out the window like an imp in a bottle, and show a laughing face through the lightning's ragged little profile with the long bent neck like a flower stalk. For that was all the story.

"Is that all?" Delia herself asked.

Miss Mews nodded, and at that nod the children sprang up wild and scattered as if for good on running feet. They ran and ran. They covered all that haunted ground with fast and dust-flying feet, circling, catching each other and letting go; they chased, called, collided, flung up and down the dark ravine and trod on the crowded spears of iris. They broke every little blood-red rose and sucked them in their mouths or hung them in their hair. They swung on the sucker-thick orchard trees which had borne the summers that no one had counted, unless it were only Miss Mews, and last they found the cherries, the little wild ones, and ate all they could hold, until Carbuncle cried. Miss Mews, all silent, waited, for all must calm down in the end. She was the iron fountain black in the sun, and all this was still *her* sad story. Far off, down and beyond the hill, someone was singing, though — the kind of song that comes from a young girl who has to go by herself through a field and becomes in love with flowers and clouds, and forgets herself entirely. Delia heard it and fell over in the grass and lay still, tipsy, her lap full.

They went home another way. Little cabins, the colors of twilight clouds, lay along the different fields. They came to an empty school in the country. A remote and yet clandestine look it had. The leaves rustled, rustled, like flight after flight of birds going through. On every window there was still pasted a paper jonquil with side leaf. "This is *my* school," Miss Mews said. They all looked at her carefully, then standing together and turning their eyes to her. She was suddenly shy. She was all in black, and she had *moles*. Her face was nipped with moles. Their parents had all gladly entrusted them to her for the day. How was it grown people always had respect for such outrageous persons?

She marched them home. And in the hall at Fergusson's Wells — deserted, of course, for they were all dining — she had said in a loud, teacher's voice, "I gave them a lesson in history! Which *all* would do well to heed."

And Delia smiled. For suddenly, just here, in the parlor, where they had all been ushered to put their wildflowers by the pressing-book, loomed Mr. Torrance, with his lips pursed for a kiss. His mouth was like an agate, that pride of boys in spring. He was leaning over just ready to give it to Mrs. Fergusson — strike Mrs. Fergusson's little glassy mouth with it, with that hard, thumping release an agate would get under the thumb of a frowning boy. What would have happened? Would Mrs. Fergusson, struck with the

agate kiss, have flung back and scattered everything in Fergusson's Wells apart with a rainbow light? Not yet. Mr. Torrance, with almost a push of his eyebrows at her face, let her go. Almost like a beetle he wielded her on ahead of him out of the parlor, with his eyebrows forking and driving her before him, reserving her for future lairs. While she, a morsel, all inviting and caught, seemed to be making little dazzling motions, the rings on both her hands twinkling phosphorescently in the hall gloom. She was laughing.

6

So it was that night that Mr. Torrance did magician tricks. It was in the dining room. The ladies got it up after supper.

First Mr. Torrance had done some tricks with cards — the thickened old cards with the parrots on them that lay on the porch all day. As a magician, he bestowed his smile for the first time over the entire dining room. Then —

"I should like to borrow a hat," said Mr. Torrance. His eyelids drooped and closed for a moment. It was as if he put on a mask and watched them through little holes. The dining room became magical. The ladies, who had got this up to let Mr. Torrance see what he could do, waited. For only Mr. Fergusson wore a hat in his own house.

"Mr. Fergusson?" said Mr. Torrance, opening his eyes. He held out one pear-shaped hand, and lifted the other with the wand in it.

"Your hat, perhaps, Mr. Fergusson?" he said.

Hat? Hat? . . . the room echoed. As if the echo turned it into a dark ravine where people moved and climbed by lantern light, and held a conclave, the deep and twinkling dining room waited in that moment for Mr. Fergusson to walk through the eying watchers and give up his hat to Mr. Torrance.

Mr. Fergusson rose — he was at the back, of course, Miss Mews beside him — and he looked no better than he ever had. He walked through the room, the wand with which Mr. Torrance beckoned seeming to draw him by the coatless shoulders and pull him, and his horny hand was clamped over his hat as if a wind were blowing. Never had Mr. Fergusson, or his hat either, looked so disheveled, so "common," ladies said — would he ever get there? It was as if the wind he was mistaken about had truly blown and buffeted and got him confused.

On the little stage, where Mr. Torrance held his wand ready, Mr. Fergusson came and stepped up. What would he do? Whatever else he might have done, with time, he took off his hat and gave it to Mr. Torrance. Then he turned and looked back.

They all looked right at his head. The emerged and naked head of Mr. Fergusson shone under the grand center dining-room light. Exposed, bald as they had known all the time it would be, his head glowed like a small, single light itself, a chilly light; and Mr. Fergusson turned from side to side a moment, silently — like the Biloxi Lighthouse light when the sun goes down,

sweeping over the people enjoying themselves. He reached a point of gaze and stood still — his good eye glistened. He was looking over their heads, stony and single-eyed, like a lighthouse, at his wife. He was standing up there because of her, because of them too — a sea of pleasure, swelling and wild. Who would dare look at Mrs. Fergusson, who was caught now in his glare and beam? What if her arms went up over her head! Suppose her hair rushed up over her ears as she sank! Still no one would look. Delia strove against the strictness in her neck — she looked. Back and forth, so quickly it hid her face as well as a curtain, Mrs. Fergusson was waving her special little fan, made of feathers.

"Thank you." Mr. Torrance balled his lips. He showed the hat, and knowingly waved his wand back and forth over the dreadful thing that had covered Mr. Fergusson's head. While they looked, while Mr. Fergusson, his attention rapped at, looked, there was a flicker of live motion, and Mr. Torrance pulled a rabbit out of the hat by the ears. It was Mirrabel.

There was just a moment of silence — then a sigh. Was it terror — satiety — disappointment? Mirrabel was very well known. Then — led by the ladies — applause. Pursed lips smiled at pursed lips.

With a lissome bow Mr. Torrance offered Mr. Fergusson's hat back to him, rabbit inside.

"He wouldn't take it *back!*" someone — quite an indignant old lady — was saying.

Mr. Fergusson's horny hand drew back. Then bald as a tombstone he was rocking down the aisle cleared for him between the knees drawn up, and it was known all over the room that he would never touch that hat again. Mr. Fergusson left the dining room, leaving the door open, left Mr. Torrance with his hat, with Mirrabel in it, darting her well-known round sideways glances out at everything. Mr. Torrance then had to set the loaded hat down on a little wobbly table of some kind.

Immediately flicking his cuffs for a new trick, "You see, I have nothing up my sleeves," he said.

"So of course he has," Delia thought without rancor, but feeling at one with the audience and with the world at that moment.

Then there was a noise from behind. It was the teasing noise of the door. Mr. Fergusson was back, standing there where Mr. Torrance used to stand and eye the room. His hat was once more awesomely missed from his head, as if its absence would expose him afresh every time, like the lifted veil of a nun. He brought his little rabbit gun up to his shoulder and to his chin like a completion to his face, and pointed it straight into the room.

In the corner of the eye a flowery plate seemed to tip, bow, and fall off the rail first, and then even before it touched the floor came the crashing of everything. The room shook like a forest of china.

Delia stood up and pressed forward from her helpless mother, burrowing as she went against the hot silky backs of ladies. In a moment some hand was going to stop her, but while she could she wanted to see. It had not turned out the way she had thought, at all.

Beneath arches and barriers of ladies' arms she could see. Mr. Torrance stood reared in a pose of sorrow on his stage, with his jaw hung widely down; he was looking like Samson's lion. He reared there for a moment erect with his paws in the pulled-back sleeves held apart in the air. Then he tenderly clasped himself and descended; ladies' hips and skirts bulged and hid his fall.

Crying softly, struggling in some feminine grasp, Delia heard it on all sides — the breaking, the shattering and echoing — it was the imminent closing of the Wells, the end of vacation, of her own adventure, she heard — all and each gave out its fragile, summerlike, falling, crystal sound. Then a lady named Miss Delta Random fainted, and then, one after the other, as if they were weak, three ladies more lay pale across the chests of the shouting, pinioned men. And poor Miss Mews, Miss Adella Mews, went down on her knees as she did to go under the barbed-wire fence, and crawled under the table.

Delia could see Mrs. Fergusson plainly, for she was not crowded by the other ladies but rather framed by them, as always. She rose up from her chair, her feather fan slid down under her pointed satin shoe, and she went toward the front.

"Let me through," Mrs. Fergusson begged the barricade of men.

But they would not.

Delia was picked up and carried out crying, as Mrs. Fergusson would expect of her, but kicking her legs. Mr. Fergusson was still standing at the door, looking in, rubbing a little spot over his eye.

The incident had never been mentioned again. They left in the morning; the only one who stayed was an old lady — she might never be going home. She made her own beads, out of some sweet paste, in milky blue or pink colors, each bead a little lopsided, and there was always a dinner plate of them, not quite hard, in a window. She would string them with small jet and silver beads in between.

The Fergusson's Wells carriage had borne them all smoothly away and the little colored boys with their wilted fistfuls of flowers had run out and pleaded, "Violence! Violence!" beside the rolling wheels. Delia had flung herself half out of the carriage and stretched her arms back toward Fergusson's Wells and cried, "Mir-rabel!" It was mostly in delight.

7

THERE was a sound directly behind her — the complaint of the door.

Delia turned and saw Mr. Fergusson walk in — faded, grayed in his face and hands and in his clothes as if by moonlight, but no ghost. That was a human and remembered walk, the hitched, dawdling walk of the unwelcome. He went past her.

She begged his pardon, began to explain herself, but he did not appear to listen to her. When he saw her, he showed her a scrap of paper he held in his hand. On it something had been written with a wetted

pencil. "Three turns to the left, 3 to the right, and you ther."

"Give me a hint, Reuben," said Mr. Fergusson with a sigh. "I want you to tell me if I'm warm."

There stood Reuben in the shadow, no faintest gleam of light about him, shrunken, smaller and older, watchful in a different way now. Change was on him, but no impairment, as if a cat grew old and turned blackbird.

"You's warm, but you's lost," said Reuben.

"My son and old Reuben got 'em up a game, got 'em up a little game with me," said Mr. Fergusson, smoothing out the note on his palm. "My son in Memphis and old Reuben here. They have an understanding! (*Listen* at Reuben.) To keep me from finding it too early in the day, old Reuben, he hides it from me, and then he leaves me a little note here, a little note there. Telling me what turns to take, and up or down. I think he learned to write just for the purpose! — make me run myself ragged. My son sends it, by the case, and Reuben hides it. There'll be another note to go today, before I get hold of it. End of day'll most likely find me in the attic, up in the dark, reaching for it. But I'll find it." He fingered some little button he wore in his coat, which of course he had found too.

"Mrs. Fergusson —" she said, and stopped, astonished at herself at the mention of the name.

"She — Mrs. Fergusson, she went off with him, you know," he said presently. His voice was flat in idleness after telling how he hunted.

"With — who?"

"Torrance. Mrs. Fergusson went off with Torrance the end of that summer. They live about forty miles from here."

"I thought — he was dead — that you —"

"Why, everybody knew it," he said wonderingly. "We had to close the Wells." He proved it for her with a gesture around the room.

"I thought you shot him and killed him," she said, and suddenly she was ready to accuse him. "I thought he was dead."

"No, Torrances are hard to kill," he said matter-of-factly. His eyes shone a little. Was it the weak teasing tears of laughter that shone in them? But he did not laugh. "I thought she'd sweep me off my feet," he said. "I *still* thought she'd do it, one day. Up till the very minute I fired that load of rabbit shot I thought she might." He looked closely at Delia — that spark in his eye was pride.

How could you ever tell the ones who wanted to be swept off their feet in the world — those who were just going to taste the lotus, but hadn't yet? She remembered how he had gone forward to give up his hat that night seeming to putter, almost, along the way — Mr. Fergusson had been such a putterer.

He said solemnly, politely now, "My son's 'way up in the world in Memphis. He's successful and all. He seldom gets down but he sends me cases of Bourbon regular, right on the dot. I don't eat much," he said fastidiously. He called out, "Reuben, Reuben, come out on the porch with the fan. You'll have to fan me and this young lady a while, till she has to go. *You*

know it's as hot a day as God ever sent us." He guided Delia to the front porch, to one of the long benches which whispered with little leaves and the petals of blown roses. They sat down. She knew all at once how grandly he lived, in what anticipation.

"For just a little," she said.

Reuben moved near and, lifting both arms gently and wide, fanned them with two palmettos, attending them in the darkening of the day like a mother bird.

But she only stayed long enough to be polite. When she said "Good-bye," Mr. Fergusson's hand reached for hers in the twilight of the porch.

"Good-bye, Reuben."

"You's grown," said Reuben.

Outdoors, the light was still good. The western sky was clear and the sun would be going down whole, just in the direction of the haunted house, where she now was going.

Why, it was only a few steps away. She followed a dirt path up a gentle hill, and could see a solitary chimney. In its distance it stood rose-red among cedars, infinitely still in the woods, almost a tree itself. Somehow she knew that that chimney was all she would find.

She went through the ravine, where it was almost dark, and up the old drive, full of rain-valleys and partly gone, and came to the place, to the chimney.

It was so perfect that for a moment she was imagining the house not as a ruin they had ravaged — children, and poor frightened teacher, and now of course the Negroes stealing the bricks and firewood — but as the original. (And Miss Mews had done only this.) How could I? she thought, opening her eyes, standing subdued and humble before the one red column.

She sat down at a little distance and made a sketch. As she worked, noises set up all around, chirpings,

singings, clickings, dronings, the swell of the locusts, and a female cardinal sat on the chimney top sending out noises like the clicking of castanets; after a little, she sang.

Delia made three sketches, and none pleased her. The sun went lower. Small clouds were floating seed-like now in the transparent west, as if a pomegranate had burst open.

She stood up and gazed awhile at the color of the bricks intensified with the deepening light. The badness of her work went out of her. The chimney itself, in its beauty, in its presence, as long as it stood there, was enough. Enough, she thought, for all the error applied to that place, all misconceptions, for all that went astray in sight of it, better than a dream. Not the house as it had once stood, but something before that, some exuberance of its inception, seemed hovering about it. She had felt it as a child; all the children had felt it. Smoothed, worn by them all, it rose taller than any happenings or any times that forever beset the beauty itself of life. It was no part of shelter now, it was the survivor of shelter, an entity, glowing, erect, and a fiery color, the ancient color of a phoenix.

Gathering her paraphernalia, she went down — the ravine track, the path, then the carriage drive. She could see her car in the road beyond the gate. All of a sudden there was a breath of stir in the bushes where blackberries grew up tall over everything.

Her heart leaped when she saw him — a little boy, brown-haired. Dappled like grass in the last sun, he lay in the curve of the embankment with his scratched, ruddy legs straddled upwards and his toes curled in the clover, silent while his eyes followed her. She opened the gate and came out, carrying her three wet paintings; he was eating berries from his cupped hands, his lips stained purple and gently parted.

THE TREES

by LT. JOHN BUXTON

Oflag VII B, Germany

THE elm tree like a fountain of light
Flings green jets to misty height;
Stars came dabbling there one night.
But yonder where the dark trees grow
Day nor night we do not go.

The birch tree with her tender skin
Shivers before the storms begin,
Yet gives sweet shade to loiter in.
But yonder where the dark trees grow
Day nor night we do not go.

The red roots of the willow keep
A pool below them dark and deep
Where you may see the trout asleep.
But yonder where the dark trees grow
Day nor night we do not go.

Even the oak tree sturdy and proud
That takes the thunder for his shroud
Has sheltered us from many a cloud.
But yonder where the dark trees grow
Day nor night we do not go.

And though the ash tree may entomb
A shrew that witched the cattle's womb,
What's that but some small creature's doom?
But yonder where the dark trees grow
Day nor night we do not go.

A path leads there, and seems to glide
Into the wood, as if to hide:
No path leads out the other side.
And yonder where the dark trees grow
Day nor night we do not go.

I CAME HOME EARLY

by JOHN PARIS

1

THE first thing I did, that afternoon I arrived home with my honorable discharge from the Army, was to head for the Uptown Bar. Something had been griping me for two years; I'd stored it up inside me those months in Africa and Sicily and Italy and those other months in an Army general hospital in West Virginia, and now this was the payoff.

The same anemic bartender I remembered from two years ago, my last furlough home, shuffled forward. I said, "You owe me a drink. I'll take it now." He gaped at me.

"Two years ago," I said, "I came in here and ordered a drink. You refused to serve me because I was a soldier. It was my first furlough home in a year; it's been my last in two years. All I wanted was one short drink. I told you I lived in this town; I was born here. It wasn't as if I were an outsider. But you refused me a drink. So I put a four-bit piece on the bar and said that was to pay for the drink I'd claim when I became a civilian again. Well, I'm a civilian now!"

"I guess you better talk to the boss," said the bartender.

I hated him. I wanted to put my hands on his throat and strangle him. But you can't go around strangling people. It wasn't the man's fault he was IV-F; he'd probably have been out there fighting alongside me if he had been physically able. Besides, he only followed the orders of his boss.

I knew the boss slightly — a small-time racketeer. His rat mouth broke wide enough for a pool ball when I told him what I wanted, and he croaked, "Welcome home, soldier. Sure, you'll get your drink!"

I hated him. I remembered he hadn't been in the First World War either. But you can't go around hating every civilian, so I took a sip of the drink, shoved it away, thanked him and the bartender, and went outside. The sunlight was cold, and an almost bitter wind swept down the street. Better be hiking home, I decided. Olive was expecting me.

JOHN PARIS of Butte, Montana, is a former Technical Sergeant of the Infantry who has been honorably discharged because of wounds received in Italy. At the moment he is doing defense work in a lead and zinc mine, but plans to return to the editorial work in which he had made a beginning before the war. "I was born in 1910," he writes, "which should make me a cinch to avoid the draft for the third world war."

Olive is my wife. She'd been to see me at the hospital, had remained as long as the rent-gougers in the town near the hospital left us any money, — which was almost a month, — and had preceded me home by three weeks. She still lived in our old apartment, from which I'd gone three years ago. Olive wrote me she arranged it exactly the way it looked that early morning, over three years ago, that I'd gone away.

There were about a dozen of us that early morning — the low numbers among the draftees. Music was by courtesy of the high school band, and they played with their noses sniveling because it was so early in the morning: they were directed by a bandmaster who yawned throughout the performance — to which nobody paid any attention anyway.

My return, at the station, was unspectacular — a sailor home on furlough, and three civilians who looked at me as at a monkey in a cage.

"You've got a chestful of ribbons there, Sergeant," the sailor said.

"Ex-sergeant," I told him. "As of tonight, this uniform goes in the old-clothes box. And the ribbons go among my souvenirs."

I had had a sneaking hope there might be a small committee to meet me — after all, Olive had tipped off the local newspaper that I was due back. I didn't expect a brass band. I didn't expect the mayor. But I *had* won a Silver Star, and three years in the Army should rate some notice, I thought. But no committee appeared. And I found after a time that I was a little glad.

Olive remained in the apartment, according to our arrangement. I wanted her there when I climbed the steps. I wanted to ring the bell, have her open the door, come to the landing and look down, as she used to do when I returned from civilian work three years and some odd months ago.

I bought a copy of the local paper and looked through it for my name. God knows what I expected to find, but one time I'd had some friends on the paper, and I hoped they might rate as news the return to civilian life of a man who had given three years of his life and part of his foot to his country. But it was no go; the important news, it appeared, was a drive currently conducted by a young men's organization, for worn radios and radio parts. A picture of the committee chairman, as good and solid a IV-F as I ever hope to

see, looked out at me. He expressed himself in print as being well pleased with the progress of the drive.

Oh, well, to hell with it. I was home. That was what counted.

The old apartment house looked much the same; there was the caretaker out front, raking up dried grass. I said, "Hi, Joel!" and he peered at me hard.

"Well, I'll be damned. Jack Paris."

I shook hands. "Home for good," I said. "Cold today for this time of year, isn't it?"

The apartment was the same — the davenport, the desk, and the chairs all arranged exactly as I'd left them, the pictures on the wall hanging just a little off center. I wanted to cry.

"Under the circumstances," said Olive, "it's not unmanly to cry, Sergeant."

Her eyes were watery. So I let loose with a snort or two and then dived into the clothes closet. My clothes, all freshly cleaned and pressed, were still there. I got out tweeds, which had been a favorite before the Army, and hastily shucked off my OD's.

"Bath first," said Olive. "Wash the Army off you."

While I bathed, I could hear her crying, and I permitted myself a bit of emotion. Later, the tweeds felt funny — they fitted all right around the waist, but the cuffs on the trousers irritated me. I looked at myself in the mirror, and the sight shocked me.

"It'll be in reverse this time," I said.

Olive wanted to know what I meant. I told her about when I first went into the Army; how each day I looked into the latrine mirror, until one day my uniform no longer appeared strange. I had become a soldier. Now the process would be in reverse. I'd look into the mirror each day, wondering at the strangeness of the tweeds, until one day I should no longer wonder. Then I should have become a civilian again.

"What are you going to do?" Olive asked.

"I want to lie on top of a mountain, in the sunlight, and never be hot or cold again," I told her. "I want to drink gallons of cold beer and cokes and thick malted milks. I don't ever want to hear a gun again. I want a beautiful woman — namely, you — to look after me and see I'm not disturbed. It's a nice dream, but tomorrow or the day after, I go back to my old job — if I've still got it. The apartment rent needs paying. How much do we have in the bank?"

"About forty dollars. That long spell of illness I had —"

"I've got \$300 separation pay," I said. "It'll have to last us."

I had difficulty sleeping that night and bad dreams when I did sleep. I wondered where Bill and Ed and the Big Swede and the rest of my buddies were, and what they were doing. Probably in France, fighting, and dreaming of the day they'd get out of the Army.

Well, I had been lucky. I could easily have lost a whole foot or a leg. Or my life. I hoped Bill and Ed and the Big Swede wouldn't consider that I had run out on them, wherever they were fighting. After all, bullets get you according to your number, and my number, just like my draft number, had been low.

I lay around the apartment next day. Many a time, in the foxholes, I'd promised myself that, once home, not even the Devil would get me out of bed before noon; but a curious kind of nervousness got me up before seven. I made breakfast for Olive. The morning paper confidentially predicted astounding military successes within the next twenty-four hours. Local news headlined the success of the drive for radio parts; the chairman smirked again from the head of a column, and his printed comments took a dozen inches.

Nothing about the return of a sergeant from the war. I said irritably, "Where are my reporter friends?" and Olive said, "They're all in the Army. You might as well face it, Jack. You're forgotten around this town."

"The forgotten man." Where have I heard that expression before? Back in the 1930's, wasn't it?"

She was reading over my shoulder. "Well, nothing is too good for you, it says here."

I looked at the item. Some politician talking.

2

A COUPLE of days later I dropped around to the office — or what I had called "the office" three years ago. I'd been editor of a trade magazine, sponsored by a powerful state business organization. The editor — a local athlete of about four years back, with punctured eardrums or a hernia — greeted me with less than enthusiasm.

I could read his mind. It wasn't a bad job, and he'd have to find another. I hated him; in my mind I cursed him, and then with equal fervency I cursed myself. I couldn't go around hating people like this. But for three years he had been safe and warm — or cool if he chose — in my office, while I wallowed in slime or froze.

The executive secretary of the association, boss of the outfit, was out. I said hello to the stenographer, a girl whom I had never seen before, and told her I was back from the war.

"Oh, yes, I think I've heard Mr. Brown speak of you."

"Well," I said, "I want to talk to him. I'll be back this afternoon at one."

"Oh, but this is Saturday, and Mr. Brown won't be in the office this afternoon. He plays golf —"

I saw a red haze. You damn fool, I warned myself, you can't hate people like this. I said, elaborately, "That's too bad. I'm sorry. I'll be back Monday."

I caught Brown in the following Monday. He greeted me effusively, shook hands, and for twenty minutes told me how too bad it was he hadn't been able to land anything in the Army — he'd had just as much tough luck as in the First World War when they turned him down because of dependency, but he'd been very active in bond sales. Folks on the home front, he said, have made sacrifices, too; no soldier realized the awfulness of rationing, the overtime people worked.

I wanted to ask him what the hell, really, his organization had contributed to victory; I knew they had held their conventions as usual, taxing hotels and travel. But I needed a job. I held my tongue. I hated him.

"Now, I suppose you want your job back?" he said, after talking about himself for another twenty nauseating minutes. "The present editor has done a marvelous job. Did you know our advertising had jumped 20 per cent? We can't put him out at once, can we? I would suggest you take a vacation of, say, a month —"

"With pay?" I asked.

He went into a rigmarole about the financial difficulties of the organization. I let it ride, bargained for two weeks. We shook hands; I shook hands with the editor and his anxious look. I hated them.

Down on the street corner a local lawyer, with a high draft number that had tided him over until the Army stopped taking older men, — men my age, — shook hands with me. Limply. His car had new tires, I noted, and the shine on it was an insult.

"Well, I must be going," he told me nervously. "I have a golf date. We're going to keep the course open late this season — plenty of activity out there. You must come out sometime."

"I'm not a member of the club; I have no money for dues; and I sold my car when I entered the Service, so I'd have to walk to get there," I said.

"Oh," he said.

Nor did I receive any courtesy card from the club later. What the hell, I thought, I'm sensitive. I'm sore because nobody is paying me any attention. Hell, that's the way it is. It's just the way things are. You can't go on hating everybody.

About the fifth or sixth day on the job I blew up. There was a lot of copy on the desk — laudatory stuff on the job the organization was doing. I started to edit it. About midmorning I got ants in my pants; it was difficult to sit still. The stuff blurred before me.

"You take it easy," I advised myself. "You'll be working here a long, long time. Sure, you can go out and try to get another job, or let them try to get you a job, but you won't get anything as good as this."

Just then Brown edged his bald head into the room and said benevolently, "And how is the soldier making out?"

That finished me. "Look," I said, "I've been in charge of a platoon of men. Our lieutenant was killed and I took over. That's how I won my Silver Star. I commanded those men pretty well. I dealt in life and death; my commands determined whether those men lived or died. Hell, and now I'm expected to sit here and read tripe and make corrections with my little red pencil — when I've dealt in life and death."

I said more. But I concluded by getting out. The former editor could have his job back, I decided; I wanted to do something where I'd not have to sit all day. It was too nerve-racking.

On the way back to the apartment I saw the lawyer and his shiny car. I wanted to hit him. I found myself thinking, furiously: After the war he'll buy a jeep to go fishing in, sure as hell he will — when the rest of us won't have enough money to buy a jeep. He made a pile while the rest of us were getting our guts blown out.

But you can't hate everybody, and after a while I calmed down. On the corner I did have a bad moment when one of the local big-shots I'd known three years ago bumped into me. He shook hands, with the dazed look of a man forcing himself to remember.

"You've been in the Army, haven't you?" he said. "How does it happen you're back?"

He said it, I thought, accusingly. I let it ride. I said, "Still have those noonday luncheons and guest speakers? How'd you like to have an ex-soldier tell you how it feels to be out of the Army?"

He shifted uneasily. "This week we have the chairman of the drive for old radios," he said. "Next week and for several weeks thereafter we shall have various candidates for state offices address us —" He'd let me know.

It didn't matter, anyway; I had just asked him out of meanness, to see what he would say.

Olive was calm about the loss of the job. I didn't understand until she told me she had another job for me — the father of some friend of hers owned a mine and wanted an ex-soldier. I went to work there. It's work with the hands, it doesn't pay so much as the editorial job, and it's tough on my foot, but the stuff we mine goes into the making of guns. Bill and Ed and the Big Swede can't say I've run out on them. And I am too tired, come the end of the day, to hate anybody.

POEMS

by STEPHEN SPENDER

SEASCAPE

THERE are some days the happy ocean lies
Like an unfingered harp, below the land.
Afternoon gilds all the silent wires
Into a burning music of the eyes.
On mirroring paths between those fine-strung fires
The shore, laden with horses, roses, spires,
Wanders in water, imaged above ribbed sand.

The azure ecstasy of the air tires
And a sigh, like a woman's, from inland
Brushes the chords with shadowy hand,
Drawing across the waves some bird's sharp cries,
A bell, a gasp, from distant hidden shires:
These deep as anchors, the hushing wave buries.

Then, from the shore, two zigzag butterflies,
Like errant dog roses, cross the bright strand
And on the ocean face search the salt byres
For foam-flowers growing in reflected skies.
They drown. Witnesses understand
Such wings torn in such ritual sacrifice,

Remembering ships, treasures and cities,
Legendary heroes plumed with flame like pyres
Whose deeds and flesh on their day's island
The timeless wave engulfed: their coins and eyes
Twisted by tides are, through the fingering mires
Of the masculine ocean, scarcely scanned,
Where, over them, the harp sighs all their sighs.

ALMOND BLOSSOM IN WARTIME

FLOWERING almond tree,
Angelically you bring,
With praying hands, bent knee,
And arc of coral-petaled wing,
Annunciation of spring.

Your message burning like a taper
Unfolds translucent petals where
Jagged column, broken stair,
With silhouettes of torn paper
Upbraid the azure dome of air.

O lift us to those skies —
Which, through interstices
Of your leaves and petals, show
Their cold and scattered eyes —
To the wild sun above the snow,
Molder of southern masterpieces,
Whose whirling fires create
Dazzling petals from dark fate.

LIBERIAN ROAD

White Man's Magic

by DOCK HOGUE

1

THE first real setback to my Liberian road program was the wet season. It started in early May and by October had produced well over a hundred inches of rain. That means more than eight feet of water scouring the country in less than six months. Two of my temporary bridges washed out. I spent the Fourth of July in mud and pelting rain trying to bolster up a thirty-foot span on the trail between Harper and the Firestone plantation at Cavalla. My boys shivered and moaned, but they were willing to stay on the job as long as "Boss" would remain with them.

The rain was seldom steady. There would be a burst of sunshine, then a sudden, violent storm. Four inches might fall in two or three hours, to be followed by bright, clear weather for half a day. It was impossible to keep dry. I started out with rubber boots and oilskins, but they were too warm. I tried an umbrella, only to find what an excellent sieve a cheap parasol can be. Finally I gave up and just soaked. When I got so chilled that I could stand it no longer, I would go home, change clothes, gulp down a man-killing jolt of raw whiskey, and go back to work.

My men did not seem to mind the weather once I curtailed earth-moving and placed all the gangs hacking a right-of-way through the high bush. They would strip almost naked, get big fires roaring in the shelter of giant trees, and chop and sing, their black bodies glistening from the rain. I often felt a wild urge to join them.

During a lull, I made my way over to the Cavalla River, which fascinated me for several reasons. In the days of slave trading, ships used to slip over the bar at the mouth and come up with the tide as far as G'Bolobo to pick up black cargo. In the rains, strange things came down the river. The body of a Pygmy was caught in some Grebo fish traps. How this little black man had wandered two thousand miles from the Congo will remain a mystery. A dead gorilla, partly eaten by crocodiles, was fished out by the Grebos at Taoko. Yet

scientists and explorers maintain there are no gorillas in Liberia or on the Ivory Coast.

Oddest of the river's presents, as far as I am concerned, was Tupo. A strapping black man, he came bobbing along on the crest of the flood in a tiny hollowed-out log that was more toy than canoe. He paddled ashore at G'Bolobo and showed up one morning where my crews were hacking through the high bush. His size and ability to swing a cutlass soon qualified him for a job. I do not believe Tupo had ever heard English spoken before. Only Wodo Williams, one of my headmen, seemed to understand him. I chose Wodo as teacher for the bushman, since he had been educated on the Gold Coast and spoke the king's English.

Tupo worked diligently for six months. He was promoted from cutlass work to using a pick and shovel. He always drew my attention as I passed along the job, mainly because of his size and his face-splitting grin. One day I found him working alone on a section of borrow pit, not far from a culvert that needed attention. Since Wodo Williams was not in sight, I decided to try to make Tupo understand. I started in my own weird mixture of pidgin English, Grebo, and the few words of Tupo's language that I knew. He straightened up and his grin reached his ears.

In perfect English he said, "Sir, shall I do it immediately or may I complete the task I am on?"

I went on along the road talking to myself. In six months a bush native had learned to speak my language better than I spoke it myself, and I had struggled for months over a few simple Grebo sounds.

Two days later I stopped beside Tupo again.

"Tupo," I asked, "how many days does it take to reach your country?"

The grin grew in size and he said, "Sir, shall I do it immediately or may I complete the task I am on?"

That was the only sentence Tupo knew, learned from Headman Williams, who used it frequently in addressing me or an overseer.

2

WHEN the dry season came again, I found my odd mixture of Bantu and Sudanese tribesmen well enough

DOCK HOGUE, a descendant of Idaho pioneers, was born in Boise in 1909. After graduating from the State University he worked as a civil engineer in Oregon, Ohio, Alaska, and Africa. He married in 1940, entered the government service in 1942, and only recently returned from the Belgian Congo, where he was assigned as Special Assistant to the American Consul.

trained to be left in care of Sampson Doe and his assistant overseers for a few days at a time. This gave me a chance to slip away occasionally. There was much I wanted to see, both places and people.

The Liberians cling to the coast of their country at seven chief centers: Robertsport, Monrovia, the capital city, Grand Bassa, River Cess, Sinoe, Grand Cess, and Harper. In general they avoid the interior. They wield their authority and collect taxes in the back country through district commissioners who are supported by units of the Liberian Frontier Force.

This military organization is composed of native troops with Liberian officers. Care is exercised not to station troops of any given tribe among their own people. Policing tribes which were once enemies of their own, they make effective and often brutal agents of the government. My clashes with the Frontier Force became frequent, especially on trips into the back country. I could not stomach some of the abuses they were able to practice because they were in uniform and represented the Republic of Liberia.

If I had stayed close to Harper, I might never have seen some of these things — floggings, confiscation of property, deliberate theft. I know certain Liberians did not want me to see them. It proved to me that the lot of a bush native is not pleasant. It is, however, fascinating to an American.

My interest in the interior was not entirely a personal one. Nowhere could I find a map that showed any details of southeastern Liberia. Coastal points and the boundary were always clearly indicated, but nothing more. So I began to travel with a compass, pedometer, and sketchbook. I could get around by canoe, surf boat, hammock carried by the natives, or on my own feet. Trips were often a combination of all these methods, always with emphasis on footwork. My starting point was generally some landmark indicated on the British Admiralty charts of the coast.

My favorite approach was to sail from Cape Palmas in a surf boat, go ashore near the chosen landmark, take a compass bearing, and plunge into the interior. I would travel as far as my time would allow, then circle and return to the coast or have my guides pick up a trail that would intersect one of the chief routes to Harper. It was on the return by boat from one of my early trips that I came face to face with native magic.

For twenty hours we had wallowed in the swells off the mouth of the Cavalla waiting for a breeze to carry us toward the Cape. The Kroos pulled at their oars only enough to keep us from losing ground in the Tabou drift. I knew as well as they that it was impossible to row for any length of time against the current, so we merely held our own and waited for a breeze to fill the limp sail. We could not go ashore because of the surf. The boat would be lost, even if we managed to get through alive.

I thought of Fred Frey, dean of the group of traders in Harper, who once spent four days in a similar spot. Then he dived overboard and swam ashore while the Kroos, with the surf boat, rode the drift back to an Ivory Coast port.

Another six hours passed. Then one of our boys threw off his ragged jersey and dived over the side. It was a good mile to shore. We watched the first big comber grab him. Then I didn't see him again until, what seemed like hours later, he appeared, a small figure in the morning haze, walking along the beach.

"What did he do that for?" I asked Walka, the grizzled headman.

"Boss, he go ashore for some pieces of tree. When he come back we make wind. Then the boat go."

I was by then too experienced to voice my skepticism, though I had the gravest doubt that any person could ever come out to us against the hammering surf.

The boy made it, however. We moved in with the boat until only a scant fifty feet lay between us and the point where the swells lifted their heads into white-topped breakers. There we dragged the swimmer aboard. He was winded and tired, but very proud of the few leaf-covered branches tied to his gee string. The boat boys cheered him loudly.

"Is one of these people a witch doctor?" I asked Walka.

"Yes, Boss. Gnumri be country doctor. He bring the wind."

Gnumri, oldest of the Kroo boatmen, carefully laid the branches on the floor of the boat. For minutes he crouched over them, mumbling some incantation of the jungle. One Kroo started drumming softly on the gunwale. Then the entire lot, including Walka, broke into a chant. As the chant grew in volume, Gnumri hunched over the side of the boat nearest the shore and tied the branches in place.

I looked at my watch. It was 11.00 A.M. By rights a land breeze should have been blowing at this hour, but the sail was as limp as a rag. I noticed that Walka, sitting very straight and solemn at the tiller, was holding the boat squarely up the rocky coast.

Crouched against the bottom of the surf boat, Gnumri was once more involved in his weird recital. The Kroos had pulled in their oars and were staring at the sail.

It fluttered. Then with a snap it filled. The boat heeled slightly. There was not a sound from the natives. I watched, fascinated, as our craft gained speed. A half hour later we were hitting eight knots against a four-knot drift. Whitecaps were kicking up. Our land breeze was fast becoming a gale.

3

THE physical hardships of life in Liberia consist chiefly of a hot, humid climate and the prevalence of malaria, dysentery, blackwater fever, leprosy, and other diseases. There is also an understandable lack of modern conveniences, and a limited social life too often devoid of white women. Most complaints, however, start and end with food. I did not see a motion picture for over two years, but that did not bother me nearly so much as doing without fresh milk and well-cooked pork chops for the same period.

Fresh vegetables are almost unheard of in south-eastern Liberia except for tomatoes and cucumbers, and these are never plentiful. Meat consists of an occasional piece of native beef, wild game, and what can be found by prospecting with a can opener. I ate antelope until I thought I was growing hoofs and horns. Perhaps once a month an English ship would drop mail at the Cape, and Charlie Ramus, who acted as shipping agent for several West African companies, would buy what fresh provisions he could get aboard and divide them among us. The meat from the ships was often high not only in price but in flavor. I once got a brace of dressed pheasants that seemed strong enough to have come ashore by themselves.

Wild animals are no particular problem. It is not wise to wander around in the bush alone since one may encounter a really hungry leopard or some ill-tempered bush cows. Normally, however, one is safer on a jungle path than crossing streets in downtown New York. The one thing which many Americans immediately associate with tropical Africa, we discount almost entirely — snakes. They are present in various sizes; but most snakes are like most people — if you leave them alone, they won't bother you.

If you do have trouble, call a native. He will find a snake man.

There are no more interesting natives in all Liberia than the members of the snake society. In contrast to the leopard clan, an outlawed group of murderers, this organization is admired and respected by blacks and whites alike. It appears to have no tribal barriers. A snake man might be a Grebo, Bassa, Kroo, Gio, Bussi, Mano, or any other of the many nationalities of the Liberian bush.

The basic purpose of the society seems to be protection from the bites of poisonous snakes. Lore passed down from generation to generation and from tribe to tribe has accumulated until a genuine society member can successfully treat any bite from a cobra's to a viper's. With this knowledge have come an understanding of the ways and habits of jungle snakes and complete freedom from fear.

I have never seen a snake man hesitate to handle a poisonous snake, even that deadly tree cobra, the green mamba. He has been conditioned for such an act over a period of months or years, and has in his possession powerful antidotes in case he is bitten. So excellent are these antidotes that medical missionaries tell all white travelers in the bush to find a snake man immediately if bitten by a poisonous reptile. Often this is their only hope of recovery.

Experienced jungle travelers and collectors always include a snake man in their safaris. A single snake man can catch, handle, and feed an amazing number of snakes. It is not a matter of chance with him. He knows where to look for them, how they must be captured, and what food will keep them alive.

Gizi was my favorite snake man. He was a big, dirty Bussi who had strayed into Grebo country and been permitted to stay because of the great brotherhood of the society. When he felt like it, he worked on the road. When he didn't, he followed me around. I

paid him the usual eighteen cents a day just as snake insurance.

I lent him to an animal collector who made a brief visit to the Cavalla River country. Gizi was in his glory. No snake was too big or mean for him to handle, and he dearly loved to put on a show.

His special charge was a matched pair of vicious horned vipers, short, powerful snakes as thick as a man's lower leg. Gizi would play with them by the hour. When he was packing them for shipment, however, one of the pair sank both fangs deep in the fleshy part of his hand. Horned vipers are extremely poisonous.

Surprised by the attack, Gizi dropped the packing case on his foot. That night he hobbled up to my bungalow.

"Boss," he complained, "today a snake bite me and I drop a case for my foot. My foot humbug me plenty. Boss, I beg you, you must tell the new white man to put more money by my pay. I not agree to handle cases. My foot be bad-oh."

"How about the snake bite?" I demanded.

Gizi had forgotten all about that.

4

THE bush natives I found to be infinitely interesting. In dealing with whites they run the gamut from instant friendliness to obvious suspicion, depending on the tribe and the locale. One characteristic amused me a great deal. Bantu and Sudanese natives instinctively expect a white man to excel them in whatever he does. This does not apply to activities strictly within the sphere of native life. My efforts to beat out rhythm on a signal drum one day brought roars of laughter. It was not disrespectful. I was not expected to be able to drum correctly.

The two groups of natives in the Cape Palmas country with whom I had no standing were the Kroos and Fantis. When they were not working for some of the European traders, they fished. Since they didn't work for me, and I wasn't a trader, I did not rank high in the estimation of these hardy, egotistical coast natives.

On a trip by surf boat to Grand Cess with Schuerer, the youngest of the Swiss traders, I finally broke down Kroo reserve. It started when I told Willa, the boat headman, I would pay him double for the trip if I failed to catch more fish than he did. If I won the contest my passage was free.

We left Harper while it was still dark, and felt our way out through the rocks. Then a strong breeze and rough sea caught us, so it was impossible to fish. Willa and I were both disappointed. We made remarkable time to Grand Cess. If Willa proved as good a fisherman as he was sailor, I was going to be out double passage money.

Three days later, ready to return to the Cape, it was a different story. There was a soft, steady breeze and the ocean was oily smooth. The long surf boat settled down to an easy four-knot speed, ideal for trolling.

I decided to use a Number Seven spoon, a piano-wire

leader, and a hundred or so yards of hand line. Willa was rigging a large bare hook buried in a handful of bamboo fibers. I spit on my hook for good luck and tossed it out. A three-foot barracuda had it before Willa's was in the water. Since there was no way of stopping the surf boat without coming around into the wind, I landed the sleek fighter on the run. I soon had two more. Willa hadn't scored.

The headman pulled his tackle in. His gang of Kroo boys, eight of them, looked silently at their leader. The chant began slowly. Then came the usual drumming on the gunwales. Both increased in volume and tempo. The incantation built up to a crescendo at the height of which Willa threw his hook over the side. As it struck the green water, all sound died as though cut off with a knife.

I knew what was being done, but to show the expected white-man curiosity I said, "What was that?"

Willa bent his battered Kroo face with a grin. "We call the fish, Boss."

I wondered if the magic would prove as strong as on the day Gnumri called up the wind. If so, I was already whipped. It was obviously my move.

I said, "Then I must make some magic so that they will come to my hook." I pulled my spoon in and spit on it three times.

When the Cape came into view, I had nine fish — over a hundred pounds. Willa had given up. He helped me land my last two, a big yellowtail and another barracuda.

"Boss," he said, "your magic is too strong."

He silently cut nine notches in the gunwale of the boat and made a mark to indicate my name.

"Willa," I observed, "a white man's magic is always strong. You must remember that."

Then I gave him all the fish. The gift made his dark face glow with pleasure. Sold in Kroo Town, they could bring more than the passage money.

Sometime I shall write the Pflueger people about the magic they built into a Number Seven spoon.

5

THE Harper-G'Bolobo road was completed in May, 1939. Since it lay entirely within the boundaries of a political division of Liberia known as Maryland County, I turned it over to the government through the county superintendent, an administrator whose powers stem directly from the president.

It goes without saying that no undertaking such as this road could have been completed without assistance from at least a few Liberians. I received help from a group of sincere, honest people who would be a credit to any nation. Among them was the man who is now president of the Republic of Liberia. The tragedy of the country is that men and women of their caliber are so few that their efforts for progress and reform come to nothing in the face of the odds against them. They, and the hundreds of natives who worked willingly for almost two years, created southeastern Liberia's first highway.

Having become accustomed to manual labor and to receiving a regular income, my workers naturally were concerned about their prospects after the completion of the road. Many of them had no desire to return to their hinterland homes. All wanted "books" showing that they had worked on the road.

I did what I could for them. Sampson Doe and I selected those we considered the best and most deserving laborers and put them at work building the spur to G'Bolobo. The balance I managed to transfer to Firestone rubber planters for bush-clearing and road maintenance. A few settled at Harper to work for the Liberians.

The three hundred men I kept were well-trained road builders. In spite of a harrowing rainy season, they did an excellent and speedy job on the G'Bolobo spur, which had to cross the widest part of the Cavalla rubber plantation. My chief task there was to keep them from fighting with the tappers. The plantation natives consider the tapping of rubber trees the most important job in the world. My road workers felt their task was more vital. Arguments broke out like measles. I got involved to the extent of having a battle with a European planter who handled about a thousand tappers. We cut it short after a mutual realization of how foolish it was. But with our respective laborers, that affair was a matter of "My father can lick your father" for weeks.

My orders to return to the United States arrived in October. I was glad to leave Cape Palmas because World War II, although only a few weeks old, was already complicating life in Africa. Rifts were occurring between my friends in Harper. Good old Renkin, a congenial German host and friend, became a ranting, flag-waving Nazi almost overnight. And he was not the only one to change.

I told Sampson Doe and my headman not to worry. They would work for me again.



GETTING RID OF THE WOMEN

by A. G. MEZERIK

I

THE Women's Bureau of the United States Department of Labor recently received a letter that ended: "Wishing you success in your work and hoping for the day when woman may relax and stay in her beloved kitchen." The writer of the letter was a good friend and well-wisher to the female of the species, a union man, and no mossback — he was young enough to wear the nation's uniform. Blithely taking it for granted that every woman is bursting with eagerness to leave her job and get into an apron, he echoed a sentiment which is rising all too fast among male workers, union and non-union, and among employers in mass-production plants.

In the great factories, the ominous sound of the old saw, "A woman's place is in the home," is heard above the music now piped into the workrooms to make conditions more attractive for the still badly needed women workers. The management of Jack and Heintz, an airplane parts concern notorious for inflated wages, has sugar-coated its own version of women's manifest destiny to cook and breed by holding out the vista of the post-war gadgeted kitchen to which their female workers will graduate by request.

Across the land, this notion jeopardizes the future of women in industry; and in too many cases women themselves provide arguments for employers who are preparing to go from talking about how women want to go back home to firing them. Reporters travel the country and interview women in war centers. They write stories replete with color and human interest, starring quotations from women to the effect that home is the rightful place for any woman — that women don't want to work, they want to be loved. Large numbers of women thoughtlessly assert that women have only a secondary claim on jobs. Even when women reach minor executive positions — the best open to them — they too often accept the fact that a man carrying equal responsibility will get more money.

Add also another cause of post-war trouble. Women workers have not been the best of union members. They came into the plants after the workers in the

unions had already won their big organizational gains. Wages were stabilized and hours fixed. Since the women had no part in winning these gains, they have been all too slow, from the point of view of the male union members, to show any sympathy toward the union. "Worse yet," says R. J. Thomas, president of the United Automobile Workers, "numbers of women have been actively hostile to the idea of paying their union dues."

Even though the number of women in trade-unions increased from 800,000 at the time of Pearl Harbor to 3,000,000 now, many of the recruits remain unenthusiastic, going along because they have to. Since they see no benefits from the union, they feel that they are wasting money when they pay their dollars, although the great improvement in wages and working conditions for women since the last war is directly attributable to the strength of organized labor. But women have shown little recognition of this fact, since, even now, only one out of every five working women belongs to a union.

The ensuing friction has caused real doubt that some union men will easily accept women as co-workers. Mr. Thomas is truly gloomy about the prospects, not alone because of the attitude of male workers, but also because, in his own words, "women have not yet, in the mass-production industries, shown any real sense of responsibility in fighting for their own needs."

The overwhelming majority of new women workers failed to realize early enough that they might want to continue to work in the plants or that necessity might force them into competition for jobs. Enterprising magazines and advertising agencies have used public opinion polls to ascertain the attitudes of women. At the start of the war, the polls indicated that as many as 95 per cent of women war workers planned to quit as soon as victory was certain. Perhaps that was the gay and glib thing for the girls to say when the war looked as though it would last forever. With every new victory, however, the end of the war came closer, and the polls began to reveal that the percentage of those planning to quit was dropping sharply.

The trend has been steady, until now every one of the 80,000 women working in Chicago radio plants wants to stay on. In Detroit, 85 per cent of the women polled in the automobile industry expressed

Atlantic readers will recall A. G. MEZERIK's "West Coast Versus East — The Tug of Peace," which appeared in our May, 1944, issue. Mr. Mezerik has spent the past year in further studies of employment and economic conditions in the principal industrial areas of the United States.

the same desire, even though only one out of four had worked in any job before. Elmo Roper reports that, nationally, at least two out of every three women war workers hope to continue on the job. But the damage has been done: the public has absorbed the idea that women will move out voluntarily.

2

THE effect will be worst for the women in those plants where they are newest. An ever growing number of women who never needed to earn their own living before are confronted with the necessity of continuing to be breadwinners for themselves and their families. These are the women whose sons or husbands, lost in the war, can no longer provide support for the family. These are the girls who will be part of a post-war army of unmarried women. Here, too, are the many married women who see a black future if they abandon their new economic status.

The new obstacles to their remaining at work are powerful. First, there is the nation's responsibility to the returning soldier. The veteran has been promised his old job. He will get it. There are over eleven million men in the uniform of the United States. Granted that half or even more want to go back to school or to agricultural and non-industrial work, those who are coming back into industry still number into the millions. The truest thing in the world is the loyalty of women and their desire to see the returning soldier with a job. No woman would oppose the returning soldier's right to his job; yet the stark fact of economic necessity will compel many a woman to look beyond her now shortened vista and say there are lots of other jobs besides those rightfully to be taken by veterans.

The end of the war will also bring plant shutdowns for reconversion. There will be an inevitable contraction of the number of jobs available for both men and women when factories are being converted back to full peacetime operation. And, as is not only fair but also required by the bargaining contract of nearly every plant with its labor union, the available jobs must be given to employees on a basis of seniority.

What seems equitable and what works out best for the woman who wants to stay on the job are not at all the same. Seniority means that a worker shall, by virtue of loyalty to the job and staying with it through good times and bad, acquire certain rights. Basic to these rights is the theory that the employee longest on the job shall not be laid off until all those who have been there a shorter time have gone. When hiring begins again, employees are to be taken back in the order of length of employment. Since women in the mass-production industries are mostly new employees, they stand low in the seniority lists; and on this premise alone, they will be laid off first and rehired last.

Discouraging as this picture is, it is by no means complete. The National Women's Trade Union League reports that industrial women have little if any real seniority protection, and it indicts both employers'

policies and union contracts. In many plants it is specified that women taking jobs formerly held by men are being hired only for the duration. Others set up a seniority classification for women which gives male employees post-war priority. And there are many other devices in use which negate the security which seniority is designed to establish.

Women are facing the kind of cycle which confronts a youngster just out of school who is told she cannot be hired because she has no experience, and who can get no experience because she won't be hired. All this is doubly disturbing, because the priority of the male sex to the jobs, plus the growing misconception as to women's permanence in industry, leads into what appears, on the surface, to be the new version of the battle of the sexes.

While the factory manager, even where he is not keen to retain women, is careful to restrain any evidence of his bias against them, the same cannot be said of other men in the plant. Shipyards, for instance, prior to the war, were a man's world. From the day that women came to work, many foremen and other supervisory employees showed the same resentment about the intrusion of women as do the crusty members of a men's club when feminine voices are heard in their hallowed confines. Some men workers show this same hostility, too many of them still subscribing to the idea that the world is divided between what they call "men's jobs," meaning where they work, and "women's jobs," meaning a kitchen or, in a few cases, nice clean work in an office or a store.

No one has told these men, so conscious of their superiority, that the United States Department of Labor has broken down every existing type of industrial work into 1500 jobs, 1050 of which they say women can do as well as men, and 350 of which are partly suitable for women. Perhaps the men would be even more violent if they realized that their easy assumption of masculine excellence hangs by the slender thread of 100 job types.

This antagonism of the male, whether employer or employee, has not only complicated the post-war prospect of the woman worker but has also shaken her confidence in the value of the contribution she is making now. After every major victory, many a woman working mostly out of patriotic motives believes that whatever urgency there has been about her staying on the job is over: she packs her things and quits. Women who have to support themselves and their children on the money they earn, or who understand better the great part which their effort plays in the winning of the war, swallow their resentment and keep on working.

Labor unions in mass-production industries learned long ago that they had an important educational job to do on their male members. Labor members of the War Labor Board have fought for equal pay for equal work regardless of whether a man or a woman does the job. They have been far from successful on any broad basis. Though hundreds of contracts today pay lip service to equal pay for equal work, the brutal truth is that it does not exist except in the beginners' jobs.

Men move quickly out of that cellar, but women rarely do, and then only with difficulty. In Detroit the average hourly rate for men is \$1.23, for women \$1.11. In many states women average only two thirds of the pay that men get. This situation menaces the future wage scales of both men and women.

Trade-union leaders have also tried to instill in the male members of the unions an attitude of acceptance of their women co-workers. But that road has been rough. The men do not easily give up their prejudices.

3

It is not only the workers who are resentful and prejudiced. So are executives of big plants. Frederick C. Crawford, chairman of the board of the National Association of Manufacturers, in an article applauding women war workers, closes his lovely words of hope with: "From a humanitarian point of view, too many women should not stay in the labor force. The home is the basic American unit." Employers perhaps do not know that in England, where women have been drafted for work for a long period now, the birth rate has gone up.

But in the United States that good old family unit looms large in the eyes of many an employer — so large that he discharges women at the first sign of a cutback in war orders. Despite all the present talk about a national service act, there is already an unemployed army of women, most of whom would like to go back to work. Over 300,000 women have been laid off on cutbacks. They have not been rehired. A recent survey of 20,000 Detroit women workers reveals that 72 per cent of the discharged women had no jobs weeks after the layoffs, though they wanted them. Negro women, who find it hard to get a job in anything but the service fields, are rarely rehired.

How interested industrial management is in the post-war work problem facing women shows up, too, in the roster of a meeting of national organizations called by the Women's Bureau. Though both the CIO and A. F. of L. were represented, no organization of employers participated. Industry was represented by only two companies, each of which sent a woman from its industrial relations department — hardly the fountainhead of company, much less industrial, policy.

There are, of course, managers who want women to stay on the job, but even they are not optimistic. Henry Kaiser has said that he believes 50 per cent of the women in war work will want to stay in that kind of work. Kaiser likes the way women perform their duties, he told me, and is actively sympathetic to their remaining on the job. But, unless business is booming and, as he phrases it, unless there is plenty of credit available, he freely admits he could not hold to that ratio of 50 per cent.

Mr. Kaiser's hopes for employing women exceed those of the other executives in the mass-production industries. Throughout these industries where women are newest, worker and manager alike are discussing whether women have a place in the shops. They have

already gone far in absorbing the idea that the question under discussion is "Shall women work?"

To raise, in 1945, the issue of woman's right to work is sufficiently startling. That, however, is the formulation to which the confused discussion has inevitably headed. It has its origin in the concept, furthered by both sexes for many years, that women are, after all, an emergency group, a labor reserve for industry, who are called on to fill in when men are not available because they are off to war. As long as this concept of woman's place exists, women industrial workers will be pushed around while they are employed, given only those jobs at the low end of the ladder, denied upgrading or promotion at the same pace that applies to men, paid lower rates, and finally, when the war is won, be pushed out.

The record of the last war and its aftermath is there to look at. Two and a half million women went to work then, many in factories. They were photographed in their coveralls, applauded nationally in song and story for their efficient, indispensable services. Heroines of the home front they were — as long as the war lasted.

The awakening followed Armistice Day so closely that, in the minds of many women, it still seems like a lugubrious hangover of that welcome event. The women, so lately the darlings of the nation's factories, were summarily sent home to stay. Conductorettes, railroad train women, even elevator operators, doffed their uniforms. Women were evicted from the factories and from the traditionally male jobs in transportation. Men made speeches, all centering on that famous place which is woman's. To make certain that she accepted the invitation to go there, the speech-makers threatened personal escort if she delayed. Married women were forced out of teaching and a hundred other pursuits in which it had taken them years to establish themselves.

Certain unions decreed that women must forthwith voluntarily leave their jobs, and the women left, though they felt that the use of the word "voluntary" hardly described their actions. When they refused to be gracious about resigning themselves to hunger and unemployment, the National War Labor Board of those years made it official; and in upholding the ouster of women enforced by one union it deprived many women of the right to earn a livelihood. By the end of the 1921 depression, almost all the women added during the war had been crowded out.

The excuse for all this fervor on the part of the men was their fear that women, if they remained at work in the plants, would work for lower wages than the men could live on, and so become unfair and undesirable competitors. But since so many women, then as now, needed jobs, the result was to force them into competition for jobs in the service industries, in offices, in hospitals, and in many other places. The already low level of wages speedily sank, depressing, as it descended, the general purchasing power. All this showed up in the pay envelopes of the men workers soon enough, for the men found that employers were driving their wage scales lower to meet the national average, made low by the paltry sums paid to women.

The women-baiters had a poor argument. Since millions of women must work, they will find jobs and they will work for the best they can get in the way of wages. Men can protect their own wage scales only if they protect the wage scales of women as well as the right of women to jobs. A woman will not undercut for any reason except the one which motivates a man — to get the job. As an educated, sophisticated member of the labor force, a woman will know she cannot be used to break unions, wage scales, or strikes.

As late as 1940, when eleven million women were working, nearly all in the low-paid categories which are traditionally woman's work, — in stores, offices, and institutions, — there was a great army of unemployed women. Two and a half million women wanted jobs and couldn't find them. Today they have jobs, and so do four and a half million other women, who were not employed at all before the war.

While many in this group will return after the war to their homes, or if they are very young to schools, a large number are girls who have grown up during the war and who are going to want permanent jobs along with the newly created army of breadwinners for war-crippled husbands, brothers, and fatherless children. In all, the experts estimate that fifteen million women will want post-war jobs — an increase of four million from before the war. Since there are now well over four million women employed in the mass-production industries, it is in this very spot, where women are in most danger, that they must look for permanent placement.

On the record there is many an accomplishment which would justify the belief that women are entitled to jobs in industry. They have distinguished themselves in highly technical work. Their aptitude with precision parts requiring delicate and painstaking operations is greater than that of men. They have proved better than men in aircraft motor inspection and on jobs requiring both patience and finger dexterity. They have been, on the whole, apt pupils, learning new jobs quickly and bringing to bear on most jobs a long tradition of good housekeeping which is more important than it might seem, for waste of materials can be very costly indeed in mass production. And many plants are today engineered so that women do a large number of jobs. Changes in machinery have reduced physical labor while increasing efficiency. The increased use of cranes, hoists, and lifts forced by the new women workers will benefit men as well, in the days to come.

4

BUT there isn't enough on the credit side to counteract the debits. To the facts of soldier priority on re-employment and of seniority restrictions must be added two more reasons, both depressing. One goes back into the past with its age-old subordination of women. That discrimination is too familiar to be detailed again, except to point out that men generally feel that men always support women but that women work for pin money, cosmetics, and clothes, rarely

paying even their own board and almost never supporting dependents — a whimsical notion when looked at in a war widow's home.

High-lighting women's future, or lack of it, are the handicaps from which they suffer on account of comparatively recent legislation. Even the unemployment to which so many males are beckoning their women colleagues is not so well cushioned for the woman as it is for the man. Unemployment benefits are based on wages earned when there was a job, and women workers almost always get less money than men do. If a woman is married, she isn't eligible for unemployment insurance even if she is starving for want of a job, for the law assumes that when she was fired, or quit her last job, she forthwith took over household duties. She has to prove the contrary.

There are other legislative bottlenecks. Unless the wages and hours laws are extended, millions of women in the service industries will be without a legal floor. Federal and state laws for labor protection have been suspended because of the emergency. Unless legislatures now in session act, — and there is little likelihood that this year, with its continuing manpower shortage, will bring any remedies in this respect, — women will have to wait until 1947 for their next opportunity.

These are legal hurdles, but there are also readily understood human problems. What then of the aversion to hiring women over forty-five? Even now in Detroit that is the rule, though a man sixty-five years old is eligible. The attitude of the employer, and all too frequently of the worker, is that a woman is through when she is forty-five. And both seem surprised when a woman past that age is not a prototype of Whistler's "Mother." Yet the women in the age groups of forty-five and up who will want jobs by 1950 is estimated at a million.

The most curious of all the factors in the condescending attitude of men toward women is the persistent treatment of women as a minority. They are not a minority today; 53 per cent of the voters in 1942 were women. It is the men who are the minority, for there are fewer males in the country than women. And as man-made wars grind on, there are even fewer.

Perhaps it is because they do not know their own strength that they do not take over; but for whatever reason, women have not yet moved along to help themselves to equality — much less the superiority to which their numbers entitle them. As matters stand, in discussions and in action, they are still treated as a minority, though in 1944 they held down one out of every three jobs available in the country, along with every non-paying householding job the country over. (The Negroes are our largest real national minority, and they total only 10 per cent of our population.) Yet women continue to be pushed from pillar to post to the kitchen.

All the tensions which operate against the continuance of women in industry are of course heightened by the fear that there will not be jobs enough to go around. It is easy to see that three large industries will contract sharply: aviation, ammunition, and shipbuilding. Women are now employed in great numbers in these

industries. Pragmatically the men are going to drive for the jobs that will remain, and they are going to get them, unless we have something approaching full employment.

On every side forums, the radio, and the press discuss the goal of full employment. But the speaker, nine times out of ten, means full employment for males. Yet only if there is employment for women as for men, and only if wages are based on occupations and not on sex, shall we achieve a sound economy. Up to now there is no evidence that the many committees which get out the full-employment pamphlets, and whose representatives make the speeches, recognize this situation, and there is equally little evidence that any but a handful of women are making a fight to combat it.

As yet there is no sign that women will be a force in the reorganization of the world any more than they have been a force in their own fields of war food rationing or in relief and rehabilitation. The brutal truth was expressed by Mrs. Anne O'Hare McCormick when she charged that too many women are mere passen-

gers, content to let others struggle and die to haul them through the storm. I, being a man, should not have put it so starkly as that, but I subscribe to the idea.

For men have not changed much. Though thousands of women are in the armed forces and 45 women have been killed and 250 decorated, women have not won the right to lead or to be recognized as leaders. Men in politics and in industry go right along acting as though women are a favored economic class, to be kept nicely to reflect the success of the male.

Men are ganging up on women in industry, and it is up to the women to go into action to stop that old-fashioned attitude from denying them jobs and opportunity. They should not be lulled to sleep by all those frills installed for their pleasure in war plants which badly needed what they called a temporary emergency force of women. Lavish rest rooms, beauty shops, nurseries, and music by Muzak are not much good to a woman standing in the rain at an employment gate with a "No Women Help Wanted" sign on it.

KIDNAPING A GENERAL

by MAJOR JOHN NORTH

1

TO THE GERMAN AUTHORITIES IN CRETE

GENTLEMEN:—

Your divisional commander KREIPE was captured a short time ago by a BRITISH raiding force under our command. By the time you read this he and we will be on our way to CAIRO.

We would like to point out most emphatically that this operation has been carried through without the help of CRETANS or Cretan PARTISANS, and that the only guides used were serving soldiers of His Hellenic Majesty's Forces in the Middle East, who came with us.

Your General is an honourable prisoner of war, and will be treated with all the consideration due his rank.

Any reprisals against the local population will be wholly unwarranted and unjust.

Auf baldiges Wiedersehen!

(sgd.) P. M. LEIGH-FERMOR
Major, Commanding Raiding Force

(sgd.) STANLEY MOSS
Captain, Coldstream Guards

P. S. We are very sorry to leave this motor car behind.

A British Staff Officer who served at Allied Headquarters in North Africa in 1943 and who has been ever since on the western front, MAJOR JOHN NORTH is the author of several works on military subjects, including the definitive study of the Gallipoli campaign of World War I.

It was in this fashion that, in the early summer of last year, General Kreipe, commander of the 22nd Panzer Grenadier ("Sevastopol") Division and holder of the Knight's Cross of the Iron Cross, after service in France and on the Leningrad and Kuban fronts, took his leave of this war.

He was destined to hold his command in Crete for little more than a month. Doubtless he had arrived there with every expectation of having a restful time, for he would be some 750 miles from the nearest fighting front. However, two British officers—Major P. M. Leigh-Fermor, commander of the raiding force, and Captain Stanley Moss of the Coldstream Guards—were ordered to make sure that he would not be disappointed in his expectations; they removed him to Cairo.

In 1940-1941, Major Leigh-Fermor had been British Liaison Officer to the Royal Greek Army in Albania and in Greece. Since the summer of 1942 he had been British Liaison Officer in German-occupied Crete. It was therefore no new experience for him to "drop" into the island in the literal sense of the word. For this particular operation he dropped in the first week of February, 1944. His second-in-command, Captain Moss, was prevented from landing at the same time because of a sudden clouding of the sky. During the

next two months he returned on seven nights and made several sea attempts; but the weather was consistently bad. Meanwhile Major Leigh-Fermor steadfastly pursued a purely bucolic existence. In this kind of operation, patience is all.

When, after two months, the two officers at last joined up, their party was nine strong. They struck north across the island to establish their headquarters among the mountains in the neighborhood of Herakleion. General Kreipe had selected as his *villeggiatura* the Villa Ariadne, within sight of the famed ruins of Knossos. His divisional headquarters were established at Arkhanes. Major Leigh-Fermor, with a shepherd's cloak thrown over his shoulders, set out to reconnoiter.

At the junction of the Herakleion and the Arkhanes roads, the road to Knossos takes a sharp twist which will force any vehicle to slow up considerably. Reconnaissance over a period of several days showed that the General invariably left his headquarters sometime between dusk and nine o'clock. Major Leigh-Fermor therefore resolved to carry out the operation on this return journey, under cover of darkness.

There were three difficulties to be overcome. First, the raiding party had to be sure of not mistaking another car for the General's. One of the party, from a vantage point in a ditch, therefore devoted his evenings to a minute inspection of the General's car as it flashed past him on the road to the Villa Ariadne. He was very soon able to recognize it from its black-out slits alone.

The second difficulty was to dispose of any other vehicle and its occupants should it come along while the "operation" was in progress. Suitable arrangements were therefore made for the removal of the passengers and the ditching of their vehicle.

The third difficulty was to avoid bringing down reprisals on the local population. It was met in the only possible way — by telling the local German command the simple truth of the matter: that no civilians had taken part in the operation. The services of a Partisan band, under a good Patriot from Asia Minor, which had been evoked under the original plan, were dispensed with at the last moment. The operation was actually carried out by a party of nine picked men.

The final hide-out of the party was established among the trees and reeds of a dried-up river bed within twenty minutes' march of the proposed site of operation. For four days — days of growing anxiety — they lay up and waited for the moment to strike; each of these four consecutive evenings General Kreipe changed his routine, and returned before dusk, as though he had wind of the plan. But on the fifth evening, towards nightfall, he was still at his divisional headquarters; and every member of the party braced himself for action.

2

As soon as it was dusk the two British officers boldly took up their positions at the road-fork. Each carried a red torch and adopted the pose of a German military

policeman on traffic duty. Their men were hidden in the ditch alongside the road. One member of the party was stationed near Arkhanes to signal one torch flash at the approach of the car — two flashes if the car was accompanied — to a scout posted near the road-fork. This scout was to signal down half a kilometer of cable to an electric bell, beside another scout, whose job it was to flash the final signal to the supposititious traffic policemen.

At half past nine a warning flash reached the road-fork. Three minutes later the car came slowly round the bend. The two officers waved their red lamps up and down. The car stopped and they walked towards it, drawing their pistols. Major Leigh-Fermor flashed his torch inside the interior of the vehicle and saw the General sitting beside his chauffeur. He was easily recognizable by his tabs, medals, and Iron Crosses. The major demanded his papers — in German.

While the General was protesting this quite unnecessary intrusion, Captain Moss flung open the side door of the car, gave the driver a tremendous wallop on the head with a blackjack, grasped him by the shoulders, dragged him out of the driver's seat, and handed over the bundle to those members of the party who had already emerged from the ditch. In a few seconds the driver had been disarmed and was on his way to the hills. Captain Moss then jumped into the driver's seat.

Meanwhile Major Leigh-Fermor and the rest of the party had been attending to the General, whom they dumped in the back of the car. Three of the stoutest members of the party covered him with a couple of fighting knives and, in order to be ready for all eventualities, stuck three sub-machine guns through the windows of the car. The major then put on the General's formidable hat and got in beside the new driver. Captain Moss at once started the engine and headed straight for Herakleion. The whole halt had taken just over a minute. Two minutes after starting they were passed by three troop-trucks.

The car, with two pennants streaming in the wind, flashed through Herakleion and out along the Retimo road. Twenty-two road-blocks were passed in all. At one the sentry attempted to stop the car by waving his torch up and down; but the driver drove on at a steady speed. Other sentries saluted or stood to attention when they saw the two pennants on the car. The most dangerous route, as had been anticipated, had aroused the least suspicion.

After an hour and a half's journey the car came to a stop. The General gave his word of honor that he would not attempt to escape or draw attention to himself if any Germans showed up. After the first shock he had appeared to accept the situation in a fatalistic mood; and Major Leigh-Fermor informed him that, as a prisoner of war captured by British officers, he would be honorably treated. Captain Moss and the majority of the members of the party then set off with the General for the foothills of Mount Ida. Major Leigh-Fermor, with the rest of the party, drove off in order to reconnoiter a suitable submarine beach.

At some distance from their destination the car was abandoned. It was not destroyed; and a British overcoat was left inside it as corroborative evidence of the fact that the vehicle had actually been used by British officers and not by local "bandits." A sealed letter, addressed to the German authorities in Crete, and designed to exculpate the Cretans living near the scene of the abduction, was also left inside the car. Major Leigh-Fermor and his party then proceeded in the direction of the beach on foot.

3

BUT the "German authorities in Crete" had been stung into activity at once. During the first afternoon, German aircraft constantly patrolled the coast, and a Fieseler Storch hovered for three hours over every peak and ravine in Mount Ida. It dropped villainously printed leaflets which stated that General Kreipe had been captured by bandits, that his whereabouts could not be unknown to the local population, and that, unless he was surrendered within three days, all the villages of Herakleion province would be razed and the "sternest measures brought to bear on the local population."

At that time, however, the Germans were still without knowledge of the tactful communication in the abandoned car; and it is satisfactory to be able to record that the German threats turned out to be sound and fury, signifying nothing. It is not less satisfactory to be able to record that, although some hundreds of Cretans shortly heard of the General's "whereabouts," they loyally kept the secret. Indeed, through village after village, the progress of the General and his captors became a "kind of royal procession of enthusiasm and congratulation."

At nightfall the first day, the two parties joined up and were escorted by a band of local Partisans to their lair on the steep northern slopes of Mount Ida. The next day they marched right over the top of the mountain, through deep snow. Halfway across they exchanged bodyguards, another local band of Partisans taking over. Advance scouts sent down the southern slopes of the mountain lit a series of beacon fires to show that the way was clear; for now rumors were beginning to come in of German concentrations in the plain below. That night the party fetched up in a labyrinthine cave which the Minotaur himself would hardly have disdained. They remained in it the whole of the following day.

It was here that trouble began. A carefully arranged rendezvous with another British officer in the

island fell through. This officer, they were afterwards to learn, had been struck down with malaria, and the charging-engine of his radio set had gone out of action. Runners were sent to three other British radio sets known to be working on the island. But communications were very long, and many days passed before an answer was received from one of them. By this time events had outrun the plans outlined.

Finally, by following an intricate system of Partisan posts along the foothills, the party managed to slip their now heavily armed caravan through the German cordons along the coast, and arrived within a day's march of the beach from which they were hoping to effect their escape. But the day after their arrival the village itself was burned to the ground and the majority of the male population were arrested — by way of reprisal for a gun-running operation three weeks before in which no fewer than thirty mules laden with rifles had fanned out all over central Crete.

The party moved on.

Intensive air activity and patrolling continued all along the south coast of the island, making it hopeless for evacuation purposes. Major Leigh-Fermor therefore decided to push northwest with a few of his "henchmen" and personally operate one of the radio sets in order to establish direct communication with the "Office."

That "Office" — some five hundred miles away — did its stuff. One morning — a fortnight after the General's abduction — a runner brought a message that a rescue party had received orders to make contact with the raiding force at all costs at a specified beach. It was bad luck for the Office that, hot on the tail of this runner, there followed another, who had already been sent out to reconnoiter this particular beach. He reported that it was now "pullulating with Germans."

Again the two parties joined up and began to trek westwards, in the hope that they might ultimately find a place where they could slip through the German net. Again the Office had done its stuff: a British officer in another part of the island had been ordered to make contact with them. A reconnaissance party was sent out to a second beach; and on the assumption that it would be found to be clear of Germans, a suitable evacuation date was suggested.

In reply, a radio message came through confirming the date, time, place, and the signals to be used for the operation; and the party started to cross the last barren mountain between themselves and the selected beach. The agreed signals went back and forth across the dark waters; and half an hour before midnight the party had set sail for Mersa Matruh.

TWO PERFORMANCES

by GRETCHEN FINLETTER

1

MY FATHER has always felt that members of a family should help each other. He has frequently bailed out his daughters and in turn has expected us to help him when the going was hard.

My father's requests never were strange to him; for, being a man of great imagination, he saw a plan beautiful and whole, which might need only a little assistance here and there. But to us he seemed not always to recognize the realities.

My father liked doing the new works of composers, and they in turn were eager to have him perform their compositions, for he respected their intentions, did not cut, and gave a beautiful and inspired reading. Many years ago he invited Tschaikowsky to come to New York and conduct some of his own works at the opening of a new auditorium for music, Carnegie Hall. Tschaikowsky dined frequently at my parents' home, and my father often described to us his gentle conversation, which was permeated with a kind of sadness.

The following summer my father went to England, to Cambridge University, to attend the presentation of degrees to five composers from five different countries: Saint-Saëns of France, Boito of Italy, Grieg of Norway, Bruch of Germany, and Tschaikowsky of Russia. At the great banquet in the evening Tschaikowsky, next to whom my father sat, described a new symphony which he had just finished and which was different in form from anything he had written before.

"The last movement," said Tschaikowsky, "is an adagio and the whole work has a program."

"Tell me the program," begged my father.

"That, I shall never tell anyone," replied Tschaikowsky. "But I shall send to you the first orchestral score and parts."

In October came the cable that Tschaikowsky had died of cholera; but one week later the score and orchestra parts of the great Symphony Number 6, the *Pathétique*, arrived from Moscow for my father. Through the years, audiences when listening to this profound and moving work have had to ponder for

themselves what the "program" was that Tschaikowsky had intended but never revealed.

My father liked taking chances with unknown young composers, and no matter what the demands were in the score, he provided the opportunity for the work to be heard. If it was an opera and he had no opera company at the time, he gave it in concert form; if the instrumentation called for fourteen harps, fourteen harpists were procured.

One day my sisters and I heard a new and irresistible kind of music coming up the stairs from the living room. We were drawn as by a magnet to the sounds. Seated at the piano was a young man with black hair and an engaging smile, puffing at a cigar as he played a melody that made one want to laugh with pleasure.

My father introduced us to George Gershwin; and though we did not know it, that introduction began for us some of the gayest years of our lives. My father asked Gershwin to write him something for the orchestra, and the *Concerto in F* resulted. Later at Gershwin's request he gave the first performance of *An American in Paris*.

My father liked dramatic productions. Besides a good orchestra and singers, he liked a chorus, costumes, scenery, make-up, spotlights, rehearsals, opening nights. He liked the works and he had an uncanny power of pulling a show together. He was greatly interested in the technical end of a production and quickly established a blood brotherhood with a scene painter or wig man. He admired their skill; they liked his praise and they were always willing to change this or that to suit him. If a problem seemed insurmountable he would enjoy discovering some new craftsman who would find himself a sort of partner of my father's in making blacker smoke for the dragon's mouth or a longer sword to be welded.

Though most of a production is created in studios or draftsmen's ateliers, my father liked as much as possible to be done in our home. He had ideas that he wanted to see carried out, and it seemed simpler to concentrate everything under one roof. He liked the singers to have extra rehearsals there; he liked costumes to be made then and there under his eyes; he liked to look at sketches of battlements and move the fort over from stage right to stage left; and he particularly liked to confer with electricians.

I do not know how my mother stood it. Like a tidal

As one of the four daughters of Walter Damrosch, GRETCHEN FINLETTER comes naturally by her wit and gayety. She was brought up in a household dominated by pianos, rehearsals, sopranos, and big ideas. The *Atlantic* looks forward to publishing her book, of which this is to be a chapter.

wave, rooms would fill up with tenors, medieval capes, scores to which were attached a copyist who needed an extra-large table, an assistant conductor, a ballet master, a photographer, while the piano never stopped sounding. If the group came in the morning, they stayed for lunch. If they rehearsed in the evening, they had a late supper. And no people eat so heartily as musicians. They are like athletes in top condition who break training every few hours.

Even when I was very young, certain words were already familiar to me though I did not clearly understand their meaning. There was a thing called "professional rates," and two ominous creatures named "The Union" and "Overtime." These ferocious animals seemed to be always lurking about, trying to destroy rehearsals. Their lair was a place called Local 802; and the older they grew, the stronger they apparently became.

2

WHEN my sisters and I were connected with a production, we did as we were told and were usually amenable. Anita, however, occasionally had the courage to defy my father. Sometimes there seemed to be a jinx on us, and our part of a performance went awry. A mishap occurred in *The Children at Bethlehem*. This opera by Gabriel Pierné is a little masterpiece musically and dramatically. In simple and poetic terms it tells the story of the children and shepherds following the Star to the stable at Bethlehem. They join a procession headed by the three Kings, and all present their gifts to the Child Jesus.

My father gave this opera at the New Theatre. Besides the singers, he had eight professional children for a small chorus. Polly and I were among the eight professionals. We received a dispensation from school, and we rehearsed both at home and at the theater. We used our professional rating to the limit, opened no schoolbooks, and talked boastfully to our friends of the exhausting life behind the footlights.

At this time the real professional children were creatures apart. Not only could they sing and act, but they could dance on the tips of their toes, whistle, and turn cartwheels. They were never frightened. They could repeat a scene over and over again with complete assurance. Polly and I were filled with a dreadful shyness. Not so the other children.

But when they acted, they were children imitating middle-aged men and women acting like children. They had studied artlessness. They were gay or surprised in the correct technical way to express these emotions. Perhaps the charm of children lies in their doing things because they feel like it and occasionally making mistakes. Never did these little professionals give a spontaneous gesture or go wrong. They were prompt in their cues, and they remembered exactly how they had been directed.

When the Star of Bethlehem appeared, Polly and I would show our admiration differently at each rehearsal, usually by opening our mouths wide and gaping, but we never quite remembered how we had

done it before. The six others learned what to do and never varied. Two would put their arms about each other and skip a little, another would raise her hands above her head and clap them three times as she took two steps forward. We really were children but didn't know how to put it over so that the balcony would murmur, "Aren't they *darling!*"

There was one girl whom Polly and I regarded with a mixture of jealousy and envy. Her name was Tina Varesi and she was the daughter of a very successful Italian grocer. Tina had long yellow hair, and Mrs. Varesi, who accompanied her everywhere, would pass a comb through Tina's locks if there was as much as a moment's pause in the rehearsal. Tina had a clear, high soprano, sang well, and had acted since she was a baby. We envied her her life. She slept late in the morning, sat up late at night, and only once in a while went to school. We glossed over the fact that she spoke four languages and had a dancing and singing lesson every day.

Mrs. Varesi kept Tina apart from the other children, since she felt that Tina was almost a leading lady and must be treated in a special way. As we were the daughters of the conductor we could talk to her, but we bored Tina.

The soprano who sang the part of the Virgin particularly liked Tina. She found all Tina's little tricks very endearing, and when she motioned the children to draw nearer with their gifts for the little Jesus, she always gave Tina a warm smile. This was a very beautiful moment in the opera. It was posed like a medieval painting. Several steps led up to a little platform which was a part of the stable. On the platform sat the Virgin near the manger; behind her were the heads of the Ox and the Ass looking through their stalls. After the offerings had been made by the children, the three Wise Men approached with their gifts. Then the entire cast, including the Ox and the Ass, sang the great chorus of the opera.

The day before the performance, my father asked the eight children to bring from home some simple toy, a fruit, or a vegetable to carry as their gifts. Mrs. Varesi listened carefully, as she always did to anything that might concern Tina's role, and nodded her head vigorously.

"*Si, si*, Mr. Damrosch. Leave it to me," and she passed her comb once more through Tina's hair. My father patted Tina's head, and Tina immediately assumed the correct pose of a child being patted on the head by an older man. She parted her lips and looked eager and grateful.

I planned to bring an old doll, and Polly, who was to be dressed as a boy and was deeply interested in her part, told my mother to get her a lot of brightly colored fruits which she could place in twos and threes at the foot of the cradle.

"Yes, yes," said my mother absent-mindedly, "I'll have them there."

No matter how often artists have openings, they are always in a fever of excitement. My father was no exception. His nerves spread to us, and Polly and I arrived at the New Theatre a good two hours ahead of

time. We wanted to be certain not to be late and we also wanted a lot of time to be made up. The child professionals were to use the dressing room of *The Blue Bird* company, which was playing at the theater. There waiting for us were two men in linen jackets, and a row of wigs.

Nothing smells quite like a wig — that dry, dead scent which has its association only in the world of make-believe. Though my own hair was quite adequate to suggest a child, I seized on a head of henna color with two long braids. Polly chose a blond Dutch cut. Then we sat in front of the brilliantly lit mirrors with towels about our heads and studied our faces hard. We told the men we wanted a great deal of make-up. They obliged. Never was there such a snow-white and rose-red complexion as I achieved. Polly demanded an orange basic to suggest a sunburn and looked like a rather swarthy Hans Brinker.

Tina arrived much later with Mrs. Varesi, who was carrying a valise and a large package. Mrs. Varesi made up Tina's face using hardly any make-up and no mascara on her eyelashes. Tina did not even wear a wig. She wasn't having any fun at all. She hardly spoke to us; she was an actress already living her part.

There was the sound of the orchestra tuning up, and my mother had not yet brought Polly her fruits. Polly did not need these props until the second act, but the agitation of an opening had spread to everyone. The Ox was having trouble with his head and said he could not breathe, much less sing. The beard of one of the Wise Men kept slipping off his chin, and the Virgin was peering through a hole in the curtain and protesting hysterically that her friends had not been given good enough seats.

My father appeared behind the scenes, begged the Star of Bethlehem to keep her eye on his beat and not to drag it so, gave one horrified look at Polly's complexion and mine, and went out to take his place. There was applause, the house lights were dimmed, and the footlights went up.

We sang our way through the first part without mishap, sustained largely by Tina, who became a little dynamo. The value of technique was made clear to me, for Tina seemed truly a little peasant girl dancing with her friends and then awed and humbled by the majesty of the Star. The scene went well, but it was not because of my henna braids: it was the tempo of Tina.

As the lights were lowered again for the second act, my mother finally arrived and handed Polly a small paper bag. "Here it is. You're fine, but what have you done to your face!"

Polly opened the bag. My mother had been seized with one of those fits of economy which we felt sometimes overcame her at the wrong moments. The bag contained one very small cauliflower with a pink slip marked eighteen cents.

"Form in line for the procession of the Star," called the director.

Then Tina appeared. Her father, the grocer, had not neglected her. In her arms she carried a great straw tray, and on it were piled hothouse grapes,

bananas, celery, festoons of asparagus, Boston lettuce, and a cornucopia of nuts and raisins. It looked for all the world like a Dean Bon Voyage Basket. Polly was speechless.

The procession proceeded toward the manger. A radiant light fell on the Virgin by the cradle, and the Ox and the Ass, looking through their mouths at my father's baton, sang to us. The three Kings, resplendent in their robes, marched forward.

I presented my doll, and the Virgin indicated that I place it on the lowest step. The other children in pairs gave their gifts. The last to come forward were Tina and Polly. I suppose that if this scene had truly taken place in medieval times there would have been a miracle. The cauliflower would have turned to gold or blossomed. Instead it seemed to shrink to the size of a tennis ball.

The Virgin had become a little excited over the offerings. She had apparently forgotten the waxen Baby by her side and was accepting the gifts as some sort of personal tribute. In pantomime she showed an increasing surprise and pleasure, climaxed by Tina's great display of fruition. She motioned Tina to come nearer and expressed her admiration for this very expensive present by extending her arms and giving Tina her most brilliant smile. She pointed to her feet as the place of honor and indicated that Tina should place the straw tray there.

Polly waited nervously. Nothing happened. The Virgin ignored her. Then the great chorus began, so Polly determinedly walked up the steps and pushed her cauliflower into the cradle with the Baby. Somehow she knew that He was nearer her own age and would understand. What she did not know was that she had unconsciously righted a scene and made it Christmas again.

3

SEVERAL years later my father decided to revive this opera and give it during the Christmas holidays. He had been to Salzburg, where the pageant form had cast a kind of spell over him. He planned to make this production a much larger one and give it at a new auditorium called the Mecca, which had aisles wide enough for the biggest of processions.

Here my father's imagination ran away with him. When he described a great medieval crowd coursing forward, led and lit by the glow of a star held by an angel, it sounded fine, but we pointed out to him that no star, even with a hundred-watt bulb, would give that amount of light.

"Leave it to me," said my father. "Kaunitz, who lives around the corner on Third Avenue, is a clever electrician. I'll explain to him what I want."

Since I knew the opera, I helped direct the children. A number of schools agreed to furnish the choruses from their pupils, and three chorus masters who were tall asked if they might be the Kings. It gave them a chance to keep an eye on the children and to be part of the show.

Anita, who had come back from Paris that autumn,

asserted her independence. She washed her hands of the performance. She was politely interested when plans were discussed, but she refused to have anything to do with it. She had three new hats and other interests.

My father began to have trouble with the star. It seemed the angel would have to carry the battery in her robes, like a kangaroo with its young. He visited his friend on Third Avenue several times but, detecting a skepticism on our part, only told us that he was working it out. Our home filled up again with singers, and rehearsals were on in full force.

The day of the performance, Polly and I rode over in a taxi with my father, who was carrying the star on a wand. It was too long to fit into the cab, so we had to open the windows and lay it sideways. The day was icy, but there was no other way to take it. Suddenly its light began to go on and off in a series of distress signals.

"Look out! You're pressing on the battery!" cried my father.

"I haven't touched it!" I answered. "It's on your lap."

The star shot out another SOS.

"For God's sake, I tell you one of you is pressing a wire. Leave my star alone!"

We knew better than to get into an argument before a performance, but people in the street were beginning to stare. The star went out. My father touched it delicately and it signaled again with greater violence.

"He guaranteed it would give a steady, golden glow," muttered my father. "The damn fool!"

He carefully carried it into the theater and called for the house electrician.

The first half of the performance went well. Great fir trees decorated the corners of the stage and the aisles. The large chorus of children sang with beauty and simplicity; and as the lovely music sounded, a feeling of reverence and Christmas happiness existed between the performers and the audience.

In the intermission Polly and I went around to the greenroom to see my father and tell him how it sounded out front. His face was red and indignant.

"Tell Anita to come here immediately!"

"Anita? She hasn't anything to do with the performance."

"Get her. We haven't much time."

Anita appeared, accompanied by a young violinist, Sam Dushkin, who had only recently returned from Paris and combined excellence of playing with exceptionally polished French manners.

My father asked Sam Dushkin to wait outside; then he turned to Anita and gave her a searching look.

"Yes, you'll do. You're big enough."

"Big enough for what?" asked Anita.

"Get into it quickly. We haven't much time."

"What are you talking about?"

"Jameson, the third chorus master, has telephoned he has a sore throat. A complete lack of responsibility. He doesn't have to sing a note."

"What have I got to do with him?"

"He's a Wise Man. You'll have to take his place."

"What!"

"You're taller than Gretchen or Polly. You can wear the robes over your dress. Hurry up!"

"I will not," Anita announced, "walk down the aisle of Mecca Auditorium as a Wise Man."

"No one will recognize you," said my father. "You're the black one."

Anita's face turned purple. "I absolutely refuse!"

My father then gave the oldest theatrical battle cry: "But this is a performance!"

"Then you'll have to play it with two Wise Men," replied Anita.

"You'll look like a nice, rather young, colored Santa Claus," urged Polly softly. Anita gave her an icy stare.

My father looked at his watch. "It's a beautiful costume. I borrowed it from the Metropolitan. It's from *Aida*."

"I don't care," said Anita.

My father then went into a metamorphosis. Though in excellent health, he became the frail old music-master deserted by everyone. "You mean you won't help me out when I've worked so hard?"

"No," said Anita.

The make-up man appeared, carrying a lot of dark hair and a pot of black paint. "It's getting late, Mr. Damrosch."

There was the familiar sound of the orchestra tuning up. The feeling of urgency increased. Polly and I left. With Sam Dushkin we walked to the back of the house and waited with the standees to watch the great procession.

First came the Star glowing steady and true. Then the shepherds and the children singing softly as they bore their gifts. There was a roll of drums, the tempo of the orchestra increased, and the three Magi rounded the corner preparing to go down the aisle.

Sam Dushkin looked and unfortunately recognized Balthazar, who was having a little trouble with his robes, which were too long. Sam stepped forward and with gallantry and Old World courtliness offered the outraged King his arm. Balthazar indignantly took it and Polly and I gazed with a strange fascination as they too turned the corner. Sam pressed the unhappy King's dark hand to his lips and left him to march haughtily down the aisle with anything but Christmas love in his black heart. I think some of the audience may have wondered why at this moment there was a salvo of applause from the back of the house.



BATS

by THOMAS BARBOUR

I

MOST people dislike bats intensely. It would be no very difficult task to fill many pages with the strange stories which reach far back into the early days of man's thinking concerning these creatures that fly like birds, bite like beasts, hide by day, and see in the dark. Bats typify a curious duality of nature. One of Aesop's fables depicts this ambiguous state. In it, a bat that falls to earth is seized by a weasel, who, when the bat pleads for his life, replies that he is by nature an enemy of all birds. The bat protests that he is no bird, and on this pretext is given his liberty. Later the bat is captured by a second weasel. This one tells the bat that mice are his favorite meat; whereupon the bat protests that he is a bird, not a mouse, and again secures his release.

Many of our Indians have superstitions about bats. The Pomo Indians of California depict them as experts in arrow-making. Having been given a large piece of obsidian, a bat put it into his mouth, chewed it up, and swallowed it. Presently he vomited forth a great quantity of excellent arrowheads, for which the other bats prepared shafts and feathers. Possibly the association of a bat with arrowheads refers to the big-eared species of southern California, *Otopterus californicus*, which has on the end of the snout an erect and prominent nose-leaf, shaped like an arrowhead.

In Europe there persists the deep-rooted superstition that bats are very fond of fat, and frequently gnaw the hams and bacon which in former times were often hung to cure in chimneys. It is said that the style of roof formerly in common use, with its short, steep pitch in front and long slope at the back, was designed to give easier access to the spacious chimney tops for hanging these meats. Aldrovandus assures us that if a ham is suspended from a ceiling without touching the floor, it will be found to show gouges where the bats have eaten from it. All the older natural-history books mention this supposed fondness of bats for bacon, a taste reflected in their German name of *Speckmaus*. No doubt, too, the same thing is implied in our traditional nursery rhyme:—

For over thirty years THOMAS BARBOUR has been making periodic visits to Cuba, there to study the mammals, the birds, the insects, and the flora which make the island such a paradise for an observant naturalist. Readers of the *Atlantic* have already had the pleasure of sampling his two vivid and invigorating books: *Naturalist at Large* and *That Vanishing Eden: A Naturalist's Florida*.

Bat, bat, come under my hat,
And I'll give you a slice of bacon.

In England as well as in New England the supposition exists that bats love to fly into a woman's hair, where they get themselves so completely involved as to necessitate the shaving of the head. The hair must be shaved, so runs the legend, because of the plentiful supply of lice which the bat leaves behind. Where and how this notion originated I have never been able to discover. It is deeply embedded in our American folklore.¹

It is curious that in Cuba, where bats are perhaps more ubiquitous than in any other country, they have occasioned almost no local superstitions. Cubans are very easygoing: they do not mind bats in their houses. In the country, they seem to expect that bats are going to be there, and that's that. The pungent aroma connected with their presence, once it has settled upon a certain attic or other haunt, is extremely difficult to eradicate. But in Cuba one soon becomes accustomed to the typical "bat smell."

To the best of my knowledge, there are probably twenty-three species of bats inhabiting the island of Cuba. Four of these have not yet found their way into the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy at Harvard University. Most of the others I have caught—some rarely, others on innumerable occasions. The commonest species is a house bat, *Molossus tropidorhynchus* (Gray), which occurs all over Cuba. We have specimens from Pinar del Rio, Habana, San Antonio de los Baños, Matanzas, and Nueva Gerona in the Isle of Pines. The species abounds about Soledad, and I have seen them swarm in Cienfuegos.

Throughout Spanish America, where tiled roofs are used, this house bat appears regularly just after sundown. No other species flies as early as this one, and none in such incredible numbers. A person dwelling in a house where a colony of these little rat-tailed bats lives under the roof will hear them begin to scuttle around and bicker and squeak about sundown. Then, when just the right degree of dusk has arrived, they scurry to their openings and drop into the air, one by one, to take wing and scatter with extraordinary rapidity of flight.

¹For this material on the folklore of bats, I am indebted to my friend, Glover Allen, whose book *Bats* was published by the Harvard University Press in 1939.

Colonies may vary from twenty or thirty individuals to many thousands; the bat population of a city like Habana is difficult to estimate, but certainly impossible to exaggerate. Watch from the roof of a tall building — you won't have to wait long, for the interval between daylight and dark in the tropics is very short — and all of a sudden the streets and housetops will swarm with these little bats. Before it is really dark they will all have scattered and disappeared. They return to their abode in the morning when it is darker than at the hour of their emergence. They sometimes fail to emerge in inclement weather, and in pleasant weather they may come back to rest for an hour or two in the middle of the night. I suspect this takes place when hunting has been very good. At dawn they are less conspicuous than at dusk.

In this species colonies may be predominantly male or female or, unlike so many species, may be mixed. Their young are born usually in early March.

Dr. Charles Minot of the Harvard Medical School once asked me to preserve for him a series of bat embryos so that he might study the early development of their teeth. I went to the old cavalry barracks in Pinar del Rio and, wearing a pair of heavy gloves, filled several sacks with bats of this species from an enormous colony. I carried them back to the old Hotel El Globo, where Professor J. L. Bremer and his wife were staying with my wife and me, and, as it was nearing the hour for our evening meal, I put my catch in a bathtub. I intended to return later, kill them, and search for the embryos.

This particular day happened to be the twenty-fourth of February, the anniversary of the Revolution of Baire, corresponding to our Fourth of July, and tables for a great banquet were spread in the patio of the hotel. Arc lights had been suspended over the long tables. The top of the patio had been covered with wide tarpaulins because the weather was threatening. We had our dinner in a retired situation up on the roof, and had been urged to finish early so that all the domestic staff might be on hand for the official function. After we had finished, and while we were smoking before setting to work at our grisly task, I heard a commotion which grew louder and louder.

It didn't take long to discover the fact that our transom was open. A sack of bats unfortunately had been insecurely tied, and bats were pouring out and buzzing around over the banquet tables. Every once in a while, in their dazed condition, one connected with an arc light and fell — flopping anywhere, even on the snowy napery. It took only a moment to close the transom, tie up the sack with such bats as remained, and keep ourselves strictly out of sight. From the remarks we overheard, it was obvious that there was a feeling abroad that possibly the Gringos had pulled a dirty trick.

We killed the bats, extracted and preserved the embryos, and then had a mass of bloody carcasses on our hands. Early the next morning I went out and bought a cheap suitcase, got a lot of newspapers, and packed up the bat bodies. We took the noon train to

Habana. The weather was very warm, and by the time we arrived, our bats had become aromatic. Although we had been well known for years at the Ingleterra Hotel in Habana and our vagaries caused little surprise, I felt, nevertheless, that the bats must be disposed of, and that right promptly.

Rosamond and I drove to the waterfront after dinner in the early evening. I chartered a rowboat, and in the dark we moved quickly to where the wreck of the *Maine* lay completely unguarded — since in a few days it was to be towed out to sea and sunk. I don't know what imp whispered in my ear, but I ran up the gangway of the old wreck, tossed in the satchel of bats, and heard it plunk far down, deep in her hold. She went to the bottom of the Gulf Stream off Morro Castle with the bats aboard.

2

THERE are no true fruit bats of the Megachiroptera in the American tropics — nothing to correspond to those giant creatures one sees in clustered colonies hanging in the trees even of the public parks in India or the East Indies. But there are in Cuba some forms belonging to the Microchiroptera or insectivorous bats which have become fruit and flower eaters.

The fruit-eating bat of Cuba, *Artibeus jamaicensis parvipes* (Rehn), is a very large one as American species go. It is allied to the myriad insectivorous forms, but it is not so devastating a pest as the East Indian fruit bat. But fruit they do eat, and if you listen at evening from the porch of a house shaded by *almendro* trees, you will occasionally hear the heavy seeds fall on the roof or to the ground. You may then be sure that the creature is about, and in the morning you will find the big almond-like fruits neatly cleaned off.

Common and widely distributed all over the island, this bat occurs in a considerable variety of situations. In the deep, dark caves it is the first species that one encounters on entering, and in caves that offer only partial darkness this bat is often found where no other species finds the situation to its liking. Sometimes colonies of individuals take up their abode in trees having a thick, green foliage, such as the saponilla.

There are specimens in our collection from various localities in Pinar del Rio and Habana Provinces, eastward to La Cueva de la Patana near Maisí. This, in my experience, is one bat which appears to twin as often as it produces single young. The young are born in early March and remain hanging fast to their mother's body until they reach a size that makes it almost impossible for her to fly about with them. Nor is this species at all disinclined to fly out into daylight if aroused. In fact, it is singularly tolerant of daylight and when disturbed it may remain outside its cave for considerable periods, hanging up in the crevices of rocky cliffs or in trees or bushes.

William Palmer believed this to be a common bat of western Cuba. Though he never found any roosting in trees, he often noted pollen on the fur. Like Gundlach, he found colonies in dilapidated old buildings at Mariel

and Caloma on the north and south coasts of the western end of the island. He also found this bat on the Isle of Pines.

The big-eared bat, *Otopterus waterhousei minor* (Gundlach), is another widespread and common Cuban bat. I have often found it in the same caves with the fruit bat; but inhabiting darker and deeper recesses, it is much less inclined to fly out into the open. Gundlach remarks that it is frequently to be seen in clusters hanging in old warehouses, but in my experience it is limited to caves.

This species is quite definitely dichromatic, some individuals being seal brown while others are rust-colored. This is one of the great number of species which are seldom seen flying abroad. It does not fly into houses as some species occasionally do, nor have I ever seen it hawking insects about lights. It is perhaps the most abundant of the really dark-loving species.

Our collection shows that this species is found from one end of the island to the other, for we have series from La Cueva del Hoyo Valtoso in the valley of Luis Lazo, from Pinar del Rio in the west, and from caves near Baracoa and Santiago de Cuba in the east.

3

MY WIFE and I were dining one evening with Elliott Bacon and Professor and Mrs. Bremer. We happened to be the only guests in the spacious dining hall of the old Delicias del Copey Hotel at Madruga in 1912. Into the room flew a large bat which I realized at once was nothing that I had ever seen before. We chivvied and chased it about until at last we made it fly into a small bedroom. This we closed up, and we finally caught the animal and preserved it in alcohol.

I never saw this species — *Eumops glaucinus* (Wagner) — again until I caught one at North Miami, Florida, in 1936. This constituted the only North American record for the species until another *Eumops* was found in 1943 — dead and dried up — in an out-building on the estate of Mr. John B. Semple at Coconut Grove, Florida.

I now believe this bat may be established in southern Florida. My young friend James Loomis volunteered to serve as an airplane spotter and was stationed on the top of the high tower of the Miami-Biltmore in Coral Gables. He noted time and again that a number of rather large black bats emerged late each evening from a recess high in the cupola at the tiptop of the building. It is not improbable that this animal flies only in complete darkness and that it hunts high in the air. It may be, and indeed probably is, established in Florida and may have been so for some time, but has been unobserved because of its peculiar habits. I have always considered the Miami area in Florida to be without a bat population for some peculiar reason. Certainly neither I nor any of my friends have ever seen bats in the evening.

Miller records a single specimen taken under a tile roof by William Palmer at Pinar del Rio on February 27, 1900. Apparently nowhere common, this bat has

a wide distribution. The type came from Cuyaba in Matto Grosso, Brazil, and it has been found in Bolivia and Jamaica. Curiously enough, I have never taken a specimen among the many hundreds of bats I have collected from time to time in Panama.

Poey's bat, *Phyllonycteris poeyi* (Gundlach), another little bat characteristic of hot, damp, ill-ventilated caverns, is never under any circumstances seen or captured except in a cave where a colony dwells. The colonies are large and distribution is widespread. We have specimens from a cave in Almendares near Habana, from localities in central Cuba, and from caves near Banes and Baracoa.

I recall one cave which went directly downward, having a chimney-like entrance, and which was so deep that we had no way of reaching the bottom. Here two Cuban boas, six or seven feet long, lived on ledges five or six feet down in the entrance of the cave. The country people said that they snapped out at the ascending column of bats and nipped up individuals; provided with an abundance of food, they stayed for long periods without moving from their point of vantage.

I have often seen Poey's bat with pollen grains dusted about its head and shoulders. Whether it visits flowers to eat the pollen, or visits flowering trees looking for insects which are attracted to the flowers, I do not know, but my botanist friend, Professor E. D. Merrill, tells me that recent investigations in the East Indies have shown that bats play a very considerable part in flower fertilization.

The fishing bat, *Noptillio leporhinus mastivus* (Dahl), is widely distributed. It was originally described from the island of St. Croix, and ranges widely on the coasts of Mexico. The Museum of Comparative Zoölogy at Harvard has specimens from the islands of Grenada, St. Lucia, St. Vincent, and Puerto Rico. It has also been reported from St. Thomas, Mona, Antigua, and Guadeloupe. Gundlach considered it a rare species in Cuba, and I know of no Cuban specimens except our two.

Both of our bats came from the vicinity of Lake Ariguanabo, where I have seen what I am certain was this species on a number of occasions during bright moonlight. I have seen it dip, and the ripple marks where it touched the water were plainly to be observed, but I have never been able to determine the exact details of its fishing methods. The long and well-developed claws on the hind feet and the extent of pouch-like interfemoral membrane suggest that it may carry fish off and devour them after it has returned to its resting place. I have never found one of its lairs in Cuba, but it is reported that they smell fishy.

I remember once the consternation caused by one of these giants — they have a wingspread of a foot or more. It had blundered into the well-screened dining room of the Tivoli Hotel at Ancon in the Canal Zone. This is truly a formidable bat with jaws capable of inflicting a considerable wound. I know because I knocked the beast down and then grabbed it with my napkin, which did not afford sufficient protection.

I have heard that large numbers of these bats have

been found in the recesses of rocky cliffs facing the ocean on the Pacific coast of Panama, but I have never had the good fortune to find one there. My friend Austin Clark has also told me that in the southern Lesser Antilles, where he was collecting in 1903, this bat retires by day to narrow clefts in the rocks and that its presence in such places may be detected by a peculiar odor.

4

THE butterfly bat, *Nyctiellus lepidus* (Gervais), is one of the tiniest and most beautiful little bats that I know of in any part of the world. It flies about more like a butterfly than a bat, usually rather near the ground, winding in and out among bushes along porches, and turning up unexpectedly in all sorts of places. We know that it inhabits caves. The Museum at Cambridge has fourteen specimens from a cave near Habana. I found it first under amusing circumstances.

On our visit to Cape Cruz in 1913, don Carlos de la Torre and I hung our hammocks in a big bare room, the lower story of the lighthouse tower. We had trouble getting settled inasmuch as we landed at the Cape late at night and the keepers suspected we were bandits. Don Carlos's silvery tongue soon settled this situation, however, and we began to enjoy life. Lighthouse keepers in the Spanish tropics usually are natives of the Balearic Islands. I have found them to be fine, upstanding people, and good companions. It was certainly true in this case.

We dined in an open stone and stucco structure, built on the rock right by the water's edge and near the lighthouse. One of the keepers could stand on a projecting crag beside the house and, throwing his casting net far and skillfully, catch in no time a bucket of shining, silvery sardines. Passed directly to the kitchen, these were soon ready for the table, fried whole in *aceite catalán*. This Catalonian oil tempts some palates, while others consider it extremely offensive.

We were sitting down one evening with several of the *faroleros* and their womenfolk to dispose of a sumptuous platter of fried sardines, garnished with tomatoes and onions, when suddenly don Carlos exclaimed at seeing the tiniest snip of a bat. It was flying around and around the table. The windows were open but the little fellow seemed to make no effort to get out. Suddenly he disappeared. Walking around the table, I saw what looked like a yellow cocklebur on the shoulder of one of our hosts and I snatched up the tiny bat. It was the first time I had ever seen the species, and at that time it was a very rare find; we admired at length

its queer, long, slender, sprawling legs and the delicate, soft fur before we put it away for the Museum.

Some years afterwards another one of these little gems flew into the room where I was lodging at Nueva Gerona in the Isle of Pines. So far as I know, this is the only record for that island. Had it not been for the fact that the naturalists of the Poey Museum at the University of Habana have discovered near the city a cave which has been most prolific in the production of rare and unusual bats, I should have thought that this was a solitary species — one of those that spend the day in the curled-up frond of a palm or in a dry banana leaf, as so many do on the mainland of Central America. The discovery of the colony in this cavern near Jaimanitas has settled the matter, and this is certainly a cave bat, though as yet we know nothing of its habits. One of the little specimens which I have in alcohol, when blotted so that its weight in life may be approximated, weighs no more than a small fraction of an ounce.

This world is full of surprises. If I should tell you out of a clear sky that bats have made an extremely valuable contribution to our war effort here in America, you would probably begin to tap your forehead, or curl your forefinger in front of your right eye, or make whatever little sign you have inherited from your family to signify insanity. It is a fact, but until the experiments of Donald Griffith, Robert Galambos, and their associates, no one suspected the truth.

It has long been known that when bats are turned loose in a room where wires have been strung about in all directions, and are allowed to fly freely, they touch none of the obstacles, even when their eyes are covered with court plaster. It has always been supposed that the back-up pressure as they approach obstacles is registered by the strange series of sensitive fimbriations and foliations of delicate membrane to be found about their faces. But the truth is even stranger than this supposition. It now has been shown that in flight the bats keep up a constant supersonic chittering outside of the range of human audition and that this chittering is reflected and registered by the sensitive membranes about the bat's face.

In other words, the bat is a miniature, individual radar installation which has provided many a valuable hint to the geniuses who have been working on supersonic direction and perception during the last year or two. This is a clear illustration that no one can ever tell where the study of natural phenomena, however improbable it may appear from a utilitarian point of view, may end.



STERNE AND SWIFT

by CYRIL CONNOLLY

1

NOTHING odd will do long," said Dr. Johnson. "*Tristram Shandy* did not last." And such is the awful finality of this judgment that one re-reads Sterne almost with a sense of guilt, though indeed no other author's reputation has so often survived its own obituary. In his lifetime he was almost the only writer to alienate both Goldsmith and Johnson on the one hand, and Gray and Walpole on the other, and it is easy to see how the spectacle of the sleek and winning divine arriving in London to reap the success of his annual installments must have irritated both the hard-working critics of Fleet Street and the fastidious company at Strawberry Hill.

Walpole, however, was hardly fitted to condemn Sterne as trivial, and Johnson was unaware of the lesson we learn from Proust, that in years of silence and dissipation a style can mature and an outlook ripen as easily as in a long apprenticeship to letters. Sterne in this respect comes near to his master Cervantes, and his scarcely broken silence of twenty-five years is probably, besides the vigor of his style, responsible for the dense and exasperating character of his mental undergrowth. Walpole was also the first to shy at Yorick's dead donkey and to perceive the terrible flaw which dominated Sterne's sensibility, the habit of luxuriating in emotion he thinks creditable, that turns his sympathy to self-congratulation and sets a smirk on all his tenderness. It is this fault that tainted the effects which Sterne intended to be his finest, as if he had skimmed the cream from comedy and pathos and found it turn overnight.

And perhaps the word "sentimental" would not have lost caste so early had not his work exposed so completely its luxurious, self-delighting nature. This insincerity, far more than the mischievous indecency which hurt the susceptibilities of Coleridge, has won Sterne his many enemies and turned nearly every biographer into an apologist. "I blushed in my turn, but from what movements, I leave to the few who feel

to analyse," writes Yorick, and a little afterwards, "I burst into a flood of tears — but I am as weak as a woman and I beg the world not to smile but to pity me." One can see that he knew fairly well how the few who feel would react, and it is this irrepressible itch to commend himself, while deploring self-commendation, and to exploit his own humanity that has brought him the wrath of Thackeray, that made Coleridge call the *Sentimental Journey* "poor sickly stuff" and Leslie Stephen anxious to blot out even the Recording Angel's erasing tear.

Certainly the *Sentimental Journey* contains Sterne's most inexcusable lapses; yet in its conception as a book of travel it is absolutely right, though far from being the "quiet journey of the heart in pursuit of nature" that it styles itself. The irresponsibility, the exhilaration, and the frank independence of all its judgments (how right to call the French too serious) make it, however, through all its digressions, a real presentation of movement. Sterne was refreshingly seasick; wild with excitement even in Calais, he wished to find the French gallant, and did so.

He could repeat "So this is Paris. Crack! Crack! Crack!" as inanely as any traveler rejoicing at the pall of respectability that was lifting from him; he would neither "disdain nor fear to walk up a dark entry"; he would be swindled with a good grace rather than witness his host's disappointment; and though he describes but little scenery, he is still friendly to the scantiness which he has created. He seeks for adventure and avoids his compatriots, he ignores the Alps, he understands the French while remaining English, and, what is rare in a book of travel, he enjoys himself, even at a time when Dr. Johnson noted "that there has been of late a strange turn in travellers to be displeased."

Yet Sterne was not a man of deep feelings, and since his profession of sensibility requires him to appear so, there follow his flatteries and exhibitionism and the ill-concealed self-satisfaction that rewards a well-spent tear. His "dear sensibility," however, that lachrymose goddess, was but a Roman sense of *pietas* run to seed, and the final quality of Sterne as a humorist lies in his wide sympathy, when not overstrained, for every creature that is fulfilling its function, or in finding speech for gaping and inarticulate "blind mouths"

As literary critic of the *New Statesman and Nation*, and more recently as the editor of the English journal *Horizon*, CYRIL CONNOLLY has had occasion to write of many things, including men and books. His first book was a collection of literary and autobiographical essays, *Enemies of Promise*. From his newest book, which is soon to be published, *The Condemned Playground*, the *Atlantic* has drawn these literary vignettes.

and enjoying human beings as they are. It is this Latin warmth that links him, apart from style, to Rabelais and Cervantes, and in a lesser degree to Shakespeare, and even Voltaire. Sterne was as fitted as anyone to enjoy the shepherd and his "cold thin drink out of his leathern bottle," but the temptation to make capital out of his own emotions renders him unworthy of their perpetual company.

Within his limitations, however, his world is one of the most wayward and serene of all Utopias, and if the quality of his work is taken from the French, its material is as undoubtedly English, the England of peaceful fanatics and gaunt, unpersecuting bigots who have taken refuge from the fogs of the world in the most outrageous sanctuaries of their teeming minds, and who seem to spring up in the peaceful country as naturally as teasels and to live there as happily as rare animals in private parks: —

This strange irregularity in our climate producing so strange an irregularity in our characters doth thereby in some sort make us amends by giving us somewhat to make us merry with when the weather will not suffer us to go out of doors — that observation is my own — and was struck out by me this very rainy day, March 26th, 1759, and betwixt the hours of nine and ten in the morning.

2

THE intensity that Sterne lacked in emotion he retrieved in style, and there is hardly any diction in English so perverse and yet so adequately under control. The tempo of *Tristram Shandy*, for instance, must be the slowest of any book on record, and reminds one at times of the youthful occupation of seeing how slowly one can ride a bicycle without falling off; yet such is Sterne's mastery, his ease and grace, that one is always upheld by a verbal expectancy; slow though the action moves, he will always keep his balance, and soon there will follow a perfect flow of words that may end with a phrase that rings like a pebble on a frozen pond.

He is continually parodying the Elizabethans and using words with a fantastic ingenuity, as of the jolting diligence: —

The thirstiest soul in the most sandy desert of Arabia could not have wished more for a cup of cold water than mine did for grave and quiet movements.

Or: —

"Where is Troy and Mycenae and Thebes and Delos and Persepolis and Agrigentum?" continued my father, taking up his book of post-roads, which he had laid down. "What is become, brother Toby, of Nineveh and Babylon, of Cizicum and Mitylenae? The fairest towns that ever the sun rose upon are now no more. . . ."

Sterne's control of literary emotion, the quality of *Lycidas* and Gray's "Elegy," is what is most absorbing in his work today. We can enjoy his exquisite handling of eccentricity, and appreciate Walter Shandy's search for the "north-west passage to the intellectual world," with *Tristram* as a heaven-sent subject for experiment; we can hear him dropping his voice to talk of auxiliary verbs and fixing his listeners as securely as

did the Ancient Mariner; we can see all the paradox of the household living together in uncomprehending amity while their prejudices conflict as uselessly as waves on granite.

But it is the strange, bitter-sweet intensity that emerges from Sterne's most artificial sentences that he alone of his time can give and that rewards us as much as it does his own much vaunted fears. "I have never felt what the distress of plenty was in any one shape till now," the reader can exclaim with him as he reads of Toby "cast in the rosemary with an air of disconsolation that cries through my ears," or of Sterne's days and hours "flying over our heads like light clouds on a windy day" before his book is finished and ready "to swim down the gutter of time along with them."

There is no understatement in Sterne's style; no "slow, low, dry chat five notes below the natural tone," and his beauties are lost on those who contract intellectual hay fever from fine writing; yet the dullness of the subject, as in Flaubert, often redeems the style from cloying and enables one more to appreciate the hush of a passage like *Uncle Toby's* falling in love: —

Still — still all went on heavily — the magic left the mind the weaker. Stillness, with Silence at her back, entered the solitary parlour and drew their gauzy mantle over my uncle Toby's head; and Listlessness, with her lax fibre and undirected eye, sat quietly down beside him in his armchair. No longer Amberg and Rhinberg and Limbourg and Huy and Bonn in one year, and the prospect of Landen and Treerebach and Drusen and Dendermond in the next, hurried on the blood; no longer did saps and mines and blinds and gabions and palisades keep out this fair enemy of man's repose. No longer could my uncle Toby after passing the French lines, as he ate his egg at supper, from thence break into the heart of France — cross over the Oyes and, with all Picardie open behind him, march up to the gates of Paris and fall asleep with nothing but ideas of glory. . . . Softer visions, gentler vibrations, stole sweetly in upon his slumbers; the trumpet of war fell out of his hands — he took up the lute, sweet instrument! of all others the most delicate! the most difficult! How wilt thou touch it, my dear uncle Toby?

There is no question of how it is touched here, and the haunting somnolence of the whole chapter seems almost to approach the tale of *Palinurus*, while as a lyric it is as complete as some of the short fragments of pastoral in the *Sentimental Journey* or the longer, bird-like raptures on the Town of Abdera.

The reader indeed plunges into Sterne's work like a prince into an artificial and enchanted forest, and in a moment the path narrows and the boughs thicken, and the sounds of the hunt recede as he struggles through thickets of dusty sycamore lost in false metallic greenness before he emerges angrily from the tangled brakes into one of Sterne's perfect sentences, which opens before him like a moss-grown ride.

3

THE character of Swift, though not likely to become again the boggy of a hysterical Thackeray, remains

largely mysterious. For it is obvious that everything which was considered most heartless and cynical in him can be viewed as the attempts of a man with a terrible capacity for suffering to escape from it. He was determined to be tough, to face without euphoria the birthdays that brought Stella nearer ugliness and himself nearer the grave, and his much disputed "only a woman's hair" is surely an example of the brutality with which a man covers genuine grief; the antithesis, for instance, to the way in which Sterne, a writer who could not be sure of his feelings, would have treated it.

The misanthropy of Swift is, in fact, one side of the romantic dichotomy. No one is born a Diogenes, or enters the world complaining of a raw deal. One cannot hate humanity to that extent unless one has believed in it; one must have thought man a little lower than the angels before one can concentrate on the organs of elimination.

What is mysterious about Swift is that we know much less of the cause of his disillusion and of what he was like before it than is the case with other romantics and disappointed idealists. We know, to take some examples, the effect of Lesbia's infidelity on Catullus, of the Great War on Céline, of the Catholic Church on Joyce, of disease on Baudelaire, but we do not know what happened to the lovable young man who wrote the charming dedication to the *Tale of a Tub*. The shock of exile, and of losing power, terrible though it was, came late in life; he was not jilted or betrayed, nor was his faith of the kind whose loss would create an upheaval. The causes which turned him against mankind, which made him hate its guts, must, therefore, be sought in his ten years at the upper servants' table as a secretary.

There can be nothing more galling for a young man than to find himself part of the scheme of auto-suggestion by which an old man justifies his existence. And when the latter was Sir William Temple, the amateur philosopher, the wise old Polonius in retirement, the M. de Norpois of his age, the pressure must have been intolerable. No philosophy is more suspect than the Epicurean, in spite of its attraction for waning powers.

For the doctrine that pleasure is the absence of pain, that happiness can only be found by practicing moderation in a garden, is contrary to all we know of the nature of the passions, and, like Christianity, is provocative enough to instill a deep contempt for self-deception in those who have to listen to it constantly preached, and behold it as inconstantly practiced. It is interesting to note that Swift wrote his grim "Resolutions When I Come to be Old" at Sir William Temple's, and that he mentions in his obituary of Stella that "she understood the Platonic and Epicurean philosophy and judged very well the defects of the latter." One of the most curious of these is that it is the essayist's creed, favoring mild eccentricities and apologies, the fear of life, and the enumeration of one's possessions.

It must have been too close an acquaintance with the style of Sir William Temple (a style essentially

false, for it revealed not what he felt but what he would like to feel) that precipitated the prose of Swift into its rightful form, vigorous, mature, lucid, and earthy. One wonders how many times he heard the sage repeat that "a good plum is certainly better than an ill peach," and the phrase beginning "When all is done, Human Life is, at the greatest and the best, but like a froward child," which still hoaxes so many as it goes ringing down the anthologies.

But if Swift learned his horror of the *bêtise*, his hatred of pretensions, at Moor Park, he also underwent an emotional disillusionment. It is clear that he warmly admired and liked Temple at first and suffered agony from the slights which that spoiled and peevish mediocrity put upon him. He must finally have felt that he was being deliberately kept down; that Prospero was afraid of Caliban; that the world punished sensibility as unjustly as it repressed intelligence. "Don't you remember," he writes to Stella, "how I used to be in pain when Sir William Temple would look cold and out of humour for three or four days and I used to suspect a hundred reasons? I have plucked up my spirit since then; faith, he spoiled a fine gentleman." He told Harley of such treatment that "it was what I would hardly bear from a crowned head."

One thing was needed finally to embitter a man whose youth had been passed in subservience to an inferior in mind and heart, to a Struldbrug, and that was a taste of political power, supreme political power, a drug so potent that it keeps insensitive statesmen sweating and scheming for it till they drop in their tracks, and which, in the slightest quantity, is fatal to the peace of mind of an imaginative writer. It was withdrawn, and the lack of it occasioned "the desiderium which of all things maketh life uneasy."

One has only to read a page of the *Journal to Stella* to see in what a state of intoxication the author was at the time; and because of the clumsy boasting, the facetiousness and sentimentality of the messages to Stella, deepening into the frenzied incantations of the little language, it is the most unpleasant, the most morbid of his writings. But even without those moments of triumph the tragedy of Swift would have been that of all those who feel too deeply, and who cannot tolerate fools and will not mend their ways. What renders it so terrible is the strength, the ingrowing pride, of the victim who took twenty years dying "in a rage like a poisoned rat in a hole."

In the works of Joyce, Baudelaire, Céline, the hatred of the breath, stench, and complacency of humanity is accompanied by a certain squeamishness, an impression of neurotic weakness; the sufferers escape into night, into satanism, into silence. Even Flaubert, who by the robustness of his mind and his horror of the *bêtise* most resembles Swift (how close *Polite Conversation* and *Directions to Servants* are to *Bouvard et Pécuchet*!), is able to fall back on the religion of art for art's sake. But in Swift the fierce indignation never rises into a scream or is mitigated by any consolation. In the loneliness which so frightened Thackeray he continued to the end, punishing and taking punishment.



THE ATLANTIC SERIAL

THE EGG AND I

by BETTY MACDONALD

BETTY MACDONALD was born in Boulder, Colorado, in 1908. The daughter of a mining engineer, she lived all over the place — in Mexico City, then in Idaho, then in Butte, Montana, and finally in Seattle, where she came to rest long enough to do her schooling. She graduated from the Roosevelt High School and entered the University of Washington, intending to major in art. Instead, she fell in love and married. She was nineteen, Bob was thirty-one. With a capital investment of \$450 they elected to become chicken farmers on the Northwest Coast. Betty had learned resourcefulness from her engineering father, but what she knew about chickens could be stuffed into an average-sized thimble. So her story begins.

I

ON THE way back from our honeymoon in Victoria, British Columbia, Bob talked of his childhood on a wheat ranch in Montana, his days at agricultural college, and his first job as supervisor for a large chicken ranch. He spoke of the wheat ranch with about as much enthusiasm as one would use reminiscing on the first fifteen years in a sweatshop, and I gathered that he thought farming hard, thankless work.

But when he began on the chicken ranch job, he sorted over the little details with the loving care usually associated with first baby shoes. He discussed at length the cost per hen per egg, the cost per dozen eggs, the relative merits of outdoor runs, the square footage required per hen, with so much nostalgia that listening to him impartially was like trying to swim at the edge of a whirlpool. And he ended by saying that he had found a little place on the Pacific Coast, where he often went on business, that was ideally situated for chicken ranching and could be bought for almost nothing. What did I think about it?

What did I think about it? Why, Mother had taught me that a husband must be happy in his work, and if he wanted to be happy in the chicken business, I didn't care. I knew how to make mayonnaise and miter sheet corners and light candles for dinner; so, chickens or insurance, I could hold up my end. That's what a lot of women think when their husbands start making plans for taking the life savings and plunging into the chicken business.

Why in heaven's name does everyone want to go into the chicken business? Why has it become the common man's ideal of the good life? Is it because most men's lives are shadowed by the fear of being fired and not having enough money to buy food and shelter for their loved ones, and the chicken business, with each man his own boss, seems haloed with perma-

nency? At least there are no employer-employee problems about the chicken business: if a hen is lazy, or uncoöperative, or disagreeable, you can chop off her head and relieve the situation once and for all. "If that's the way you feel, then take that!" you say, severing her head with one neat blow.

In a way, I suppose that factor alone should be justification enough for most men's longing for chickens. But again, why chickens? Why not narcissus bulbs, cabbage seed, greenhouses, rabbits, pigs, goats? All can be raised in the country by one man and present but half the risk of chickens. "But if the chickens don't lay, you can eat them," says a little shiny-eyed man who has just sidled up and glued himself to me at a party, because he has heard that I once lived on a chicken ranch.

"Eating chickens because they don't lay is exactly the same as selling your printing press and living off the money because you haven't any printing business."

"Yes, but you have your living; so even if you make just a little, you are better off than, say, I am."

Nothing I can say will do any good. The chicken business is his dream, and have it he will, if he drops dead on his own dropping boards.

Bob's little place looked distressingly forlorn, huddled there among the great mountains, the buildings grayed with weather, the orchard overgrown with second-growth firs, the fences collapsing, the windows gaping. It was the little old deserted farm that people point at from car windows, saying, "Look at that picturesque old place!" and then quickly drive by toward something not quite so picturesque but warmer and nearer to civilization. Bob halted the car to take down the rails of the gate and I looked morosely around at the mountains so imminent they gave me a feeling of someone reading over my shoulder. I thought, "Heavens! Those mountains could flick us off this place like a

fly off their skirts, rearrange their trees a little, and no one would ever be the wiser."

It was not a comforting thought, and turning up the drive — which proved to be a rather inadequate tunnel under the linked arms of two rows of giant trees — did nothing to dispel it. Heavy green branches lashed the top of the car, and smaller twigs clawed at the windows; the car wheels churned and complained on the slick dry needles. We drove for perhaps a quarter of a mile like this and then abruptly the trees stopped and we were in the dooryard of the farm, where a great-grandfather of a cherry tree, hoary with bloom, stood guard over the huddled buildings.

I'm not sure whether it was the cherry tree, or the purple carpet of sweet violets flanking the funny silvery woodshed, or the fact that the place was so clean, with not a scrap of rubbish, not a single tin can, but it suddenly lost its sinister, deserted look and began to appear lonely and eager to make friends — a responsive little farm that with a few kindnesses in the way of windows and paint and clearing might soon be licking our hands. While I stood in the dooryard "feeling" the place, Bob was bounding around with a hammer, pounding the walls and calling happily, "Look, Betty! Hand hewn out of cedar logs and sound as a nut." The hand-hewn shakes which covered the sides and roof had worked loose in several places and Bob pulled them off to show me the axe marks on the cedar logs.

The house had evidently begun as a log cabin about twenty feet by twenty feet, and been added on to at either end. It was beautifully situated on a small rise of ground from which an old orchard, peering out from the second-growth fir, sloped gently down to a small lake or large pond. The original cabin was the living room, with windows on the north and south sides and a thin, rickety porch across the front. It faced south, across the orchard, to the pond and of course the mountains. The mountains were everywhere — I'd start to turn around, come up against something large and solid, and wham! there was a mountain icily ignoring me.

Opening off the living room on the right, with windows north, west, and south, we found a bedroom with roses and honeysuckle vines in heaps on the floors below the windows, as though they had climbed up to peek in and had fallen over the sills. Down three steps and to the left of the living room were an enormous square kitchen, with windows facing east and north, and a pantry the size of our kitchen in town. A very large, very surly, and slightly rusty range was backed defiantly against the north wall of the kitchen — otherwise the place was empty. The floors were warped and splintery; the walls were covered with carefully tacked newspapers, dated 1885. Under the front porch we discovered a bat-hung cellar, and to one side of the kitchen, forming an ell with the living room, an entryway and woodroom.

At first glance the outbuildings seemed frail and useless, but closer examination revealed fine bone structure in the way of uprights, beams, and stringers. We were able to include in the assets of the place a very

large barn, two small chicken houses, a woodshed, and an outhouse. The assets also included ten acres of land showing evidences of having once been cleared, and thirty acres of virgin timber, cedar, fir, and hemlock — some of it seven feet and more in diameter.

Scattered over the ten cleared acres, like figures in a tableau, were the fattest, most perfectly shaped Christmas trees I have ever seen. Each one was round and full at the bottom and exquisitely trimmed with brown cones. I was caressing and exclaiming over these when Bob told me that such little jewels of trees are cut by the thousand by Christmas tree dealers who pay the farmers two cents each for them. Incredible that anyone who professed a love of the soil would sanction such vandalism, and for such a paltry fee.

At the edge of the clearing and sheltered by one of the great black firs, we found an old well. It was half full of water, but the intake was a tiny trickle instead of a robust gush which this season warranted, so Bob decided it had been abandoned and we looked elsewhere for water. We found a larger spring feeding the lake at the foot of the orchard, but it had not been boxed in and showed no other signs of use; either it was of recent origin or it suffered from summer complaint — time would tell. (It did, too, and water became one of the major obsessions of my life.)

We threaded our way through the orchard and found slender fruit trees bravely blossoming, their frail hands pushing futilely against the dark green chests of the invading firs. The firs were everywhere, big and virile, with their strong roots pulling all the vitality out of the soil and leaving the poor little fruit trees only enough food and light to keep an occasional branch alive. These were no kin to the neatly spaced little Christmas tree ladies of the back pasture. These were fierce invaders, pillagers and rapers. The more we walked around, the stronger became my feeling that we should hurry and move in so that we could help this little farm in its fight against the wilderness. Bob was overjoyed when I told him of this feeling, and we made up our minds to buy it at once.

For the forty acres, the six-room log house, the barn, two small chicken houses, woodshed, outhouse, and the sulky stove, the mortgage company was asking four hundred and fifty dollars. By pooling all savings accounts, wedding presents, birthday presents, and by drawing on a small legacy which I was to get when I became twenty-one, we had fifteen hundred dollars. We sat in the sunny dooryard under the cherry tree, used a blue carpenter's pencil and a shingle, and decided that we would pay cash for the farm; put seven hundred dollars in the nearest bank to be used to buy and raise three hundred and fifty pullets; and use the rest to fix up the buildings. Fuel and water were free and we'd have a large vegetable garden, a pig to eat leavings, a few chickens for immediate eggs, and Bob could work occasionally in the sawmill to eke out until the chickens started to lay. Written out in blue pencil on the shingle, it was the simplest, most delightful design for living ever devised for two people.

We hurried home to put our plans into action. The next morning Bob paid the four hundred and fifty

dollars and brought home the deed. The following week we borrowed a truck, loaded on everything we possessed, and left for the Coast to dive headfirst into the chicken business.

2

THAT first spring and summer I alternated between delirious happiness and black despair. I was willing but pitifully unskilled. "If only I had studied carpentry instead of ballet," I wailed as I teetered on the ridgepole of the chicken house pounding my already mashed thumbs and expecting momentarily to swallow my mouthful of shingle nails.

The first day, we moved all the furniture into the house and I thought that the next day we should start putting in windows, laying new floors, painting woodwork, and sheathing the walls. But the next day we started building a brooder house, because to get started with the baby chickens was the important thing. Bob cut the log stringers about twenty-five feet from the building site, hauled the rest of the lumber from the mill, and I split the shakes with a dull, chipped froe and many vigorous curses.

We built the brooder house in the prettiest part of the orchard, facing the pond and the mountains, and its newness was so incompatible with the other silvery buildings that I suggested to Bob that we plant a few quick-growing vines and perhaps a shrub or two to tone it down a little. He was as horrified as though I had suggested bringing potted plants into a surgery. "Brooder houses are built on skids so that they can be moved from place to place, because baby chickens must have new, *untainted* soil," he said. This still seems an unnecessary precaution to me, for the land there was all untainted and virginal. However, the brooder house was built on runners and remained, except for the shake roof, which weathered beautifully, an eyesore.

We built two small pullet houses and whitewashed the walls of one of the small chicken houses and laid a new floor in it so that the cockerels would be comfortable while fattening. We built the cockerels a nice yard also, and then we remodeled the other small chicken house for the baby pig — because the pig must be comfortable and protected from the cold night air and the damp day air. By the time we finished those buildings it was May — a cold, damp May with so much rain that mildew formed on our clothes in the closets and the bedclothes were so clammy it was like pulling seaweed over us.

"Now," I thought, "we have all the livestock warm and comfortable. Surely it is at last time to fix the house." But it was time to plow and plant the garden. I had read that the rigors of a combination of farm and mountain life were supposed eventually to harden you to a state of fitness. But by the end of two months, I still ached like a tooth.

Right after breakfast one May morning, Bob rode into the yard astride a horse large enough to have been sired by an elephant. Looping the reins over a gatepost, he casually informed me that I was to steer this

monster while he ran along behind, holding the plow. All went reasonably well until Belle — the horse — stepped on my foot. "She's on my foot," I said mildly to Bob, who was complaining because we had stopped. "Get her off and let's get going!" shouted the man who had promised to cherish me. Meanwhile my erstwhile foot was being driven like a stake into the soft earth and Belle stared moodily over the landscape. I beat on the back of her knee, I screamed at her, I screamed at Bob — and at last Belle absently took a step and lifted the foot. I hobbled to the house and soaked my foot and brooded about men and animals.

Bob and I — or rather, Bob impeded by me — removed all of the big barn's viscera. We put nests, dropping boards, roosts, and windows on three and one-half sides (the other half was the doorway). In the windows we put a glass cloth which, so the advertisements say, sorts out the sunlight and lets in only the health-giving violet rays. We built mash hoppers between the uprights, whitewashed the walls even unto the rafters, swept and scraped the hard dirt floor — and it turned out to be a very useful though unorthodox chicken house where we kept as many as fifteen hundred hens.

The first day the chicken house was finished, Bob drove to town and bought twelve Rhode Island pullets for ten dollars. We immediately turned them into the great new house, where they rattled around like peas in a pod. Being chickens, instead of laying in the row upon row of convenient new nests, they laid their eggs on the dropping boards, at the entrances of rat holes, or out in the yard.

It was late summer before we even started on the house. We laid new floors, put in windows, calcimined the walls, mended broken sills and sagging doors, put in a sink (without water but with a drain), and made other general repairs; and though it looked about as stylish as long underwear in its gray sturdiness, it began to feel like home. The kitchen had two armchairs and a rocking chair, a big square table, rag rugs, and the stove.

The kitchen was the hub of all our activities. We kept the egg records there; we wrote our checks, made out our mail orders, read our mail, ate, washed, took baths, entertained, planned the future, and discussed the past. We began the day in it at 4.00 A.M. and we ended it there about 8.30 P.M. by shutting the damper in the stove just before blowing out the lamp. The rest of the house was clean and comfortable and unimportant.

In September it rained and rained and rained and rained. It drizzled, misted, drooled, spat, poured, and just plain rained. Some mornings were black and wild, with a storm raging in and out and around the mountains. Rain was driven under the doors and down the chimney. Bob went to the chicken house swathed in oilskins like a Newfoundland fisherman, and I huddled by the stove and brooded about inside toilets. Other days were just gray and low-hanging with a continual pit-pat-pit-pat-pitta-patta-pitta-patta which became as vexing as listening to baby talk.

In case you are wondering why I didn't take a good book and settle down by the stove, I should like to explain that Stove, as we called him, had none of the warm, friendly qualities ordinarily associated with the name. In the first place he was old and, like some terrible old man, he had a big, strong frame, a lusty appetite, and no spirit of coöperation. All attempts to get Stove to crackle and glow were futile. I split pure pitch as fine as horsehair and stuffed his ponderous belly full, but there was no sound and no heat. Yet when I took off the lids, the kindling had burned and only a few warm ashes remained. He was as mysterious as a girl in high school who ate enormous lunches without apparently chewing or swallowing.

Incongruously, things did boil on Stove. This always came as a delightful surprise, albeit I finally stopped rushing to the back door and shouting hysterically to Bob, who was quietly and competently at work, "The water is *boiling!*" — as I did the first few times I witnessed this miracle. But on the coldest, dreariest mornings, Stove sulked all over his end of the kitchen. He smoked and choked and gagged. He ate load after load of my precious live bark, and by noon I could have sat cross-legged on him and read *Pilgrim's Progress* in perfect comfort.

Stove was actually a sinister presence and he was tricky. The day we first looked at the place, I noticed that he seemed rather defiantly backed up against the wall. Such an attitude could come with solitude, I thought, and when we moved in, the first thing I did was to polish every inch of him. And then I built my first fire, which promptly went out. I built that fire five times — then Bob came in and poured about a gallon of kerosene on top of the kindling, and Stove began balefully to burn a little. I learned by experience that it took two cups of kerosene to get his blood circulating in the morning and that he would digest bark only at night. In the summer and spring I didn't care how slow he was or how little heat he gave out. Bob and I were outdoors from dawn to dark, we allowed plenty of time for cooking things, and all the wood was dry and the doors were open and there was plenty of draft.

3

As for what we cooked, I accepted as ordinary fare pheasant, quail, duck, stuffed crab, venison, butter clams, oysters, brook trout, salmon, fried chicken, and mushrooms. At first Bob and I gorged ourselves and I wrote letters home that sounded like pages ripped from a gourmand's diary, but there was so much of everything, and it was so inexpensive and so easy to get, that it was inevitable that we should expect to eat like kings. Chinese pheasant were so plentiful that Bob would take his gun, saunter down the road toward a neighbor's grain field, and shoot two, which were ample for us, and come sauntering home again.

At first, under Bob's careful guidance, I stuffed and roasted them, but finally I got so that I ripped off the breast, throwing the rest away, and sautéed it in butter with fresh field mushrooms. It made a tasty breakfast.

The blue grouse were also very plentiful, but the salal berries which they gorged on gave them an odd, bitter taste which neither Bob nor I cared for. Quail were everywhere, but they are such tiny things that we finally passed them up for the ruffed grouse and the pheasant.

There were literally millions of wild pigeons in the valleys. They descended in white clouds when the farmers planted grain, and in self-defense the farmers shot them even though the birds were protected by Federal law. Our neighbors gave them to us by the dozen and they were simply delicious, all dark meat and plump and succulent from eating the farmers' wheat, barley, oats, and rye. I regret to state that their illegality didn't taint the meat one iota for me. Bob is a fine hunter and a good sport and at first he lectured the farmers and their sons on the seriousness of their offense in shooting the pigeons. But the first time he was present at grain-planting time and saw what they did to the crops, he told me he thought there should be a bounty on them. He never shot one, however, and would not admit that he enjoyed eating them.

Venison we had twelve months a year, both canned and fresh. To the Indians, who comprised a great part of the population of these mountains, and the farmers, who were part Indian, deer meat was meat, and game laws were for the city hunters who came in hordes every fall to slaughter the bucks. Our local any-season hunters said they killed only the barren does, which were easily distinguished by their color and which were a nuisance. True or false, the Indian hunters went through the woods without as much disturbance as a falling leaf, and we in the heart of the deer country had venison the year around.

Bob usually cooked the game. We underwent this little ordeal because he was of the opinion that only he, and perhaps the chef at the Waldorf, knew how to cook game. With venison he used lots of garlic, pinches of sage, marjoram, bay leaf, pepper, salt, dozens of pots and pans, Worcestershire, celery salt, onion salt, mushroom salt, and everything else he could grab with his large, floury hands. When the meat was finally in the oven he hovered around the stove, getting in my way and complaining about the quality of the wood (that same wood which he praised so highly to me and with each armful of which he guaranteed white heat). When at long last, with reverent hands, he served me a portion of the venison steak, chops, or roast, I found that it tasted just like venison and palled after the second week. Canned with small carrots and onions, venison is delicious. The gamy flavor loses some of its identity in the preserving process, and when the jars are opened months later, the deer meat emerges as a savory stew.

The sea food on the coast is superb. The Dungeness hard-shelled crabs are the largest, sweetest, most delicately flavored crabs obtainable. In the city markets they are usually from thirty cents to seventy-five cents each, depending on the size. We bought them from the Indians for one dollar a gunnysack full. We'd go on regular crab sprees — eating cracked crab with homemade mayonnaise well flavored with garlic and

Worcestershire, until it ran out our ears. We had deviled crab, crab Louis, and crab claws sautéed in butter and served with tartare sauce. We never tired of crab, and in summer we went often to the bay, an exquisite little cove which was emptied and filled by the tide, and leaned over the sides of a flatbottomed boat and with long-handled nets scooped the scuttling crabs from under seaweed. They were wonderful when boiled on the beach and eaten warm.

The bay also supplied us with clams — either the large, delicately flavored butter clams which we dipped in flour after removing the neck and stomach, and fried in butter, or the tiny but strong-flavored little-necks which we steamed and ate by the bushel.

Another form of sea food very plentiful on the Coast is the oyster. By driving fifty or so miles, we gathered both the large soup oysters and the tiny cocktail oysters by the bucketful. The first time we went oystering I was sure there was something wrong and we should all end up in the penitentiary. It didn't seem reasonable to me that oysters, particularly the exquisite little cocktail oysters, should be scattered over the countryside free for the picking. I feared that the shift-eyed Indian friend of Bob's who was leading the way would probably next tell us that he knew where there was a great big patch of filet mignon that nobody owned.

We drove and drove and drove and took logging roads and cow trails and sometimes seemed to cut right through the brush, but at last we came to a stretch of beach, obviously known only to God and that Indian, where the oysters were as thick as barnacles. We went again and again and never saw another soul there.

Brook trout could be caught in the irrigation ditches — about ten an hour and from seven to nine inches long. The trout were so thick in the mountain streams that the men in the logging camps caught them with strings, bent pins, and hunks of bologna. Steelhead salmon came up the streams and irrigation ditches and by trolling we caught silver, king, and dog salmon. We also caught sole.

With all the natural resources in the way of food and the ease with which you could grow anything and everything, I never in all the time I lived on the Coast had salad in any farmer's house but my own, nor did I see meat cooked any way but fried or boiled, nor did I ever catch anyone but the Indians eating fish. Sowbelly, fried potatoes, fried bread, macaroni, cabbage or string beans boiled with sowbelly, were the farmers' fare day in and day out. They grew heads of lettuce the size of cabbages and fed them to the chickens or the pigs; they grew celery as crisp and white as crusted snow and they sold every single stalk. They grew beets like balloons and rutabagas as big as squashes, but they fed them to the cows. They grew Swiss chard three feet high, but they cut off all the green part and fed it to the pigs, and boiled the white stems with sowbelly for hours and hours and hours, until it was a greasy strangled mass which they relished with fried potatoes and boiled macaroni.

We could have kidneys, sweetbreads, or liver for

the asking. "We don't eat guts," the farmers said. We did, whenever we could get them. Lamb kidneys or veal kidneys sautéed in butter, then simmered gently with fresh basil, marjoram, and a wineglass or two of sherry, didn't taste like guts to us. Sweetbreads creamed with fresh mushrooms bore little resemblance to guts either. But sowbelly looked and tasted exactly like its name.

Spring began with the baby chickens — they came while I was very pregnant and found getting down on my hands and knees to peer under the brooder at the thermometer a major undertaking. Bob and I scrubbed the brooder house, walls, floors, even the front porch, with Lysol and boiling water. The brooder house had two rooms — the brooder room and the cool room. In the brooder room we had two kerosene brooders which we lit and checked temperatures on for a week before the chicks arrived. The brooder-room floor was covered with canvas and peat moss and had drinking fountains and little mash hoppers scattered here and there. The cool room had peat moss on the floor and buttermilk and water fountains and mash hoppers here and there.

Then, one day, Bob drove to town and returned with ten cartons with air holes along the sides, in each of which yeped one hundred chicks. We stacked the cartons in the cool room and then one by one we carried them carefully into the brooder room, took off the lids, and gently lifted out the little chicks and tucked them under the brooder, where they immediately set to work to suffocate one another.

From that day forward my life was a living hell. Up at four, start the kitchen fire, put the coffee on, go out to the baby chicks, come back and slice off some ham and sling it into the frying pan, out to the baby chicks with warm water, put toast into the oven, out to the baby chickens with mash, set the breakfast table, out to the baby chickens with chick food, open a can of fruit, out to the baby chicks — on and on through the day. I felt as if I were living in a nightmare, fleeing down the track in front of an onrushing locomotive. I raced through each day leaving behind me a trail of things undone.

Of course, I chose that most inconvenient time to have the baby. When I came home from the hospital after two weeks of blissful rest, everything on the ranch had been busy reproducing and I was greeted by the squealing of baby pigs, the squeaking of baby goslings, the baaing of a heifer calf, the mewing of tiny kittens, the yelping of a puppy, and the stronger, louder yelping of the chicks. All the small eat-often screamers were assigned to my care, and I found that the feeding of them and Bob and me was a perpetual task.

4

THE Kettles lived to the east of us and the Hickses lived to the west of us. They were the only other farmers on our road. My first brush with the Kettles came about two weeks after we moved to our ranch

and before we had bought our dozen Rhode Island Red hens. Bob had gone to the sawmill after lumber, and I in my innocence thought I would walk to a neighbor's and arrange to buy milk and eggs.

On either side of the road were dense thickets of second growth, clear green and bursting with health and vigor. Behind these thickets rose the giant virgin forests, black and remote against the sky. Occasionally a small brown rabbit flipped into the brush just ahead of me and little birds made shy rustling noises everywhere. I trudged on until I turned a bend and came to the Kettle farm.

First there was a hillside orchard, alive with chickens as wild as hawks, large dirty white nuzzling pigs, and an assortment of calves, cows, horses, and steers. Wild roses laced the fences, and dandelions glowed along the roadside, and over and above the livestock rose the airy fragrance of appleblossoms.

Below the orchard were a large square house which had apparently once been apple green, a barn barely able to peep over the manure heaped against its walls, and a varied assortment of outbuildings, evidently tossed together out of anything at hand. The pig-house roof sported an Arterial Highway sign and the milk house had a roof of linoleum and a wooden Two Pants Suit sign. All the buildings had a ragged appearance, because any boards too long had been left instead of sawed off. The farm was fenced with old wagons, parts of cars, broken farm machinery, bits of rope and wire, pieces of outbuildings, a parked automobile, old bedsprings. The barnyard teemed with jalopies in various stages of disintegration.

A driveway ran by the side of the house, but there arose such a terrific barking and snarling and yapping from a pack of mongrels by the back porch that I was about to leap over the fence into the orchard when the back door flew open and someone yelled to the dogs to "stop that noise!" Mrs. Kettle, a mountainously fat woman in a very dirty housedress, waddled to the corner of the porch and called cordially, "Come in! Come in! Glad to see you!"

As I drew timidly abreast of the porch my nostrils were dealt such a stinging blow by the outhouse lurking doorless and unlovely directly across from it that I almost staggered. Mrs. Kettle kicked a little path through the dog bones and chicken manure on the back porch and said, "We was wonderin' how long afore you'd git lonesome and come down to see us." Then she ushered me into the kitchen, which was enormous and cluttered, and smelled deliciously of fresh bread and hot coffee. "I'll have a pan of rolls baked by the time the coffee's poured, so set down and make yourself comfortable." She indicated a large black leather rocker by the stove and I sat down gratefully.

The Kettles' kitchen was easily forty feet long and thirty feet wide. Along one wall were a sink and drainboards, drawers and cupboards. Along another wall were a giant range and a huge woodbox. Behind the range and woodbox were pegs to hang wet coats to dry, but from which hung parts of harness, sweaters, tools, a freshly painted fender and various car parts, hats, a hot-water bottle, and some dirty rags. On the floor

behind the stove were shoes, boots, more car parts, tools, dogs, bicycles, and a stack of newspapers. In the center of the kitchen was a table about nine feet square, covered with blue and white oilcloth. On it were a Rochester lamp, a basket of sewing, the Sears, Roebuck and Montgomery Ward catalogues, a large, thick white sugar bowl and cream pitcher, a butter dish with a cover on it, a jam dish with a cover on it, a spoon holder, a fruit jar filled with pencil stubs, an ink bottle, and a dip pen. Packed along other walls were bureaus, bookcases, a kitchen queen, worktables, and a black leather sofa. Opening from the kitchen were doors to a hall, the parlor, the pantry (an enormous room lined with shelves), and the back porch. The floor was fir and evidently freshly scrubbed — which seemed the height of useless endeavor to me in view of the muddy dooryard.

Mrs. Kettle had pretty light-brown hair, only faintly streaked with gray, which skinned back into a tight knot, clear blue eyes, a creamy skin which flushed exquisitely with the heat, a straight, delicate nose, fine even white teeth, and a small, rounded chin. From this dainty, pretty head cascaded a series of busts and stomachs which made her look like a cooky jar shaped like a woman. Her whole front was dirty and spotted and she wiped her hands continually on one or the other of her stomachs.

But never in my life have I tasted anything to compare with the cinnamon rolls which she took out of the oven and served freshly frosted with powdered sugar. They were so tender and delicate I had to bring myself up with a jerk to keep from eating a dozen. The coffee was so strong it snarled as it lurched out of the pot. I girded up my loins for the first swallow and was amazed to find that when mixed with plenty of thick cream it was palatable. True, it bore only the faintest resemblance to coffee as I made it, but still it had a flavor that was good when I got my throat muscles loosened up again.

As we ate our rolls and drank the coffee, Mrs. Kettle told me that seven of her children, all boys, lived at home. Several others — mixed — were married and scattered in and around the mountains. Mrs. Kettle began most of her sentences with a profane ejaculation and had a stock disposal for everything of which she did not approve, or any nicety of life which she did not possess. "Aw she's so high and mighty with her 'lectricity," Mrs. Kettle sneered. "She don't bother me none — I just told her to take her old vacuum cleaner and stuff it." Only Mrs. Kettle described in exact detail how this feat was to be accomplished.

5

ON THAT first visit, Mrs. Kettle told me that she had been born in Estonia and had lived there on a farm until she was fourteen; then she had accompanied her mother and father and sixteen brothers and sisters to the United States. Somewhere en route to the Coast she had been unfortunate enough to encounter and marry Paw. Immediately thereafter she began having

the children, who were all born from ten to fourteen months apart and all delivered by Paw.

Mrs. Kettle was plunging into a detailed recital of the birth of each when I hurriedly interrupted and asked about the milk and eggs. She was shocked. Sell milk? They had never considered it. They separated all their milk and sold the cream to the cheese factory.

"What about eggs?" I asked.

"Well," said Mrs. Kettle, "Paw just hasn't gotten around to fixing any nests in the hen house and so the chickens lay around in the orchard and when we find the eggs some are good and some ain't." I hurriedly said that that was all right, took my leave, and went home, where I learned that Bob the efficient, Bob the intelligent, had already arranged with our neighbors on the other side, the Hickses, for milk and eggs.

Evidently my call was the opening wedge, for the next morning, just after I had finished the breakfast dishes and Bob and I were at work on the pig house, we suffered our first encounter with Mr. Kettle. He came careening into the yard precariously balanced on the top of a flight of steps which formed the seat of his wagon and driving a team composed of a sway-backed stallion about eighteen hands high and a slight black mare little larger than a Shetland pony. Mr. Kettle drew them to a flourishing halt just as I pictured them charging through the side of the house, and wished us a cheery good morning. Then, leaping from the leaning tower of steps to the ground with the air of a Roman charioteer who had just won a race, Mr. K. stopped and examined his steeds' flanks, did little things to the harness, then straightened up and lit a small piece of cigar.

Bob stood transfixed, staring at the wagon and team — the small horse staggered under a pair of great brass hames while the stallion wore none; the front wheels of the wagon were iron and easily four feet in diameter, those in back delicate rubber-tired sulky wheels; the wagon itself was the body of a hayrack without the sides and garnished with the flight of steps sloping toward the rear. I was more fascinated by Mr. Kettle. He had a thick thatch of stiff gray hair, perched on top of which he wore a black derby hat. His eyebrows grew together over his large red nose and spurted out threateningly over his deep-set bright blue eyes. He had a tremendous flowing mustache, a neckline featuring several layers of dirty underwear and sweaters, and bib overalls tucked into black rubber hip boots.

Drawing deeply on his cigar butt, Mr. Kettle said, "Nithe little plathe you got here. Putty far up in the woodth, though. Latht feller to live here went crathy and they put him away." He scrutinized Bob from under his eyebrows.

Bob laughed and said, "Well, how do I look?"

Mr. Kettle said, "All right tho far." He turned to me, "The old lady tellth me you wath down yethtidy. Gueth I mutht have went to town jutht afore you come. Too bad. Too bad."

He continued to smoke and we all looked at each other expectantly. Mr. Kettle broke the silence. "Thingth ith putty tough thith year." (We learned the hard way that this was his stock approach to borrow-

ing.) "Yeth, thir. Tough! The boyth *won't help Maw and me*" (his voice seemed to break bounds and rose and fell like a siren) "and we can't do it all alone and I *got two thick cowth and we* wondered if you folkth would give uth a hand becauth the boyth are working in the campth in the woodth logging and I *can't plow alone and the old lady* wondered if when you come down you *would bring* a little kerothene and a little pullet math, ten cupth of flour and a few raithins if you got 'em."

Innocently we agreed to everything and Paw leaped to the flight of steps, clucked to the horses, and catapulted out of the yard. From that day forward the flour, chicken feed, eggs, bacon, coffee, butter, cheese, sugar, salt, hay, and kerosene which the Kettles borrowed from us, placed end to end, would have reached to Kansas City; the flour, chicken feed, eggs, bacon, coffee, butter, cheese, sugar, salt, hay, and kerosene which they had already borrowed from the rest of the farmers in the mountains would have reached from Kansas City to New York and back to the Coast.

There was nothing anyone could do about this borrowing, though. When the nearest store was seventeen miles away, you could not refuse to lend someone coffee, flour, eggs, bacon, butter, cheese, sugar, salt, hay, or kerosene, because you knew yourself what it was like to run out of any or all of them. Paw Kettle banked on this knowledge, and the rest of us charged it off to overhead. The business of lending our time and services was something else again, and after that first initial mistake we seldom granted any of Paw's requests for help.

Then the Kettle cows started crashing through our fences and eating our fruit trees and our gardens. Beset by flies and long-standing hunger, they became a constant menace, particularly as the Kettles were experimenting with a small scraggly garden and decided that the quick way to protect it was to mend their own barbed-wire border fences and keep their stock entirely off their property. That left the cows free to pillage the entire countryside.

After the cows had broken in for the tenth time, Bob took them home and stormed into the Kettles' yard demanding some immediate action. The dignity and force of his entrance were somewhat impaired by the fact that as he came abreast of the back porch he found himself face to face with Mrs. Kettle, who was comfortably seated in the doorless outhouse reading the Sears, Roebuck catalogue. Instead of hurriedly retiring in confusion she remained where she was and took active part in the ensuing conversation.

Bob, much embarrassed, turned his back but continued to state his case. "I don't want to quarrel with my neighbors and I know you old people have a hard time keeping up your fences, but by God if your cows don't stay off our place I'll take the car and chase them so damned far into the hills they'll never come home!"

Maw said, "Why don't you save gas and shoot 'em?"

Paw appeared just then from the cellar, where he had no doubt been resting in the shade of the canned fruit, and launched his "The boyth *won't help me and*

the old lady and I can't do it all and we fikth the fentheth and *they get out anywayth*, but if you'd come down and give uth a day or two on the fentheth maybe we could keep them in —"

Maw interrupted with "It's that damn bull, Paw. He's did this every summer. Bob, he's et every garden in the valley and he's broke out of every fence and he's got to be shut up."

Paw moved up to lean in the outhouse doorway and said, "Now, Maw, it ain't the bull, itth the flieth. Perhaphth, Bob, if you could give uth a hand with the manure, thay a day or tho, we could get rid of the flieth —"

Bob recognized defeat when he saw it — and anyway, it is hard to be either threatening or forceful with your back to your audience. He came home and grimly added a strand of barbed wire to our rail fences, mended the rustic gate, and — on the advice of other experienced farmers — loaded the shotgun with rock salt.

But I enjoyed the Kettles. They shocked, amused, irritated, and comforted me. They were never dull and they were always there. With misfortune constantly stalking them and with poverty and confusion always at hand, I was amazed at the harmony that existed among the Kettles. There was no bickering or blaming each other for things that happened — there was no need to, for the fault didn't lie with them, they figured.

Politics were the Kettles' out. When the manure in the barn was piled so high Paw couldn't get in to milk the cows or there was no chicken feed or money to buy any, Mrs. Kettle would say, "Look! Just look what them crooks in Washington has did. They put them new fancy laws on time payments so Paw can't get a manure spreader. They're payin' the farmers not to raise chicken feed and the price is so high I can't git the money to buy it. If you want to know what I think" — she would take another strengthening gulp of the coffee, then glare at Paw and me — "I think them politicians can take their crooked laws and their crooked bribes and stuff 'em." We would all nod wisely. The blame had been put squarely where it belonged and nobody on the Kettle farm had to go sneaking around feeling guilty.

6

THE Hickses, our other neighbors, lived a few miles down the road in the opposite direction from the Kettles. They had a neat white house, a neat white barn, a neat white chicken house, pig pen, and brooder house, all surrounded by a neat white picket fence. At the side of the house was an orchard with all the tree trunks painted white, but aside from these trees there was not a shrub or tree to interfere with the stern discipline the Hickses maintained over their farm. Mrs. Hicks, stiffly starched and immaculate from the moment she arose until she went to bed, looked as if she had been left in the washing machine too long and wore dippy waves low on her forehead

and plenty of "rooje" scrubbed into her cheeks. Mr. Hicks, a large, ruddy dullard, walked gingerly through life, being very careful not to get dirt on anything or in any way to irritate Mrs. Hicks.

When we first moved to the ranch, we were invited to the Hickses' to supper and to an entertainment at the schoolhouse. For supper we had a huge standing rib roast boiled, boiled potatoes, boiled string beans, boiled corn, boiled peas and carrots, boiled turnips, and spinach. Mrs. Hicks also served, at the same time as the meat and vegetables, cheese, pickles, preserves, jam, jelly, homemade bread, headcheese, fried clams, cake, gingerbread, pie, and tea. This was supper. Dinner had been at eleven in the morning. Mrs. Hicks, a slender creature, ate more than any logger, but as she took her third helping she would remark sadly, "Nothing sets good with me. Nothing. Everything I've et tonight will talk back to me tomorrow."

After Mrs. Hicks and I had washed the supper dishes we retired to the tiny living room to sit in a self-conscious circle on the golden-oak chairs around the golden-oak table and the Rochester lamp while Mr. Hicks fumbled fruitlessly with the radio and Mrs. Hicks firmly snipped off between her teeth any loose threads of conversation. Occasionally she would glance sharply at Mr. Hicks and I felt that one false move and she would take him by the collar and put him outside. After one silence so long that I could feel the tidies of the chair sticking to my neck and arms, Mrs. Hicks called Mr. Hicks into the kitchen and I don't know whether she twisted his ear or what, but he announced that he was not going to the entertainment, as one of the cows was expecting a calf.

Bob elected to stay and help with the delivery, and Mrs. Hicks and I set off for town in her car. I learned about Mrs. Hicks's liver and her bile, neither of which functioned properly; and though she had been to countless doctors and had had several "wonderful goings-over," she had to take pills all the time. Her liver was so sluggish that it had constantly to be primed in order to make it pump her bile, according to Mrs. Hicks. Just before we went into the auditorium of the schoolhouse, she took two of the priming pills and I was much disappointed not to hear her liver's motor start and a cheery chug-chug-splash as it pumped Mrs. Hicks's bile into her bilge or wherever bile goes.

During the drive home Mrs. Hicks entertained me with her many miscarriages, her sisters' many miscarriages, her cows' many miscarriages, and her chickens' blowouts. The internal structures of Mrs. Hicks and of all her connections were evidently so weak that I was relieved when we reached home without having the crankcase drop out of her car. When we got in the house, Bob and Mr. Hicks were celebrating the arrival of a heifer calf with a bottle of beer. Mrs. Hicks's disapproval stuck out all over like spines — but when I lit a cigarette she turned pale with horror. "It's not that I mind so much," she told me later; "I know you're from the city; but I'd hate to have you smokin' when any of my friends

come in, because they might think I was the same kind of woman you was." Mrs. Hicks was good and she worked at it like a profession.

I was surprised when I learned that Birdie Hicks had a mother — she was so pure I thought perhaps she had come to life out of the housedress section of the Sears, Roebuck catalogue. But one warm evening that spring, I left Bob with the egg records and the baby and boldly struck out for Mrs. Hicks's to stitch some curtains on her sewing machine. When I arrived, Mrs. Hicks, her mother, and Cousin June were sitting on the front porch, slapping at mosquitoes and discussing their miscarriages.

After the introductions had been made, I sat down for a while before opening my brown-paper parcel and exposing the real reason for my visit. This was considered good manners, for in the country, where people only call to borrow or return or exchange, and everyone is hungry for companionship, it is considered very impolite to transact your business hastily and leave. You must exchange views of crops and politics if you are a man, gossip if you are a woman, then state your business, then eat no matter what time of day it is, then exchange some more politics or gossip, and at last unwillingly tear yourself away.

I had sat on Birdie Hicks's front porch for perhaps two minutes when I realized that, hungry as I was for companionship, this visit was going to be an ordeal, for Birdie's mother, a small, sharp-cornered woman with a puff of short gray hair like a gone-to-seed dandelion, tried so hard to be young that conversation with her was out of the question and her ceaseless activity was as nerve-racking as watching someone blow up an old balloon.

When we were introduced she said, tossing her head about on its little stem, "Bet you thought I was Birdie's sister instead of her mother. Sixty-four years young next Tuesday and everybody guesses me under forty. He, he, he! Everybody does. It's 'cause I'm so active." Whereupon she shot out of her chair and leaped off the floor after a mosquito. Coming down with the astounded mosquito in her little claw, she landed softly on the balls of her feet, bent her knees so that she was almost squatting, then snapped into a standing position, turned, and winked at me.

I'm not able to wink, and nothing else seemed adequate, so I just sat. Cousin June, a plump, middle-aged woman, turned to Mrs. Hicks and said, "Honest to gosh, Birdie, she's like a little kid." Mrs. Hicks said rather testily, "For heaven's sake, Ma, set down. You make me nervous." Mother finally perched on the edge of the porch railing but kept her eyes darting, head bobbing, and foot tapping. I felt that she was coiled ready for the next spring.

Cousin June laid down her tatting, rolled back her upper lip exposing enormous red gums sparsely settled with nubbins of teeth, and began an interminable story of a supposedly funny incident that had taken place at the grange meeting. She laughed so much during the telling that it was difficult to understand what she said, and either I missed the point or, as I suspect, there wasn't any. It sounded like "And —

ha, ha, ha — ho, ho, ho — he, he, he, — ow-o-o! Well, anyway this fellah says to me — ho, ho, ho — he, he, he — ha, ha, ha — I thought I'd die — he, he, he — ha, ha, ha. It's about time you got here — ha, ha, ha, ha, ha —" Mother and Birdie were wiping their eyes and urging her to go on, and I felt as left out as though they had all suddenly begun to speak Portuguese.

In desperation I began unwrapping my package, but this also proved embarrassing, for they stopped dead in the middle of a neigh, thinking I had brought Birdie a present. Mumbling apologies, I slunk in to sew my seams, but apparently their disappointment was short-lived. Above the whirring of the machine I could hear "Hehehehehehe, hahahahahaha, this fellah says —" — "Go on, Junie, what did he say? Hahahaha!" — "Well, hahahahahaha, hohohohoho —" and the thuds of Mother leaping about after mosquitoes and being young.

When I had finished my curtains, Mrs. Hicks served coffee and heavenly fresh doughnuts. Out of kindness and to explain my stolid dullness, she said to Mother and Cousin June, "She reads."

Mother, who was in the act of hurling herself at the stove to get the coffeepot, stopped so quickly she almost went headfirst into the oven. "Well," she said, "so you're the one. Birdie's told me all about you and I'm saving my old newspapers for you."

I started to say, "Oh, I can't read that well!" but Mr. Hicks came in then and Mother leaped to his shoulders pickaback fashion, which evidently delighted him, for his heavy face glowed and he said, "You look younger'n Birdie, Maw. Might be her daughter!" I felt that it made no difference how young Mother looked; for my money, she had lived much too long.

7

ONE of the most prosperous farms in the district belonged to the Maddocks. Six hundred acres of peat, drained and under cultivation; a herd of eighty-six Guernsey cows; a prize bull; pigs, rabbits, chickens, bees, ducks, turkeys, lambs, fruit, berries, nuts; a brick house; new, modern barns and outbuildings; their own water and light system; and a wonderful garden had the Maddocks. They had also five sons who had graduated from the State Agricultural College, and Mrs. Maddock herself was said to be a college graduate.

We drove past their beautiful ranch on our way to and from town, and one day, seeing a sign on the mailbox, "Honey for sale," I persuaded Bob to stop. We drove through the gateway and up a long graveled drive which swept around the house and circled the barnyard. We stopped by the milk house, and a large, hearty man in clean blue and white striped overalls came out, introduced himself as Mr. Maddock, and invited us to go over the farm. The farm was everything we had heard — the essence of self-sufficiency. The cows gave milk to the chickens, the chickens gave manure to the fruit trees, the fruit trees fed the bees, the

bees pollenized the fruit trees, and on and on in a beautiful plan of everything doing its share.

It was the exact opposite of that awful cycle of the Kettles', where Peter robbed Paul to pay George who borrowed from Ed. The Maddock livestock was sleek and well-cared for. The barns were like Carnation Milk advertisements — scrubbed and with the latest equipment for lighting, milking, cleaning, and feeding; the bunkhouses were clean, comfortable, and airy; the pig pens were cement and immaculate; the chicken houses were electric-lighted, many-windowed, white and clean; the duck pens, beehives, bull pens, calf houses, turkey runs, rabbit hutches, and the milk house were new, clean, and modern.

Then we went to the house. The house had a brick façade and that was all. The rooms were dark, the windows small and few. The kitchen was small and cramped and had a sink the size of a Pullman wash-basin. In one corner on a plain sawhorse was a wooden washtub. Mrs. Maddock was as dark and dreary as her house — and small wonder. She told me that she hadn't been off the ranch for twenty-seven years. When we said good-bye, Mr. Maddock shook hands vigorously. "Well," he asked proudly, "what do you think of my ranch?" At last I understood Mrs. Kettle. There was but one suitable answer to give Mr. Maddock — and I was too much of a lady.

Our first spring on the ranch we had few callers because few people knew we were up there. We had little that they could borrow and we were not experienced enough to be sought out for advice. Those are the reasons for calling — the time for calling is between four in the morning and seven in the evening, and the season is springtime. Summer is too hot, too busy; fall is for harvesting; winter is too wet and rainy. Spring is the time for building, planting, plowing, reproducing, and the logical time for calling and borrowing. No one told me this; I learned by experience.

I remember well how, the night before, I had been awakened by that taut stillness which presages mountain rain. I lay there in the thick dark, at once alert and unreasonably teetering on the edge of terror. No sound, no movement anywhere. Curtains poised in the middle of a sway, half in and half out the window. Shades gone limp. A trailer of my climbing rose clutching the window sill to keep from twitching. Breezes on tiptoe. Trees reaching. Trees bent listening. Everything in the mountains playing statue.

Then the signal. Tap, tap. Tap, tap, tap. Tap, tap, tap, tap, tap, tap. A great, soft sigh spread through the orchard, across the burn, over the mountains, everywhere. A frog croaked, the curtains bellied, a shade rattled, an owl hooted apologetically, and the rain settled down to a steady hum.

I got up the next morning to a dreary world of bone-chilling air, wet kindling, sulky Stove, and a huddled, miserable landscape. It took me from four o'clock until seven-thirty to care for my chicks, and to get Stove awake and breakfast cooking. Each time I went outdoors I was soaked to the skin by the rain, which

was soft, feathery, and scented — but as penetrating as a fire hose. After using up three sets of outside garments, in chilly desperation I put on my flannel pajamas, woolly slippers, and bathrobe until after breakfast. What luxury to be shuffling around in my nightclothes, getting breakfast at seven, after all those months of a busy day in full swing by 4.15 A.M. with breakfast a very much to the point interval at 5.00 or 5.30. When Bob came in, he acted a little as if he had surprised me buttering the toast stark naked. I patiently explained the reason for my attire and was defiantly pouring the coffee when a car drove into the yard. Dear God, I prayed, not callers at 7.30 and on this of all mornings! But it was.

It was a dairy rancher and his sharp-eyed wife, a Mr. and Mrs. Wiggins. Mr. Wiggins wanted some advice on fattening fryers and she wanted to look me over. It was very natural on her part, as she had probably heard from Birdie Hicks that I smoked and read books and was a terrible manager, but she didn't have to sit on a straight chair in the draftiest corner of the kitchen with her skirts pulled around her as though she were waiting for her husband in the reception room of a bad house.

I implored Bob, with every known signal, not to leave me alone with this one-woman board of investigation, but Bob went native the minute he saw another rancher and became a big, spitting, bossy *man* and I was jerked from my pleasant position of wife and equal and tossed down into that dull group known as *women-folk*. So, of course, Mrs. Wiggins and I were left alone.

I tried to sidle into the bedroom and slip on a house-dress and whisk everything to rights before the baby awoke, but the puppy chose that moment to be sick. He became hysterical and ran around and around the kitchen belching forth at intervals and mostly in the vicinity of sharp-eyed Mrs. Wiggins. She pulled her feet up to the top rung of her chair and said, "I've never liked dogs." I could see her point all right, but it didn't improve the situation. Then our large Chesapeake retriever, Sport, managed to squeeze past me when I opened the back door to put the mop bucket out, and bounded in to lay first one and then the other large muddy paw on Mrs. Wiggins's starched lap. She screamed and, of course, waked the baby. As I retrieved Sport and wedged him firmly behind the stove, he and I exchanged reproachful looks. I wiped up his many dirty tracks, sponged off Mrs. Wiggins, and picked up small Anne. As I bathed the baby, Mrs. Wiggins handed me flat, knife-edged statements as though she were dealing cards, on how by seven o'clock that morning she had fed and cared for her chickens, milked five cows, strained and separated the milk, cleaned out the milk house, cooked the breakfast, set the bread, folded down the ironing, and baked a cake. It took all the self-control I had to keep from screaming, "So what!"

Mrs. Wiggins, no doubt, had a juicy morsel for the next basket social. But I had learned my lesson, and from that day forward I was ready for Mrs. Roosevelt at 4.07 in the morning.

(To be continued)

Accent on Living

The Sisters and the Seabees

By EDGAR L. JONES

IN A palm-shrouded, forgotten corner of the Gilbert Islands I have just met three Catholic nuns, survivors of Japanese occupation, who daily say grateful prayers for the U. S. Navy Seabees. To these three Sisters, isolated for many years in a native mission, the Seabees are gum-chewing Galahads, saints on bulldozers, laughing, souvenir-crazy, benevolent Yanks, who brought them the twentieth century, complete with refrigeration.

The three Sisters are the only white women on Apamama, a sleepy tropical island almost exactly on the equator. On some maps the twenty-mile atoll is spelled Abemama, but on most maps it is not spelled at all. Unlike Tarawa, Apamama is a richly verdant atoll, one of the few which satisfy an American's dreams of a South Sea paradise. On it a thousand Micronesian natives live effortlessly on coconuts and fish.

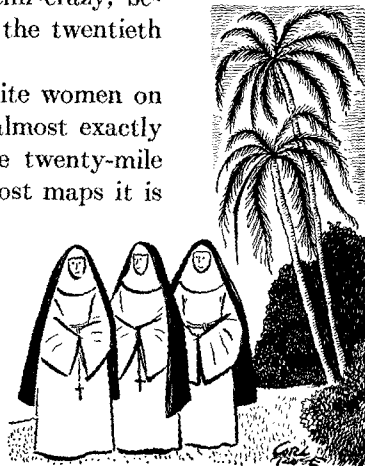
Until the Japanese occupied Apamama in 1942, the island slumbered in a timeless setting. Four times a year a trading schooner stopped briefly to exchange tobacco and brightly colored cloth for copra, the natives' one cash crop. The missionaries attended to the natives' educational and spiritual needs, which were few. Save for Robert Louis Stevenson, who stayed six months on the island before moving on to Samoa, no white visitors ever remained long on Apamama. Therefore the Japanese,

with a garrison force of fewer than two hundred men, had no trouble in establishing the New Order, which at best only amounted to bullying a few natives into digging defensive positions for guns.

The Japanese found no favor with the native women, and were even less popular with the males, whose drinking of fermented coconut toddy they tried to curtail. By November, 1943, when our Marines took over, the Japanese garrison had dwindled to twenty-five men who ran a radio and weather station. While the bulk of the American invasion forces were battling for Tarawa, a small group of Marines landed by submarine on near-by Apamama, where they killed one Japanese and shoveled dirt into the hole where the remaining twenty-four conveniently had committed suicide. Excluding one native child with rather obvious Japanese features, no trace exists today of the New Order on Apamama.

Although the Japanese occupation did nothing to disturb the lethargy of life on Apamama, it was a different story when the Seabees swarmed ashore on the heels of the Marines. With bulldozers, road-graders, and steam rollers, the Seabees whacked a broad swath through the coconut trees and laid down a coral-packed airstrip. They dredged the reefs for sufficient sand to extend a stout pier into the deep water, erected a city of Quonset huts and tents, constructed machine shops and control towers, and introduced the mystifying game of baseball.

The natives were aghast, their sensibilities shattered by such a display of energy in their enervating climate. Stimulated, however, by the fact that a



A New Englander by birth, EDGAR L. JONES saw service with the British Eighth Army in Africa. Now a roving correspondent for the *Atlantic*, he sends us this delightful account from the Far Pacific.



YOUNG voices, fresh and natural, making the old songs live again — is there anything sweeter?

When they come to the last few bars of "America The Beautiful" — there'll be many in the audience dabbing at their eyes with handkerchiefs.

Children like these will be singing together, playing together, working together for years. That's why they will fit so well into the teamwork of American life.

The interlocking American system of production is also built on teamwork. It is the key both to our peacetime output and to the immense production that is helping to win this war.

Your own General Motors car is a good example. No single person master-minded it. Many different groups combined to bring it to its high state of efficiency.

Engineers and research men helped design it. Specialists in springing smoothed its ride. Expert designers patterned its steel body — workers lent their skill to producing it — many businesses, large and small, provided such vital items as tires, carburetors, safety glass and the like.

This system of teamwork will shape the future to new and better forms as it now shapes present war products for the purposes of Victory.

No one knows what the homes, cars,

or refrigerators of tomorrow will be like. But if we profit by the experience of the past, and hold to the principles that made America great, we may fairly count the years ahead as our country's richest and most productive.

And General Motors, long dedicated to making "more and better things for more people," may be relied on to play its part to the fullest.

GENERAL MOTORS

"VICTORY IS OUR BUSINESS"

CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK
CADILLAC • BODY BY FISHER • FRIGIDAIRE
GMC TRUCK AND COACH • GM DIESEL

Every Sunday Afternoon
GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR
NBC Network

dollar was a dollar and an easy one at that, they quickly caught the working fever and began the mass production of baskets, grass skirts, miniature outrigger canoes, and other trinkets dear to the hearts and pocketbooks of Americans. In fact, they made their handicraft extremely dear, exacted heavy tolls for doing laundry, swapped the mats off their floors for tobacco and knives, did odd jobs for clothing, and adopted a system of American currency which invalidated anything smaller than a five-dollar bill.

Several weeks passed before the Seabees had time to investigate the Society of the Sacred Heart, the Catholic Mission situated for many years on a remote tip of Apamama. Except at low tide the Mission was cut off from the main portion of the island, and the first Seabees to go across the reef were awed by their discovery of the three white Sisters and their old French priest, who lifted his mosquito netting and waved from the bed where he had lain ill for more than a year.

To the Seabees, the Mission was out of this world, a fragment of yesterday which they could appreciate but never understand. The graying clapboard church, standing in a landscaped clearing, created a spiritual atmosphere in sharp contrast to their own warring world. The barnlike schoolhouse with its ancient wooden benches was a throwback to Tom Brown and David Copperfield. Why the three Sisters, Australians by birth, had devoted their lives to the indolent, uncaring natives the Seabees did not know, but they instinctively realized that the Sisters were lonely white women who lacked nearly every essential of physical comfort. The word spread, and on succeeding Sundays the Seabees came in laughing, jostling jeep-loads, all bearing gifts.

As the Sisters themselves point out, the Japanese had not actually mistreated them or molested the Mission. But they were continually sneaking about, hoping to find fresh food and wine, scouring the underbrush for supposedly downed American flyers, and prying into every corner after a hidden radio set. So the three Sisters had buried their sacramental wine, hidden their few chickens in the bushes, chased prowling Japanese out of their church, and lived like the natives on coconuts, pandanus, fish, and crabs. The last trading schooner had stopped at Apamama late in 1941, and for two years the Sisters had to carry on their missionary work without benefit of fresh provisions, without medical supplies, without mail or any news from the Allied world. The old French priest, their spiritual leader, was slowly dying, and the presence of their Japanese conquerors had seemed like an unending nightmare.

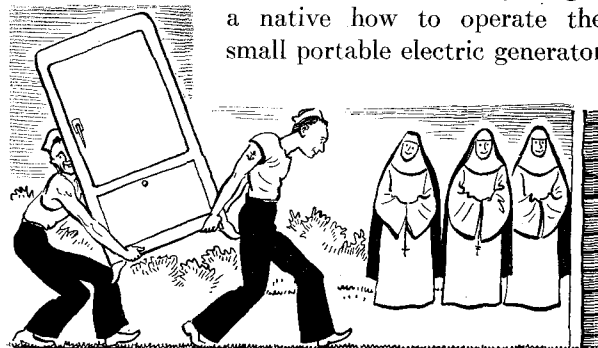
Then the Seabees came. They did not sneak into

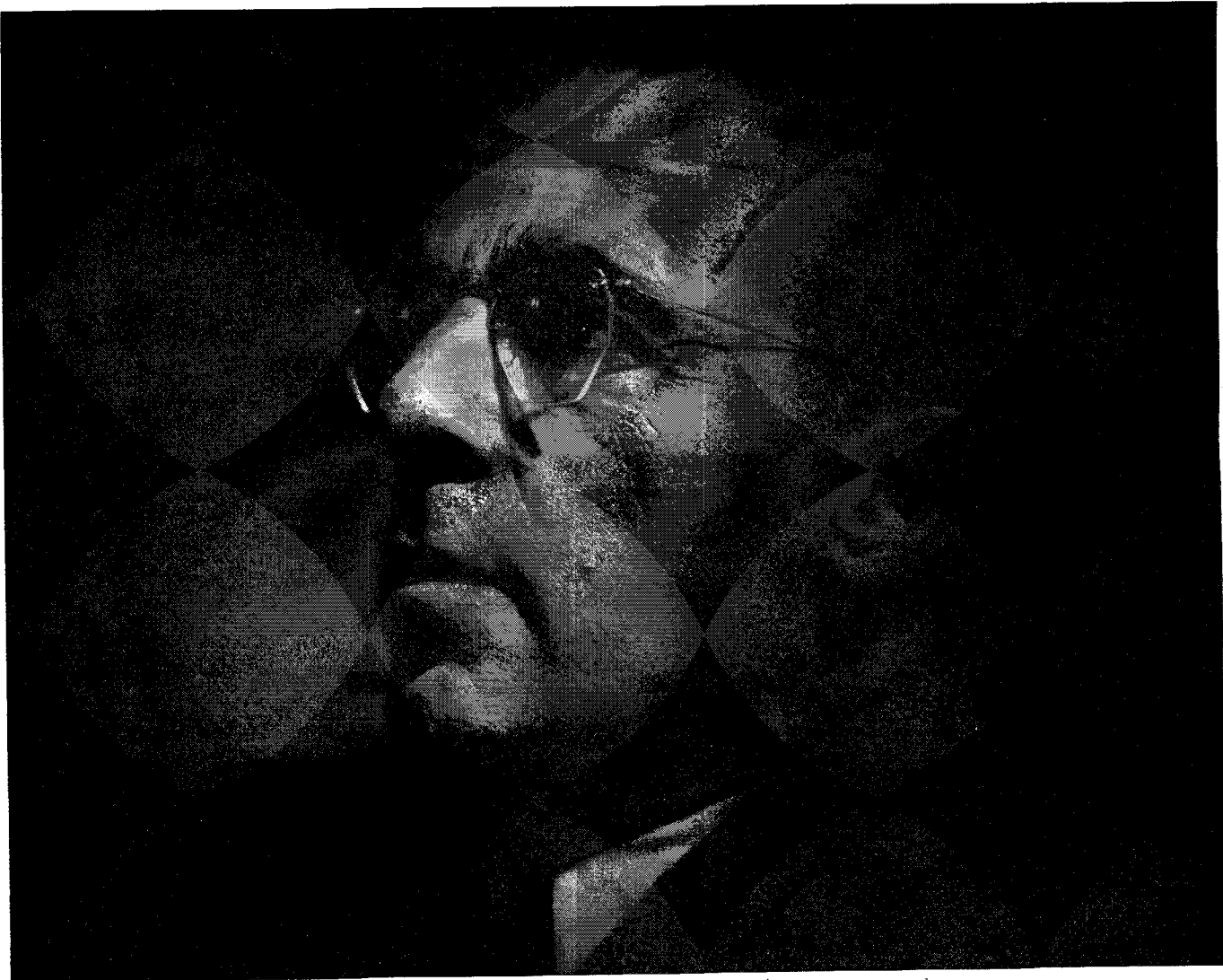
the Mission grounds, as the Japanese had done; nor did they stand and look about quietly, minding their own business, as the Sisters' British countrymen would probably have done. From the commanding officer to the unrated seaman, the Seabees adopted the Sisters as their personal charges, stocked the Mission with canned rations, passed along books and newspapers, shared their candy from home, and made sure that the bedridden priest had the best of medical care. They displayed pictures of their wives, requested countless souvenirs, talked about their girls with candid optimism, and asked a thousand personal questions.

Unless one has actually seen the expression on the faces of the three Sisters as they discuss the Seabees, it is difficult to appreciate how much the Seabees mean to them. Reared in seclusion and piously dedicated to assisting the natives, the three Sisters were no longer young women. One had spent twenty-two years in native missions, and the other two almost as many. The few men they ever before had known treated them deferentially, as nuns. They had never met anyone from the United States.

I asked the Sisters how it seemed suddenly to have so many Americans around all at once. They smiled and admitted that they were alarmed at first, because they did not know how to take the Seabees. The Yanks, they said, were never disrespectful, and yet they managed to incorporate the Sisters in their American way of living with an alacrity which left the Sisters gasping. They were swept into a new world of laughing banter, bewildering candor, and casual generosity. Before long the Sisters were swapping jest for jest, flying about the island in jeeps, and enjoying their unexpected but never unexciting life as the Sisters of the Seabees.

The Seabees knew that soon they would move from Apamama to a new base closer to Japan, where fresh supplies and a more hazardous reconstruction job would await them. So, with plenty of equipment on hand, they set out to modernize the Mission. In the church, schoolhouse, and living quarters of the Sisters and the priest, the Seabees replaced the flickering candles with electric lights. They taught a native how to operate the small portable electric generator





For the first time

Erno Rapee Forgets an Exacting Schedule . . . When He Hears The Meissner

"In just a few minutes the maestro will be here," said one of the men about the luxurious cabinet.

"He can stay less than an hour," said another, "but remember how Guy Lombardo missed a rehearsal when he first heard the Meissner . . ."

As they spoke, Erno Rapee, director of music, Radio City Music Hall, entered the room . . . prompt to the minute. But before they could greet him, the Meissner took command, filling the room with the first notes of a great overture. Rapee moved to its side. Could this be recorded music? With such fidelity of tone?

"Listen," he exclaimed. "The range

of the flute . . . perfect! And the soft, golden tones of the French horn . . . so alive!"

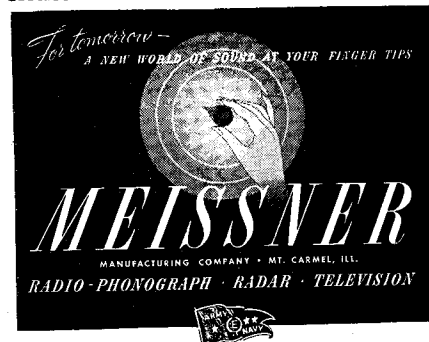
As the record ended, Rapee was about to speak, but the movement of the Automatic Record Changer caught his eye. He watched it gently lift the record, reverse it, then deftly place the *opposite* side in playing position. "Is there no end to the miracles this instrument performs?" he asked incredulously.

Finally the supply of records was exhausted, and Rapee turned from the Meissner. "I must go," he said. "I am already late for one other appointment, but I have been privileged to hear a miracle . . . and miracles observe no schedule."

☆ ☆ ☆

Like Rapee, you, too, will be able to

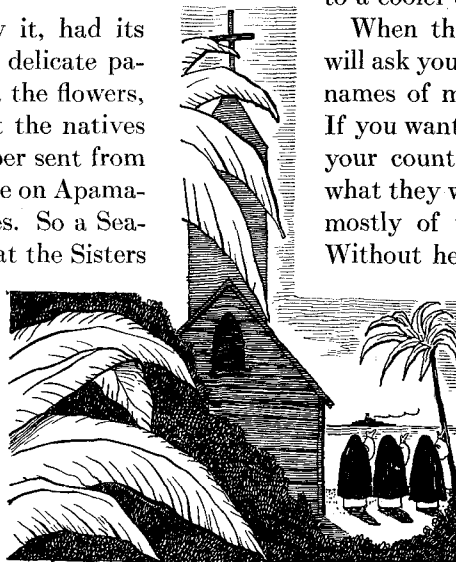
enjoy more than two hours of continuous recorded music . . . without touching a record . . . when your postwar Meissner is available. You will have the thrills of AM, FM and Super Shortwave Radio reception . . . all in addition to the Meissner's fidelity of tone that has astounded the world's greatest artists, critics and conductors.



which they left behind with an ample supply of fuel.

Unwilling to see the frail Sisters carrying cumbersome buckets of water from a well, they presented them with an electric pump, salvaged from the Japanese. The wiring and plumbing they did on their time off. Apologizing for not being able to furnish them with an electric washing machine, the Seabees gave the Sisters a kerosene refrigerator, an unheard-of luxury for tropical-islanders. For the first time the grateful women were able to have ice-cold water and to keep their provisions fresh. The Seabees even taught them how to make ice cream from canned milk and powdered fruit extracts. As a final good-will gesture, the Seabees brought the whole world within range of the isolated Sisters by producing a radio powerful enough to pick up music and news from America, Australia, and New Zealand.

The tiny church, when I saw it, had its altar bedecked with hundreds of delicate paper flowers. When I marveled at the flowers, one of the Sisters explained that the natives had made them from colored paper sent from the States. Real flowers are scarce on Apamama because of the absence of bees. So a Seabee had written to his mother that the Sisters needed colored paper, and had given her the name of the Mission and of the nearest Naval Air Transport unit. The delicate Madonna standing behind the altar rail had come from a similar source. Long after the Seabees had left, the statue arrived in a package postmarked Chicago.



The Sisters were wearing ankle-length blue and white habits which reminded me of the uniforms worn by nurse's aides at home. Wondering where they were able to get the material, I found that the answer, once again, was the Seabees. One of the men from a field hospital brought them some white sheets and then had his mother send blue dye from America. The Sisters' special delight was their habits reserved for Sunday best — handmade from the silk of a slightly damaged parachute.

They showed me their Seabee Library, as they called it. On the left side of a large bookcase were their own religious books and publications in faded paper bindings; on the right were at least two hundred new books in bright covers. Shirer's *Berlin Diary* was there, and Pringle's *Life of Theodore Roosevelt*; Willa Cather was well represented, and so was Agatha Christie. In sharp contrast to the *Thoughts for Reflection* on the left was a mystery

novel entitled *Murder in a Nunnery* on the Seabee side. And there were large stacks of magazines.

More than a year has passed since the first Seabees discovered the Mission and the three Sisters. The war has left Apamama two thousand miles behind the front. At irregular intervals small inter-island boats of the British Crown Colony stop at the atoll to leave food and mail, and patrol planes circle the island to make sure everything is in order.

For the three Sisters life is much more abundant than during their pre-Seabee days. If you visit them, they proudly exhibit their electric generator, purring complacently under a plaited grass canopy, and lead you into the presence of their cherished Madonna, and, on special occasions, take a bottle of wine from their precious refrigerator so that you can drink a toast with the old French priest, who now is in better health and looking forward to his transfer to a cooler climate.

When their shyness has worn away, they will ask you to sign their guest book below the names of more than three hundred Seabees. If you want to feel a warming wave of pride in your countrymen, ask about those Seabees, what they were like, whether or not they were mostly of the same religion as the Sisters. Without hesitation and as a sort of benediction, the three Sisters will assure you that their Seabees were of no particular race, creed, or color — they were "just plain Yanks," for whose safety the Sisters pray daily as they follow the news over their powerful Seabee radio.

Spring Morning

By SGT. HERBERT MERRILL

THIS valley holds the morning in a cup.
Excess of sunlight brims the mountains up,
And rolls white radiance upon the floor
Between the hills. At every farmer's door
The morning screams and stamps a silver hoof.
Slate fires burn on every farmer's roof,
And sunlight crows the morning like a cock,
And mountains ring the morning like a clock.
Come slug-a-bed, you hear the sunlight rapping
Upon dark shutters. Get you from your napping.
Come walk with me to wade in white sunrise,
And feel the morning tugging at your thighs
And watch the mountain shed its winter skin.
Come out, come out, and drink the morning in!

From "somewhere in the Pacific" an air force gunner writes to his mother:

"Yesterday was Easter Sunday...I had been planning to listen to the Sunrise Service (the traditional one-hour broadcast from the Moravian Church at Winston-Salem) on the shortwave receiver in the recreation room... Then came word I had to fly, so I figured I would miss it.

"So, Easter Morning, I quit work at 10 and went to the church and took Communion. Then, last night at 10 o'clock the radioman in the plane wasn't using one of his receivers, so I got the shortwave station and, 7000 feet up, traveling at a fast clip, I heard CBS broadcast the service from Winston-Salem. I heard Bishop Pfohl say 'The Lord is Risen' and I was right at home. Then they went to the graveyard and I recognized *Manoah* and all the band pieces. Boy, it was one swell feeling. We must have traveled a couple of hundred miles while the program was on. It is one experience I'll never forget."

★

At 5:19 p.m. EWT on a Thursday afternoon the first of a series of hop-and-skip tornados struck the southeastern fringe of Oklahoma, and for a number of towns and cities that lay directly in its path, KOMA, the CBS affiliate in Oklahoma City, was the only source of information.

The station sent its newscasters to the stricken area, relayed appeals to the Red Cross, summoned mobile medical units from the nearby Army base at Ardmore.

Then at 5:49 p.m. EWT a local disaster suddenly expanded into a global holocaust as KOMA's listeners heard the first flash of President Roosevelt's death. For KOMA, the rest of the night was moderately frantic.

★

From the river Elbe the G.I. said: "We've taken back a quarter of a million square miles of Europe, but it hasn't been just gaining ground like in a football game...This time the fellows in my outfit want to make the peace stick."

From Toronto the stenographer said: "Nobody can tell a Canadian that big nations can't live side by side in peace."

From Moscow the Red Army man said: "...an organization to secure lasting peace...that is what my comrades and I expect..."

From Chungking the Chinese pilot said: "We want to build a new and happier world."

From Montevideo the student said: "All Uruguayans are taught...democratic freedom...We hope the young people in the rest of the world will be as lucky."

From Sydney the Anzac corporal said: "The chances are any two or more of the United Nations would get along well if we got the chance of working together."



From New Hampshire the housewife said: "Here in Bedford those in favor of Dumbarton Oaks won out by 73 to 1... It makes me feel especially glad because

the chances of my two children, Sally and John, growing up in a better world are very bright indeed."

Thus over the CBS air, from 23 different points on the earth's face, and spreading across five continents went word from the people saying what they hoped and wanted to come out of the meeting at San Francisco. They spoke for 60 minutes and 30 seconds on April 24, the eve of the opening session. If you heard Norman Corwin's unique program, you heard the clear echo of your own hopes.

★

Chile is the second Latin American good neighbor to honor Edmund A. Chester, CBS Director of Latin American Relations. Chester can now wear across his stiff shirt the sash of the *Order Al Merito*, highest civilian honor paid to a non-Chilean.

To Chester's stirring eyewitness reports of the 1939 earthquake which killed 50,000 Chileans goes credit for the immediate and unstinted aid that came from all parts of the world. He was then chief of AP's Latin American Bureau. A grateful nation now

acclaims him. Last Fall Cuba presented him with its highest award, the 1944 Scroll of the Pan American Colombista Society, for covering the 1933 revolution. ★

Virgil Thomson, the music critic, went to a special concert in Carnegie Hall recently where Eileen Farrell sang, then came back to his office and wrote:

"And Eileen Farrell, the soprano, did the kind of singing great singers used to do, but almost never do any more; power, beauty and confidence were all there in full glory."

You can hear this kind of singing by tuning in Eileen's program on CBS on Mondays and Fridays at 6:30 p.m. EWT. ★

"A generation grows up *listening*—and thus there has been impressed upon us an unforgettable awareness of the sacred trust of radio in its influences upon the lives of us all. Thoughts are made and modified by it, and lives are thereby much affected by its uses and misuses. Of this we have been ever mindful on the air..."

Thus Richard Evans leads off his new collection of essays which Harper & Brothers is bringing out on June 15. It's called "...and *The Spoken Word*." Millions will recognize in it the rich interludes of spiritual comfort which punctuate Columbia's noted religious music program *The Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir and Organ* each Sunday. How many thoughts have been made and modified by Evans in the course of his 666 CBS broadcasts to date cannot be estimated. But thousands of listeners will be glad to see them in print.

★

This is

CBS

the COLUMBIA

BROADCASTING SYSTEM

You, Too, Can Be Blue and Croon in June

By RUSSELL MALONEY

PEOPLE are always asking — anyway, we'll say they are, just to get started — whether it's terribly hard to break into the field of popular-song writing. Well, it isn't a bit hard, and I'm speaking as a man who broke into it not half an hour ago. There are certain rules, of course, but any reader with ordinary intelligence and nothing better to do with his time can be writing songs by tomorrow morning.

"Learn by doing" is the watchword of modern education; so, if the reader will put his or her damp little hand in mine, we will actually write a couple of popular songs. First, however, we'll have to get into the proper mood. Everybody who pays attention to the words of popular songs knows that the singer, the "I" of the song, is never very happy; his sweetie is gone, he's feeling blue, he's left alone with his memories, and so on. Mind you, people in songs are never the victims of anything worse than a vague malaise or wistfulness. You couldn't, for instance, hope to make any money with a song called "Help! The House Is on Fire!" or "Ouch! I Just Hammered My Thumb!"

Song writers are prosperous fellows without a care in the world, and yet if they are to stay prosperous they have to keep on writing sad songs. Every writer has his own way of inducing that necessary woebegone, below-par state of mind. I have found that lying under the bed for half an hour or so works as well as anything. It is dark, uncomfortable, drafty, and possibly dusty there, and before long you find your thoughts taking on a grayish tinge.

Pretty soon melancholy phrases begin to drift through your mind: "I haven't got a real friend in the world" — "How am I ever going to pay all my bills?" — "My wife and I are drifting apart," and so on. This last dismal thought is good enough to serve as a jumping-off place for a song, except for the fact that people in songs are never quite married. Therefore we revise it to "We're drifting apart." That will be our title, and the first line of our lyric. Song writing isn't too hard so far, is it?

If you just make your mind a blank, the rhymes will come readily: —

*We're drifting apart,
You're breaking my heart . . .*

Already we're on firm ground. That "apart-heart" rhyme is solid stuff. Interestingly enough, we seem to have embarked on one of those slow, throbbing waltzes. There hasn't been a waltz on the Hit Parade for quite a while, come to think of it, so we won't bother to turn this waltz off; just let it drip for a while, and see what we get.

*We're drifting apart,
You're breaking my heart,
Like I knew at the start
it would be . . .*

Not only are people in waltzes unhappy, but they knew well in advance of the disaster that they were going to be unhappy.

*Who put out the flame?
It isn't the same;
There's no one to blame,
dear, but me.*

Another lovable characteristic of people in songs is that they're always ready to confess themselves at fault. For purely technical reasons, we will

take out the second line, "*It isn't the same*," and make it "*I needn't explain*." Makes a better rhyme.

*If love is blind, I'm in love, dear;
I hope you'll find you're in love,
dear . . .*

This is such a good rhyme that the public will no doubt overlook the fact that the couplet doesn't mean anything. Also, we get a vague note of hope in the second line, which is not bad. We're getting on for the end of the song, and we don't want to end on too gloomy a note: —

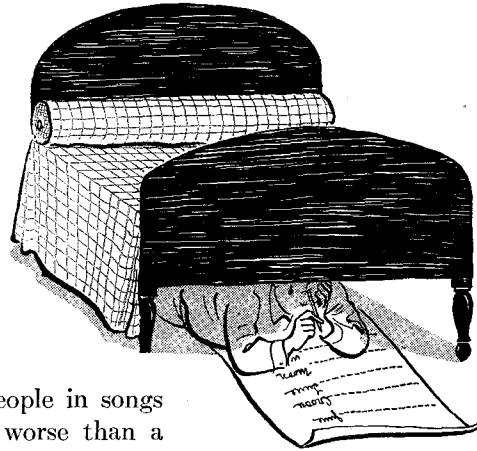
*With you for my mate,
I'd be willing to wait;
It's never too late,
dear, for me.*

End of song.

Now we go back and write the "verse," the introductory stuff that precedes the chorus. Nobody ever sings the verse of a popular song, but you have to have one. Let's see, now: —

*We was so happy formerly,
But I regret
You've not been acting normally;
I'm all upset.*

The alert reader will no doubt have spotted a grammatical error in the first line. Well, that's deliberate. The "formerly-normally" rhyme is so high-powered that we want a folksy touch to take the curse off it.

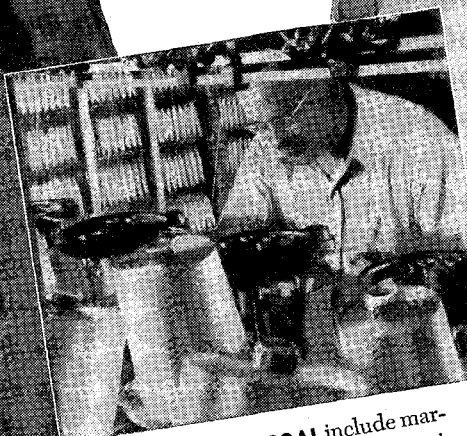


Since his graduation from Harvard in 1934, Russell Maloney has been a member of the *New Yorker* staff. A collection of his writings will appear in book form later this year.

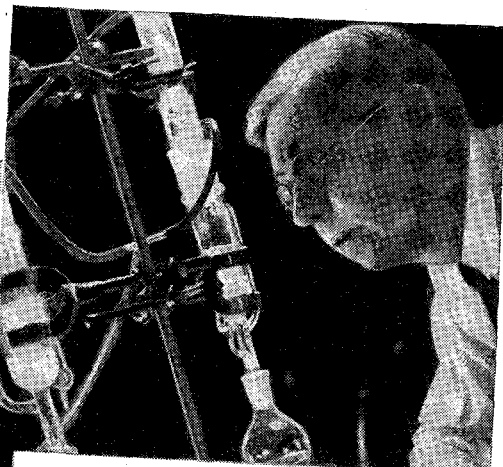
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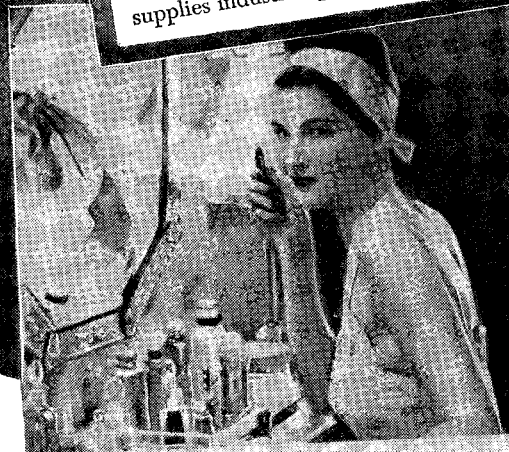
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It is all but impossible to make strong, richly flavored coffee in a percolator. The fragrance insists on escaping via the spout. The longer it percolates, the more fragrance lost. In addition to this difficulty, most percolator users are on the niggardly side, measuring out carefully a tablespoonful for each cup and — lavishly — a great big extra tablespoonful just to be reckless. These are the same people, as often as not, who put cheap sherry into handsome decanters, and their interest in coffee is no more enlightened.

When coffee is made in the glass bulb devices, it is plain to even the dullest witness that a large fraction of the water never rises from the lower ball into the coffee compartment, but remains instead to water down the beverage. Until the manufacturers succeed in exhausting this diluent or in providing a petcock for its release into a spare cup, coffee from these machines will continue to be diluted, whether it can afford the loss or not. It will do no good to let the coffee come down and be run aloft for a second time, since further boiling will worsen the finished beverage in any case.

This brings us to the old-fashioned coffeepot. For this school, here is my challenge: If you can produce from your pot a gallon of completely clear coffee essence, intact as to flavor and strength, and without even a minute fluff of sediment in the bottom, it will be an excellent pot indeed. To this end you would be permitted all the eggshells, beaten eggs, incantations, and cold injections which this school seems to require. But, mark you, no sediment in the bottom, please.

This leaves us only the dripper — at its best the perfect way but, if misunderstood, the worst of the lot. There is nothing the matter with the device itself, and the theory is sound. None of the losses, irritants, and failures of the other schools will attend the correct use of a drip pot. It will produce stronger coffee than any of the other methods, but it takes a great deal of time and incredible quantities of coffee. Good drip coffee, just for its raw materials, costs fifteen or twenty cents a cup. To make a quart of it takes a full half hour; but once you have made it, the beverage is completely free from sediment, has no tendency to turn stale, and will keep perfectly in an earthenware pot or in a corked bottle for a day or more.

To get the worst results from most drippers, simply follow the manufacturer's instructions. He has developed these with a view to giving you the illusion that fine drip coffee is economical and that it can be made in a jiffy. Simply use a tablespoonful of coffee per cup, add an extra one if you want it especially strong, and then pour in so many cups of boiling water.

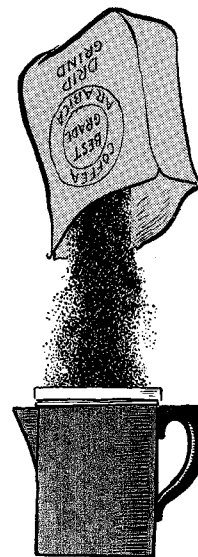
The leaflet neglects to warn you, for instance, that one could hardly make from such a recipe two or three cups of coffee which would even take on the faint color of coffee. Three or four tablespoonfuls of grains would barely cover the bottom of the coffee compartment. The water would go through it so quickly that the resulting beverage would be negligible. Even if a richer portion were undertaken, the coffee would still be woefully under-strength if the boiling water were all dumped in at the same time. What actually happens in that case is that the water simply cools off, and the final tricklings are no more than hot or lukewarm by the time they reach down through the coffee grains.

The first obligation, then, is to fill the coffee compartment of the dripper with all the coffee it will hold, regardless of how much or how little you wish to make. Next, add the boiling water in small quantities of perhaps a quarter cupful at a time, or even less. Some extremists hold out for no more than a tablespoonful at a time. Never allow water to accumulate and thereby to cool off above the coffee compartment; and try to add the boiling water at approximately the rate of drip. Sample the beverage from the lower compartment from time to time.

The first drippings will represent the maximum possible strength of the batch, and the beverage will become weaker as more water is added. The coffee in a half pot, for instance, would be much stronger than that in a full pot made from the same grains. If the half pot seems to be at just the right strength and you expect to need more coffee, throw out the grounds and start all over again with fresh coffee grains.

In offering this preachment, I am painfully aware of casting an extremely small pebble into a very large pool. Experience suggests that most people like weak coffee, liberally adulterated with cream and sugar. Neither would I argue, especially to the weak-coffee school, the merits of the French roast. Do as you will with filter papers, too. But if you have ever drunk the breakfast *café au lait* in rural Louisiana or the jet-black after-dinner version served there, take it as a yardstick of strength.

Our national taste is still for pallid, grounds-specked, boiled slops, and already we have communicated this failing to better coffee drinkers than we are elsewhere in the world. In Paris before the war, the smart restau-



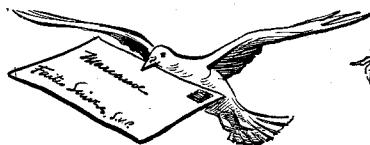
rant offered, and at an extra price, not the decent *filtre* but coffee from the hateful glass bulb which the French called the *machine*. In Havana, where all good Cubans drank hard-hitting, fragrant drip coffee, it is considered chic to serve the visitor "American coffee," a standard tea-shoppe drink that is not readily distinguished from tea-shoppe tea.

Well over a century ago, drip coffee received the blessing of Jean Anthelme Brillat-Savarin, who wrote: "... having a thorough knowledge of the matter, I decide in favour of the method . . . which consists in pouring boiling water on coffee placed in a porcelain or silver vase, pierced with very little holes. Then let this first decoction be heated again almost to a boiling point, let it be strained anew, and then you'll have a coffee as clear and as good as it is possible to get."

Thus far, nobody has named any restaurants after the fellow who invented the percolator.

The Old Mandarin "Translations from the Chinese"

By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY



FORWARDED

During the years underground
I wrote many letters to Marianne
(The spirit of France).

Sometimes she was away
But they were all marked
Faites suivre, s.v.p.

NOTE FOR A BRITISH TRAVELER

Across our flat Long Island shires
You need not look for huntsman squires.
That barking is not hounds or harriers,
But caused by (*Yoicks!*) hay-fever carriers.

LOW MEMORABILITY

What sort of a day, O.M.?

Wonderful!
I thought of the absolutely right word
For one of my little sayings.
So right that no one
Will ever notice it.

Good old rainbow-chaser!
What was it?

Sacro-iliac! . . . I've forgotten.



SYMPTOM

The Old Mandarin blew his friends
Mr. and Mrs. Yung Wed
To a tenderloin dinner.
How about a bottle of Bass? he suggested.

Oh swell! cried Mrs. Yung,
The very thing I want;
Exactly what I've been craving,
I'm ca-ra-zy for bitter ale!
And largesse of red gravy!
Her eyes bigged and brightened and glistened
And her brow grew damp with desire.

The benevolent old behaviorist
Nudged Mr. Yung, and whispered:
Congratulations! I see
You're going to have a baby.

The apprentice husband was furious.
"Confucius!" he exclaimed,
"I only learned it last night myself.
How did *you* know?"

He has been suspicious
Ever since.



WARNING

Said Clemenceau, that old French realist,
War is too serious
To be managed
By the generals alone.

True also of education,
Which is much too important
To be left only in the hands
Of teachers.

EPICURI DE GREGE

(HORACE: *Epistles* I, iv, 16)

The Old Mandarin complained
Of a sty on his eye.
I wonder, he asked,
Could it come from drinking?
An Epicurean sty, as Horace said?

Not a bit of it, said the tactful barkeep;
That's what you get when you're run down.
It comes from working too hard.

Why is it only bartenders tell you
What you most want to hear?

FILE AND FORGET

The publisher asked for a blurb
About his new volume
And was grieved when I wrote
This is a book I'd be proud to have
On the bookseller's shelves.





THE ATLANTIC

Bookshelf



THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

BY EDWARD WEEKS

UNANIMITY, by which I mean the feeling of being submerged in an identity with one's community, is a rare experience in American democracy. I was ten when I first experienced it. It must have been in 1908 that Teddy Roosevelt came to visit one of his Rough Riders in my home town in New Jersey. The whole populace from the Port to North Broad Street gathered in the approaches to the railroad station; and being small and slippery, I wormed my way into the front row underneath the arm of a National Guardsman and two jumps from the open automobile in which the President was to ride. The train arrived, the band struck up "Hail to the Chief," T.R. with his famous grin descended the steps of the station, and a roar rose from the crowd. As he seated himself in the tonneau, the lines surged in and washed me up on the running board with my little crab claw thrust towards him. He shook it — yes, he shook it. For the rest of that day I walked on air. I carried my right flipper as if it were something sacred, and avoided the necessity of washing it until the following morning.

Here I was a small part, a small and grimy part, of a local uprising. Walt Whitman must have felt the same way when, as a boy in pantaloons, he joined in the great ovation which Brooklyn gave to the aged and glittering hero of the Revolution, General Lafayette. But grief binds us in a closer unity than hero-worship, as Walt knew when, on the day of Lincoln's death, he began writing "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd." Grief is an inseparable part of the larger dedication. My generation felt it individually in the spring of 1917 and on Armistice Day. I know of only one man who missed it on the Sunday of Pearl Harbor. You catch a glimpse of it in that

straining, heroic photograph of the flag going up on Mount Suribachi. And surely all Americans — even including the bitterest critics of the Administration — were caught up in something bigger than themselves the evening of April 12.

"What we need," said President Everett Case of Colgate, "is a better sense of being in the same boat." That is a remark to hold fast to as the casualty lists come in. As the tax burden bears down (why kid ourselves that it can be lightened immediately?) and as we live through the dislocation and strain, many will have to suffer the inner loneliness of grief. For the boy "Missing," for the husband gone, there seems at first no relief, only endless trudging through desert days. But as **Lucien Price** has declared in that moving little book of his, *Litany for All Souls*, the communion of grief is a binding force, a force as compelling as it is compassionate. "Who dare say that we who live are worthy of those who have died? Who dare say that our society is yet worthy of such human sacrifices? On us who survive is laid the solemn accountability to build a world-order that can live guiltless of innocent blood."

A sinking people

The revulsion now sweeping the Western world as we learn the full and grisly extent of Nazi bestiality will have the effect of shutting many minds against all things German. Disgust will have destroyed curiosity: I doubt if this time we shall seek a popular life of Hitler as we read Ludwig's *Wilhelm Hohenzollern*, or the odyssey of an escaped Russian prisoner as we did *The Case of Sergeant Grischa*, or the tragedy of the defeated as in *All Quiet on the Western Front*. The laughter and clowning of Private Schweik would fall on deaf ears; this time it will be difficult for the imagination to bestir quick sympathy for the Little Men, What Now.

Only a master of irony like **Ludwig Bemelmans** could have employed the skill and tenderness to remind us that vestiges of good, however overpowered, survive in a place like Regensburg, where Catholicism restrained the beast to some degree. His novel, *The Blue Danube*, is written in detestation of the Nazi — that "animal with the voice" as he calls Gauleiter

"A keen and inquiring mind . . . a provocative and incisive pen."

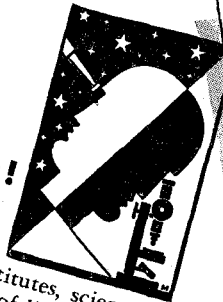
—VIRGINIUS DABNEY, *Saturday Review*.

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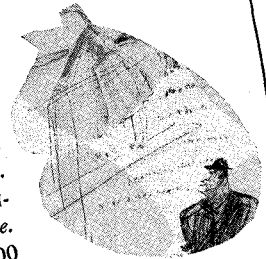


20th ANNIVERSARY
YEAR

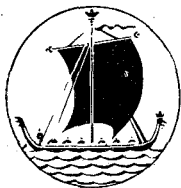
"A beautifully sad, tender, bitter and haunting story."
STERLING NORTH, N. Y. *Post*.

Bemelmans

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Stolz — and in extenuation of the burghers of Regensburg, once free, now enslaved by the Party, the people “from whom hope had run away like a thief in the night.” In this story they still meet, the intimidated, in the shaded beer garden at the edge of the river, drinking under the watchful eyes of the S.S. and gazing out at the little island of silt and willows which the Danube has formed below the bridge. Everyone knows that the island is the last refuge of Anton Fischer, his elderly sisters, and Leni, his pretty niece, and that Anton, who once owned the town brewery and indeed the beer garden, is now reduced to growing radishes and to living on the river’s jettison. But his independence and the girl’s beauty are a challenge to the Gauleiter and so the trouble begins. Bemelmans’s scorn has the edge of a razor and with it he slashes at German grossness. His picture of the old, uncorrupted town is as nostalgic as the old waltz; and in Anton, the Bishop, and the French prisoner he shows the integrity only death can subdue. The little isle, soon to be inundated, becomes a symbol of a sinking people, not without pathos.

Slices of America

Time and performance have established **Booth Tarkington** as the Dean of American Novelists. I have read most of his forty-five books and to tell over the favorites like *The Gentleman from Indiana*, *Penrod*, *Seventeen*, *Alice Adams*, and *The Magnificent Ambersons* is to recognize the dominant qualities in his writing. It was Tarkington’s forte to catch the buoyancy of American life, to write of boyhood as it had not been depicted since Mark Twain, to see in feminine adolescence a subject that could be tender as well as mirthful, and to see in American parents people who were neither introverts nor extroverts but a little of both, a healthy average who were harassed and occasionally rewarded by the business of living. Never a Pollyanna, he believed, as did Willa Cather and Dorothy Canfield Fisher, that the positive in American life outweighed the negative: he maintained that philosophy at a time when younger men were bewailing our mediocrity from the Riviera.

I feel, however, that a note of uncertainty has crept into Mr. Tarkington’s works since the depression. Time has drawn him away from the accents of youth and from the generation which he knew so surely, just as it drew Galsworthy away from the younger Forsytes. Ideas interest him more than people and in a story like *Image of Josephine* his ideas have been personified in types: the managerial woman, the wealthy aesthete, the war-shocked veteran — people who seem more angular and less natural as they move to their appointed ends against that Middle West background which the Dean still depicts so observantly.

John O’Hara, one of our smoothest operators in the short story, is in the O. Henry tradition as it has been toughened by Ring Lardner and Hemingway. *Pipe Night* is a collection of thirty-one of his shorter

pieces, and the best of them are like burrs in the mind. There is a grip to the way he turns a situation that makes it stick in your thinking for some days after. He has a wonderfully quick ear for dialogue, and in stories like “Too Young,” “Platform,” “Free,” and “Now You Know” he gives you a snatch of American life, dramatic, coarse, and true.

Madeleine L’Engle is a newcomer and I mention her first novel, *The Small Rain*, because in it she succeeds in creating the character of a young artist, one of the most difficult assignments in the whole range of writing. This is the young and refreshing story of a musician growing surely with self-dedication in the midst of Bohemian New York, a realm which can so easily be cheapened, sentimentalized, or exaggerated. Her novel is written with good taste and clear understanding, and while she has much to learn in the pointing up of conversation and in the natural cutback of introspection, the undeniable vitality of her writing is good to discover.

The British Navy

In these days when every newspaper is crammed with narrative, it is easy to forget the Freudianism, the stream of consciousness, and the “social significance” which obsessed so many novelists of the 1930’s. Narrative was then out of fashion. Authors like Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall and **C. S. Forester** wrote against the current. The American team was never considered seriously for a Pulitzer Prize, and Mr. Forester’s gifts as a storyteller, so truly displayed in his early novels, *The Gun*, *The African Queen*, and *The General*, were passed over lightly. The collaboration of Nordhoff and Hall began in Tahiti with a local legend, the Mutiny on the Bounty, which turned them back for their source material to the British Navy under Nelson. It was while serving as a foreign correspondent in Spain, covering the Civil War for a London daily, that C. S. Forester first began to think of Captain Horatio Hornblower, a wiry British sea dog who would have been one of Nelson’s officers. As Mr. Forester followed the losing cause in Spain, scenes of the Peninsular Campaign arose before him, and the threat of Napoleon’s invasion came home to him as he watched the growing power of the Nazi.

Mr. Forester could not write of the eighteenth century until he knew for sure what life was like aboard a sloop of war or a ship of the line, until he understood the decorum and diplomacy of the Lords of the Admiralty, and until he had reduced to human terms the discipline and long-tested interdependence of officers and men. All this he has sublimated and then made graphic in a style as timeless and full of movement as the prose of Stevenson. But what makes his novels so winning is not so much their firm foundation of authenticity as it is the engaging, honest character of their commanding officer. Hornblower is a man to follow, no paragon but a man of contradictions, most endearing. Resourceful and a fighter of cold fury, his

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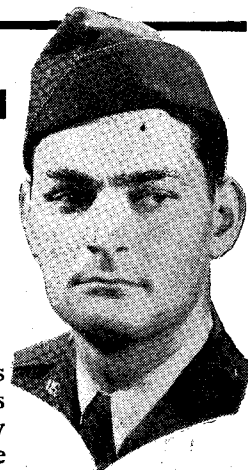
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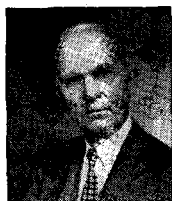
every victory is checked by afterthoughts of self-doubt. Things might so easily have gone wrong. Fastidious about his body and his clothes, once ashore he is a gusty lover. Concealing his shyness with a gruff bark, he never misses the ability of his junior officers — who express their love in emulation.

In the new book, *Commodore Hornblower*, Sir Horatio has risen to command a fleet of his own bound for the uncertain waters of the Baltic. It is the year 1814 and Bonaparte is again on the rampage; no one can tell if he means to turn on Russia or make her his last European pawn before he invades England. Norway and Denmark are in the hands of the French, Sweden is teetering; by venturing north with his six vessels — two of them bomb-ketches, the last word in firepower — Hornblower may provide the Czar with that extra reassurance to fight. The beginning is excellent: they run the gauntlet of the straits; in Lieutenant Mound he has a gunner after his heart, and at the reception in the Peterhof the Countess Canerine proves herself a charming ally. So far, perfect. But in the second half, this book does not hold up so well as the others, chiefly because during the long siege ashore, Sir Horatio is bogged down. He is at his prime when at sea. And what I want to know is this — where was he in the Atlantic in 1812? That is the story I want told.

American Chronicle

By RAY STANNARD BAKER
(David Grayson)

+ + +



R. S. BAKER

OF Ray Stannard Baker it may be truly said that nothing human is alien to him, and who will deny that, to David Grayson, Nature offers nothing which is not akin? A comprehensive fellow — these twain — in a specialized world; but the sympathetic reader cannot follow Baker's story without the conviction that the heart and soul of him reside in David

Grayson. With all his feverish activity, the dearest things to him are contemplation and communion with growing things. Within the Grayson side of him live satisfaction and inner peace. With Baker, duty and laborious days.

The story begins with early manhood; his youth is described in an earlier volume. At the outset Grayson is submerged while Baker is thrust into a world of turbulence and trouble. His paper sends him to report the March of Coxe's Army, and with a maturity of judgment altogether uncommon he discerns beneath the surface of that ridiculous farce dim and dangerous shapes of things to come. Once and for all he comprehends the childish folly of American reliance upon a new law or two to set everything aright. He learns to think. He realizes that he is no leader, but feels it may be given to him to interpret justly and to point a way. That is his life's work — to help men toward the Art of Living in a Crowded World.

How close he has hewn to his ideals: throughout a strenuous life reporting America, journeying with the

Muckrakers on *McClure's*, cultivating David Grayson in the *American*, studying Europe at first hand for the State Department, and then the long intimacy with Woodrow Wilson, threading a way through the tragic labyrinth of Versailles. A fairer and franker observer is not on the record, and this culminating adventure is, as anybody will tell you, the important section of the book; but to this reviewer the satisfaction of the volume is the portrayal of the dual nature of the chronicler, candid and understanding of himself as he is of all the world besides.

Tags rule American opinion. Baker is set down as a muckraker, yet the "man with the muckrake" is a natural lover of the slime, while Baker digs to let in light and air. *Scribner, \$3.50.*

ELLERY SEDGWICK

The Collected Poetry of W. H. Auden

+ + +



W. H. AUDEN

THIS volume is a selection, rather than a complete collection, of the poetry Mr. Auden has so far written. He has omitted many poems, some of which were valuable chiefly as technical experiments, and some of which were unsuccessful because their references were too obscure. He has added a number of previously unpublished poems.

The selection is excellently made, and the volume firmly establishes Mr. Auden as the most exciting poet of his generation. He is that rare being among contemporary poets — a real professional. He has attacked, and nearly always mastered, a remarkably wide variety of technical forms, from the simplicity of the ballad to the rigorous complexity of the canzone; he has been acutely conscious of contemporary thought, in science, psychology, politics, and religion; he has developed with faithful concentration the particular poetic personality he was originally endowed with, always striving to make the word both delightful and true.

Goethe described the poetry of Byron as full of "daring, dash, and grandiosity." The first two words apply admirably to the poetry of Mr. Auden; they fit both his technique and his thought. He is always, one feels, expanding his consciousness to an awareness of fresh relationships — between words, images, and concepts — and at the same time he is holding those relationships to an increasingly firm center. His acceptance of Christian dogma has provided the center; his very lively and vigorous mind and imagination perceive the fresh relationships, which are all the more fresh and daring because they are united at the core, like the ropes of a balloon all tied to the same basket.

There are, to be sure, some present weaknesses and some inherent dangers in this collection of Mr. Auden's poetry. There is obscurity; there is a tendency toward a rather special use of abstract words (at its best highly provocative and successful, but sometimes too like a mannerism); there is at times a lack of weight where weight is wanted — the specific gravity of Mr. Auden's poetry is not so great as that of Mr. Eliot. But these things do not destroy the impression of authority, vitality, and richness which this volume gives. *Random House, \$3.75.*

THEODORE SPENCER



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by **Winifred Kupper**. A lively chronicle that goes back to the sheepwalks of medieval Spain and discusses sheep and sheep-herders up to the latter-day phases of wool growers' associations and scientific crossbreeding. \$2.75

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by **Dr. Karl A. Menninger**. The most widely read book on psychiatry in the English language has been revised and in large part rewritten. \$5.00

These are Borzoi Books. They are for sale at all bookshops and are published in New York by ALFRED A. KNOPF

Victoria Through the Looking Glass

By FLORENCE BECKER LENNON

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FLORENCE BECKER LENNON is a minor American poet, a student of anthropology, and a conscientious researcher into the id which produced that classic metamorphic personality, Charles Lutwidge Dodgson-Lewis Carroll. "How did it happen," Mrs. Lennon questions, "that the Reverend Charles Dodgson, thirty years of age, lecturer on geometry at Christ Church, Oxford, hitherto remarkable chiefly for his precision, on a single July afternoon, while rowing up the Isis with a brother don and three little girls, parthenogenetically gave birth to one of the most famous stories of all times?" And in the 387 pages of this book, she valiantly endeavors to answer her question.

Mrs. Lennon's book needs no publisher's blurb to assure us that it is a labor of love. Her bibliography is enormous, and her intellectual approach is not limited by Carroll-cultism. In her painstaking effort to elucidate the complex mystery of Dodgson-Carroll, a fascinating subject for both the amateur and the professional psychologist, she presents Alice's progenitor and his Victorian world through the eyes of his contemporaries, his little-girl friends, his detractors and worshipers, and — best of all — through his own letters, works, and photographs.

Despite her persistence, patience, and love, her book unfortunately remains more a careful compendium of all available Dodgson-Carroll materials than a well-integrated biography. Mrs. Lennon has, perhaps, been overcareful. Anything which clarifies the genesis of a work of genius is interesting and presumably of importance. But must we decide whether Lewis Carroll did or did not "love" little Alice Liddell and just why he preferred the company of little girls to all other beings? Is it not of greater significance that, out of whatever darkness his personal terrors brought him, he created a wonderland which illumines all our years? *Simon and Schuster, \$3.50.*

LEO LERMAN

The Open City

By SHELLEY SMITH MYDANS

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S. S. MYDANS

ALTHOUGH the characters are fictitious and the story told is described as fiction, this "novel of Americans left behind in the Philippines" is fundamentally factual. The author and her husband were taken prisoners when the Japanese invaded Manila. They were among the two thousand Americans and Europeans crowded into the grounds and buildings

of Santo Tomas University. The author was there in a position to observe — and to experience — the alternations of hope and despair, the rumors, the makeshifts, the monotony, the efforts to survive, the emergence of strong and of weak or vicious characters, the whole psychology of

mass internment. All this, and more too, she has transferred to the touching and poignant pages of this book.

Her principal characters are three women, two of them separated from their husbands, the third a rather dubious glamour girl. The story is a slight one, but as it develops, one is caught in a sharp atmosphere of dread, of impending doom. Betrayal of officers disguised as civilians in a civilian internment camp — betrayal which means certain death — hangs over the closing chapters like a pall. Yet the book is not a gloomy one. There is a matter-of-fact courage lighted by humor throughout, an authentic story of prisoners who now, thank God, are free. *Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50.*

R. E. DANIELSON

Pleasant Valley

By LOUIS BROMFIELD

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L. BROMFIELD

THE publisher characterizes *Pleasant Valley* as "an appealing and delightful account of this noted writer's happy experiences as an Ohio farmer." It is an account of how an expatriated American, who had lived for many years in France, came back to the soil of his native Ohio to find in experimental farming the peace and security that he could not find in a world of depression, of social conflict, and of impending war. While there is a deal of writing here about farming, most of it nostalgic but some of more solid worth, the book is chiefly interesting as a reflection of the man Bromfield — of his social pessimism, his fears and forebodings in an industrial world, his retreat from being "perpetually haunted by the terrible insecurity which a mechanized and industrial civilization imposes upon the individual."

At Malabar in the rolling hill country of Ohio, Louis Bromfield says, "We took as our model the collective farm as it had worked out in Russia. . . . In my role as capitalist or 'the state' I agreed to put up the money on the adventure exactly as I would invest money in a factory or a business project. I would assure the finances until we came to the point where we turned a profit. From then on I should take the first five per cent as a sound but not exaggerated profit on the investment and as an offset against the salaries and living expenses of the others. . . ."

"I was to share as well in this distribution of the profits above five per cent, my share being based upon the pro rata share of the manager of the enterprise. . . . It was recognized that I contributed knowledge not only of agriculture but also of world and market conditions with which my profession and political and economic interests constantly brought me in touch."

Mr. Bromfield's knowledge of agricultural and world conditions, with which his professional, political, and economic interests brought him in touch, is that of a sentimental conservative who has a love of the soil but who thinks at heart that the *laissez faire* of Smith and Ricardo will solve the complicated problems of our times. Like any other farmer, he has every right to his opinion, but it is well to remember that it is strictly the opinion of an amateur. *Harper, \$3.00.*

ANGUS CAMERON



This is Louise Reid Spencer

• She has written the story of the women, including herself, who were trapped in the Philippines when the Japs struck. They lived a strange, hunted, gypsy-like jungle life . . . sleeping on poles or on the ground . . . eating anything they could get . . . treasuring a single lipstick for the sake of husbands who could slip back rarely from guerrilla operations. In spite of danger, there was laughter as well as tragedy in their hideouts — and for one of the women, a baby. Here is a woman's story of women at war that will hold you spellbound. \$2.75

Guerrilla Wife



COLONEL KANE was ambitious
CAPTAIN PORTER had a Japanese wife

DICK FISCHER wanted to write *the* great American novel

PVT. LEVINSON was a boy with ideals

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Island 49

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Poems by
WINFIELD TOWNLEY SCOTT

• With this, his fourth book of poems, the dominant theme of which is love and passion, Mr. Scott clearly emerges as one of the important voices in contemporary poetry. He is the winner of the coveted Shelley Memorial Award, and the Guarantors' Award, and is now Literary Editor of *The Providence Journal*. \$2.00

Family on the Hill

By **AMBROSE FLACK**

• "You can approach the FAMILY ON THE HILL like a grab bag at any point and usually come up with a choice morsel . . . It has the flavor of fresh berries picked with laughter in the sun." —CLIP BOUTELL, *N. Y. Post* \$2.50

